

**ST.  
NICHOLAS**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**1890**

Part Two.







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<http://archive.org/details/stnicholasserial172dodg>





# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

---

VOLUME XVII.

PART II., MAY, 1890, TO OCTOBER, 1890.

---

THE CENTURY CO. NEW YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1890, TO OCTOBER, 1890.



# CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XVII.

	PAGE
AFTER THE DUEL. Picture, drawn by E. J. Taylor.....	840
ANGEL AND IMP. Verse.....	<i>William H. Hayne</i> ..... 955
ARMORER'S ERRAND, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards).....	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i> ..... 749
AUDACIOUS KITTEN, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> ..... 842
AUGUST. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author).....	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> ..... 868
AWAKENED CONSCIENCE, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by Maud Humphreys).....	<i>Nettie H. Pelham</i> ..... 619
BABY A PRISONER OF WAR, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Margaret Forster Owen</i> ... 723
BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden).....	<i>Walter Camp</i> ..... 555
	667, 752, 825, 945, 1017
BETTY'S BY AND BY. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Julie M. Lippmann</i> ..... 988
BOAT, HOW TO SAIL A. (Illustrated by J. O. Davidson and others).....	<i>F. W. Pangborn</i> ..... 772
BOY-KING, EDWARD VI., THE. (Illustrated from a photograph).....	<i>Eleanor C. Lewis</i> ..... 994
BROWNIES' BIRTHDAY DINNER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> ..... 976
BROWNIES ON THE CANAL, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> ..... 1034
BROWNIES' YACHT RACE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Palmer Cox</i> ..... 889
BUNNIES' THANKSGIVING STORY, THE. (Illustrated by Culmer Barnes).....	<i>John H. Jewett</i> ..... 620
BUTTERFLY HONEY. Poem.....	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> ... 1021
BY THE ROADSIDE. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> ..... 661
CAMERA, THROUGH A DETECTIVE. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Alexander Black</i> ..... 1022
CHIEF BREAD-BAKER TO THE KING, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Valentine Adams</i> ..... 1045
"CHOPPING HIM DOWN." (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> ... 928
CLOWN AND THE FEATHER, THE. Picture, drawn by A. B. Shults.....	806
COPPER BRAZIER, A. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Frederic Villiers</i> ..... 1010
CORKWELLS, THE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frances Courtenay Baylor</i> ... 614
COSTUMES, SOME SPRING. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rose Mueller Sprague</i> ... 624
COSTUMES, SUMMER. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rose Mueller Sprague</i> ... 802
CROOKED-CRABBED-CROSS-ABOUT. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>William Wye Smith</i> ..... 709
CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill).....	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> ... 603, 702
	781, 853, 957, 1048
CUPID AND CRAB. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine Randall Wheelan).....	<i>Francis Randall</i> ..... 834
CYCLING. (Illustrated by Joseph Pennell and H. C. Edwards).....	<i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i> ... 733
DAY IN THE COUNTRY, A. Jingle. (Illustrated by J. McDermott).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> ..... 931
DIVIDED DUTY, A. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards).....	<i>M. A. Cassidy</i> ..... 684
ELF AND THE BUMBLE BEE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> ..... 952
ELFIE SPEAKS OUT. Verse.....	<i>Alice Maude Ewell</i> ..... 613
EPPELIN, THE RHYME OF. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	<i>Jennie E. T. Dowe</i> ..... 865
FABLELAND STORIES. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford).....	<i>John H. Jewett</i> ..... 874
FAIR APPRAISAL, A. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> ..... 956
FAIRIES' CONCERT, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> ..... 770
FANCY'S FERRY. Poem.....	<i>Julie M. Lippmann</i> ... 583
FIDO AND THE DOLL. Picture.....	562
FROM THE FROZEN NORTH. (Illustrated).....	<i>Augusta de Bubna</i> ..... 869
GRASSHOPPERS' CROQUET, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> ..... 973

182624

	PAGE
GREAT OCEAN WAVES. (Illustrated by W. Taber and J. O. Davidson) . . . . .	<i>W. J. Henderson</i> . . . . . 904
GREAT TRI-CLUB TENNIS TOURNAMENT, THE. (Illustrated by V. Perard) . . . . .	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i> . . . . . 917
GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT, A. Verse . . . . .	<i>Eudora S. Bumstead</i> . . . . . 873
GWYNNE'S LITTLE DONKEY, THE. (Illustrated by F. T. Merrill) . . . . .	<i>Kate Woodbridge Michaelis</i> . . . . . 1057
HAWKS, AND THEIR USES. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>H. W. Henshaw</i> . . . . . 791
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. ("In a Poet's Workshop") . . . . .	<i>Annie Isabel Willis</i> . . . . . 899
HOW A SINGLE SHOT WON A FIGHT. (Illustrated by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Julian O. Davidson</i> . . . . . 999
HOW HUGH WENT TO THE PARTY . . . . .	<i>H. H. Ewing</i> . . . . . 801
HOW TO SAIL A BOAT. (Illustrated by J. O. Davidson and others) . . . . .	<i>F. W. Pangborn</i> . . . . . 772
HURDLING. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden and from photographs) . . . . .	<i>Herbert Mafes</i> . . . . . 688
IF I WERE YOU. Verse . . . . .	<i>George H. Murphy</i> . . . . . 673
IN A POET'S WORKSHOP. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>Annie Isabel Willis</i> . . . . . 899
IN THE EARLY SUMMER DAWN. Poem. (Illustrated by F. V. Dumond) . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> . . . . . 635
IN THE LUMBER WOODS. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>F. F.</i> . . . . . 583
JINGLES . . . . .	660, 709, 931, 1016
JULY. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 790
JUNE. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 701
LADY JANE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch, A. C. Redwood, and G. W. Edwards) . . . . .	<i>Mrs. C. V. Jamison</i> . . . . . 590, 676, 741, 815, 909, 1038
LESSON OF THE SEA, A. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns and A. J. Goodman) . . . . .	<i>W. J. Henderson</i> . . . . . 811
LITTLE BROWN WITCH, A. (Illustrated by H. Sandham, A. Brenon, and F. C. Jones) . . . . .	} <i>Kate W. Hamilton</i> . . . . . 934
LITTLE CONTRABAND, A. (Illustrated by W. Taber) . . . . .	<i>Charles McIlvaine</i> . . . . . 966
LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE, THE. Poem . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> . . . . . 987
LIVING CHAIN FROM ADAM TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A . . . . .	<i>M. Storrs</i> . . . . . 713
LOST DREAM, THE. Poem . . . . .	<i>Alice Maude Ewell</i> . . . . . 841
LUMBER WOODS, IN THE. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>F. F.</i> . . . . . 583
LYRIC FOR MAY, A. Poem . . . . .	<i>R. K. Munkittrick</i> . . . . . 578
MARJORIE AND HER PAPA. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch, from sketches by the Author) . . . . .	} <i>Lieut. Robert H. Fletcher</i> 578, 695, 767
MAY. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 589
MEMORABLE DAY, A. Verse . . . . .	<i>Jane Ellis Joy</i> . . . . . 769
MOTH, THE ROYAL WALNUT. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Julia P. Ballard</i> . . . . . 616
MY LOST JOKES. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Valentine Adams</i> . . . . . 660
MY TRIPLE PLAY. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden) . . . . .	<i>Thomas Worthington King</i> . . . . . 943
NORTH, FROM THE FROZEN. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>Augusta de Bubna</i> . . . . . 869
OCTOBER. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 1007
ONE AFTERNOON. Verse . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 885
ON THE POND. Picture, drawn by E. C. Vogt . . . . .	. . . . . 903
ORIE. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent) . . . . .	<i>Florence A. Merriam</i> . . . . . 662
OÙ ALLEZ VOUS? (Illustrated by John H. Niemeyer) . . . . .	<i>L. Saurveur</i> . . . . . 975
PANTHER AND THE BOY, THE. Pictures, drawn by Culmer Barnes . . . . .	. . . . . 998
PASSING OF GENERAL BACON, THE. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) . . . . .	<i>Alice Maude Ewell</i> . . . . . 547
PICTURE. Drawn by Joseph Pennell . . . . .	. . . . . 885
PICTURES. Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg . . . . .	. . . . . 982
PICTURES . . . . .	562, 771, 806, 840, 885, 903, 982, 998
PRACTICING SONG. Verse. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague) . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 712
PRINCE, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by W. Taber and H. P. Share) . . . . .	<i>L. N. Chapin</i> . . . . . 601
RABBIT, THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY. (Illustrated by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Ernest E. Thompson</i> . . . . . 953
RAT'S CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE, A. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent) . . . . .	<i>John R. Coryell</i> . . . . . 1008
REASON WHY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i> . . . . . 999
REMARKABLE BOAT RACE, A. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden) . . . . .	<i>Walter Camp</i> . . . . . 832
RHYME OF EPELIN, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes) . . . . .	<i>Jennie E. T. Dowe</i> . . . . . 865
RINKTUM. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 1016
ROYAL WALNUT MOTH, THE. (Illustrated) . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Julia P. Ballard</i> . . . . . 616
SEA PRINCESS, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 824
SEPTEMBER. Poem. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author) . . . . .	<i>Katharine Pyle</i> . . . . . 927

	PAGE
SISTER MABEL .....	<i>Helen A. Keller</i> ..... 892
SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. (Illustrated by E. W. } Kemble, W. Taber, Frederic Villiers, and others) .....	} <i>E. J. Glave</i> ... 564, 648, 759, 843
SOME SPRING COSTUMES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rose Mueller Sprague</i> ..... 624
STICK AND THREAD, WITH. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns and G. W. Edwards).....	<i>L. Clarke Davis</i> ..... 636
STORY OF PRINCE, THE. (Illustrated by W. Taber and H. P. Share).....	<i>L. N. Chapin</i> ..... 601
STUDY-HOUR, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> ..... 563
SUBMARINE RAMBLE, A. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent).....	<i>Charles Frederick Holder</i> ..... 586
SUMMER COSTUMES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Rose Mueller Sprague</i> ..... 802
SWINGING. Poem. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Grace Denio Litchfield</i> ..... 674
TALE OF A TUB, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Boz).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> ..... 1064
TENNIS TOURNAMENT, THE GREAT TRI-CLUB. (Illustrated by V. Perard) ..	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i> ..... 917
THEIR LITTLE MAJESTIES. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller Sprague.....	..... 771
THEN AND NOW. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> ..... 740
THREE LITTLE BIRDS. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> ..... 800
THROUGH A DETECTIVE CAMERA. (Illustrated from photographs) .....	<i>Alexander Black</i> ..... 1022
THROUGH THE BACK AGES. (Illustrated) .....	<i>Teresa C. Crofton</i> .. 599, 692, 862 950, 1004
TRIPLE PLAY, MY. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden) .....	<i>Thomas Worthington King</i> .. 943
TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY RABBIT, THE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Ernest E. Thompson</i> ..... 953
TWO DOROTHYS. Verse. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> ..... 780
TWO SURPRISE PARTIES.....	<i>John Clover</i> ..... 932
VACATION DAYS. Poem. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote and R. B. Birch).....	<i>Anna M. Pratt</i> ..... 730
WAVES, GREAT OCEAN. (Illustrated by W. Taber and Julian O. Davidson).....	<i>W. J. Henderson</i> ..... 904
WEE LITTLE PLAY-HOUSE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Malcolm Douglas</i> ..... 1003
WHAT DUKE DID. (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	<i>Helen E. Hastings</i> ..... 603
WHITE MOUNTAIN COACHING PARADE, THE. (Illustrated by G. W. Edwards).....	<i>Helen Marshall North</i> ..... 836
WILL AND WON'T. Verse .....	<i>Clara Louise Burnham</i> ..... 1015
WINGS. Poem. (Illustrated by John Richards).....	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> .... 748
WITH STICK AND THREAD. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns and G. W. Edwards).....	<i>L. Clarke Davis</i> ..... 636
WOLVES OF THE SEA. (Illustrated by Meredith Nugent).....	<i>John R. Coryell</i> ..... 866
WOODEN SHOES. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Anna Page Scott</i> ..... 940

FRONTISPIECES.

“‘Buzz-z-z,’ Quoth He, as One May Mock Back at a Swarm of Bumblebees,” by R. B. Birch, facing Title-page of Volume —“‘In the Early Summer Dawn,’” by F. V. Dumond, page 634 —“‘The Baby a Prisoner of War,’” by H. A. Ogden, page 722 —“‘Mr. Gex Gives Lady Jane a Lesson in Dancing,’” by R. B. Birch, page 810 —“‘Little Frenchmen at School,’” from a painting by Geoffroy, page 898 —“‘The Boy-King, Edward VI.,”” from a painting by Holbein, page 986.

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT. (Illustrated.)

Introduction — When All the World Goes Maying — How Money Was First Made — A Pretty Experiment — A Lively Way of Setting — The Woman in the Moon — A Queer Tree-twist (illustrated), 626; Introduction — A Forest Tragedy — Ten Weddings to One Marriage — A Coolness Between the Flowers — Fishing for Spiders — The New Degree of B. H. B. — The Victoria Regia in the United States (illustrated) — Who Knows? — Tinker and Almanac, 710; Introduction — Sails on Bicycles — A New Eiffel Tower — How the Beetles Buried a Snake — Stop Thief! — John James Audubon — Puzzled Fairy-folk (illustrated), 798; Introduction — The Warning Cry of the Birds in Spring — News from the Vaca Valley — Another Jack — The Bolo Flower — The Goose Explains (illustrated), 886; Introduction — White and Red Clover — A Tame Butterfly — Bird Flats (illustrated), 974; Introduction — In the Nutting-Time — A Dainty Guest — The Sexton Beetle — John James Audubon — A Tame Frog — White and Red Clovers (illustrated), 1062.

PLAYS AND MUSIC. An Old English Folk Song .....	<i>Edgar S. Kelley</i> ..... 1065
THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated) .....	628, 717, 804, 892, 979, 1069
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated) . . . . .	631, 719, 807, 895, 983, 1071
EDITORIAL NOTES .....	717







"'BUZZ-Z-ZI!' QUOTH HE, AS ONE MAY MOCK BACK AT A SWARM OF BUMBLEBEES."

(SEE PAGE 554.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1890.

No. 7.

## THE PASSING OF GENERAL BACON.

AS RELATED BY MASTER MUFFET — FORMERLY OF BABBLETOWN — IN THE YEAR 1684.

'T was in September month, o' the year 1676, when I went back a-visiting to Babbletown, from Wyanoke, where I 'd made my home since being a married man; an' 't was likewise i' the very middle o' the hurry-scurry, an' 'wildermment, an' goings on of the Rebellion. Some of you folks will be saying, I reckon, that I did choose time none too fitly for that my holiday visit, but war maketh no such odds as ye might suppose in such matters, unless ye be yourselves 'mongst the fighting ones, when, troth, 't is another thing. Even my wife Patsy, that's a well-behaving woman as any in Virginia, an' never speaketh a word contrariwise, unless she's rough-spoken to — why, she must needs have at me to be putting off the journey. Howsoever, if one giveth in to a woman one day there 's no telling how far she 'll adventure the next. Then my mind 't was set on the notion o' going, 'fore ever that warfare was heard tell of; besides which reasons, there was little a-doing or selling in the shop to keep me busy; wherefore I set off, accordingly as I had planned, an' my gray mare Sally, being a quick, pretty stepper at that time as ever you saw, we made it 'twixt sunrise an' dark easy enow. 'T was peaceable, in sooth, on the road, too; for ne'er a rebel, hair nor skin, did we once see,

nor governor's man neither, — leastwise, ne'er a one with worsor weapon than a wagging tongue, belike. Some of such few bodies as I did meet said one thing, some t' other. Nat Bacon was the name to swear by now; then mayhap, with next comer-along, 't would be Sir William Berkeley; notwithstanding, being myself (as I said afore) a peaceful body, I took up cudgels for neither one of 'em, in passing the time o' day. But the changes I did hear rung on those two names when I 'd got to Babbletown!

Now, when a man goeth back to his former neighborhood, where he inhabited as a lad, after settlement ten year or so in other places, he 's like to be asked a-many questions (I take it) concerning of his matters an' fortunes in general. For my part, it seemeth more pest than pleasure to be so turned inside out. I was ne'er one for bragging, tho' I 'd got on i' the world that far a bit better than some who might be named in comparison. Nay, nay; I never looked to have all the talk mine own way, but (truth to tell) as a married man and a housekeeper, with children coming on, I did forethink to be more civilly asked concerning the same. I reckon 't would ha' been warmer welcome for a fiddle-fine somebody, with feathers waving in 's hat and a jingle-jangling spur; but ye see I was neither general

nor captain, nor aught but plain shop-man Muffet (that some called Master Muffet, in civility), an' for these good folks o' Babbletown, they were in a warlike humor that time. Truly, they 'd not done o'er much *fighting*,— as did appear when I made shift to ask,— tho' how they had made out to stay hand from the same, with hot blood so a-boiling inside 'em, is a mystery in nature; yet, sooth (as did no less appear), what was lacking in action they fairly made up in speech, for such a babbling an' chatter, such wagging o' tongues an' clackety-clack, I never did hear the like of.

'T was a fine warm even, a bit past common supper-time, when I rode into the town— with 'most all the townsfolk out o' doors afront of their houses. An' by reason that ten year or so makes a heap o' difference in such as be growing up or getting old, there were some amongst 'em I knew not as well as many I knew; yet old ones, or young ones, or middle-aged, former acquaintance or latter strangers, 't was all one an' the same. "Bacon!" "Bacon!" was the cry at

world like any wild geese in a string, or a game o' follow my leader. An' when I stopped afront o' Tib Tucker's shop, there they came round about me like bees in swarming-time.

Why, then quoth I, "News! What news? (quoth I). Well; there be news a-plenty, I reckon. But as to which be the newer, my news or yours (saith I), in sooth, is yet to be proven i' the comparison."

Then there a-sitting as I was on my mare Sally, with all the folks a-listening for dear life, I said on:

"Truly, I know little about the matter. No fighter am I, nor ever was (quoth I), but a plain shop-keeper, an' 'tender o' mine own business. All I know is this: that there hath been a battle. The noise of it I did hear with mine own ears; an' with mine own eyes I saw the smoke o' Jamestown burning afterward.\* Aye, aye; the long an' the short on 't is this (quoth I): Jamestown 's burnt up to ashes; old Governor, Sir William, is chased away, 'cross the water, to Accommack—an' him past seventy year old,



"BACON! BACON! WHAT NEWS FROM GENERAL BACON?"

sight o' me. Who started it, goodness knoweth! poor soul, with 's head as white as tow; Virginia is turned upside down by these warring gentry, who to my mind be 'most as savage as

\* This story deals with the time of what is known as "Bacon's Rebellion," which took place in Virginia, then an English colony, in the year 1676. Sir William Berkeley, the governor of the colony, was thought to be inefficient and was unpopular. Nathaniel Bacon, a lawyer and one of the governor's council, was called to command the colonists who had armed ostensibly to fight the Indians, but really to oppose the governor's policy. The "rebellion" was for a time successful; the governor took refuge on an English vessel, and Jamestown, the capital of the colony, was burned. But Bacon's death put an end to it. A full account of the uprising may be found in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1882.

those savages they 'gan to fight over in the first place — an' Master Nat Bacon is cock o' the walk, a-riding north an' south over the country, to win folks his own way."

Then they cried out, a dozen or so at once, saying: "Aye, aye! 'T is said he 's in the next county to ours. 'T is said he is at Gloster Court-house this very night. Bacon! Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!"

"Is he so?" saith I. "Then better thank your stars that 't is good ten miles away — an' better stay your shouting till ye know for certain who 's a-going to be hanged for this business. He may be a brave one, your General Bacon, as yc call him (quoth I), but Sir William hath the king to his back — aye, an' the king's armies, to boot — when the time cometh. A pretty piece of work it may be, so far, to your notions; but let 's wait for the end o' 't."

Yet, for all that speech, I might see plain enough how the wind set in their sails. 'T was always more sail than ballast with the people o' that town, an' that 's truth; tho' ne'er will I deny that I was myself born an' likewise brought up amongst 'em, aye, even from a little poor child to a man grown. But did I remain 'mongst them? Nay, not so; not there choose me a wife, neither. Therefore I have a right to speak my mind; tho', for all that, a man hath little good inside him (to my notions) who ever quite despiseth or maketh naught of the place where he was brought up. So, let nobody speak slightly to me of that town's people; yet ye see they were but rustical, being so far away from James City, and a tempest in a teapot is a mighty overboiling thing. As I have said 'fore now, I saw how the wind of rebellion was puffing in their sails, past any one man's breath, contrariwise, to hinder. As for Master Fanfare Joy, the father o' Mistress Peggy Joy, who married Will Steptoe, — and as for Will Steptoe himself, — they had both stood by Sir William from the very first, an' were then gone with him to Accommack; but for the rest o' the town, big an' little, old an' young, "Nat Bacon!" was the word. Each one was a-looking, faith, from his own little loop-hole window (as 't were) to see Bacon do great things. There was old Tommy Grill, with one foot in the grave an' t' other fairly hobbling — there he would be, a-saying

with a wink, "Folks tell how he doth manage his wife prettily." Whereat all laughed, because that old Tommy he 'd always been 'counted a hen-pecked husband, tho' I 'm thinking he did more times than one, whereof ye know, get the better o' his wife, in a cunning way. An' Goody Grill, she crieth out, "Folks say he 'll change the laws — and a good thing 't would be; for of all law ever made i' this world, Virginia laws they be the most outlandish." Which hearing, some smiled knowingly, as guessing the reason o' that speech, for she was ducked (as I did tell you one time), ten year or so back, for scandal 'gainst the law's behest.

So they went on, each one a-fiddling the same tune on his own proper string, an' presently who doth come along down street but Grizzle Pate, that they called "the poetess o' Babbletown."

Soon as I laid eyes on her I knew who 't was, since (Heaven be thanked) there be too few like her i' this world for the same to be easily mistook. Here she cometh, with a ballad-book, or some such trumpery, belike, half open in her hand, an' her head on one side set, an' her eyes rolled up for all the world like a dying duck in a thunder-gust. Then, quo' she, so mincingly, in her little fine voice, "Ah, Bacon! Bacon! Folk say he is the comeliest gentleman that ever was set eyes on."

Now it pleased my heart to give her a sly cut, and I minded well how she was ever took aback when I called her name Grizzle. She 'd changed it to Griselda — or some such ladyfied form on 't — about sixteen year after her christening, an' most o' the Babbletown folks they favored the fool-creature's humor; but she was always plain Grizzle to me. I reckon she 'd ha' been willing to change her last name for a more romantical, if the chance had come round. Howsoever, 't was a cracked pate, in sooth, stuck on her shoulders. Yet, as to what she said that time — well, there be wiser women than she, mayhappen, that measure a man by the same yard-rule. Aye, aye; let but a man be prettily turned on 's outside, an' see how far they 'll be looking within. For my part, I was always well enough content to be as the good Lord did make me. If I be a trifle under-sized an' short i' the legs, why, the less cloth it taketh for my rigging out. Green eyes they be

as good to see with as sky-blue, I reckon — and if one's nose turneth a bit upward hath he not the freer play for his mouth? Now, I flatter me that Patsey, my wife, is a well-discerning woman (for the female sort), with some sense beyond her eyesight, and if she be well suited 't is one an' the same to me. As for Grizzle Pate, poor soul I could never a-bear the look of her; an' how some folks could call her pretty-faced passeth my notions. She was no common, comforting good to anybody in this mortal world. A high romantical way she had with her, had Grizzle, an' concerning the poetry-making, she could rhyme "fire" with "lyre," an' "love" with "dove," an' "wail" with "jail," as prettily as the best on 'em, I do reck — who am, however, no proper judge in such matters. Howsoever, I did catch her up finely on her own ground that even, for, saith I to her on a sudden, so catching her unawares, "Grizzle," saith I, "what rhymes with Bacon?"

Then she looked up an' she looked down, an' she looked around about. "Bacon?" quo' she, a-thinking (yet she could not think of an answer to that question). "Bacon! Bacon! what rhymes with it?" quo' she; an' there she stood foolishly, not knowing what to say.

Whereupon spoke I, "No, Grizzle, thou canst not rhyme it if thou soundest the round O, quality fashion. But if thou callest it trippingly, after the manner o' common tongues, like mine an' thine, Grizzle, why, I myself can find you a rhyme, easy 'now. So — list you now (quoth I), make sure this *Bac'n* shall be *taken*, in 's net that he 's now a-spreading. He 's dreaming finely now (quoth I), an' mayhap King o' Virginia in his mind a'ready; but from his dream he shall *awaken*, when his castle i' the air is *shaken*, an' when he 'll be *braken* on the wheel, belike, or hanged as high as Haman. So, will he not *save* his bacon, mark me (quoth I), but there be all the rhymes you 'll want — aye, an' foretelling ones at that — to start you ballad-ing for a month o' Sundays."

Which hearing, she tossed her head so airily, an' some o' the rest there hard by did look nigh mad enough to cut mine off — but old Tommy Grill he laughed a bit an' vowed that I 'd the best on 't.

Now, it did make me right mad, in sooth, to

hear these deluded ones so a-siding with rebels an' traitors 'gainst old Sir William, an' he that was the King's own lawful governor — so high in place and honor this forty years — so warred upon in his old, ancient days by a young upstart boy, and all because he was a bit slower, maybe, than younger blood might ha' been, about fighting the Indians. "Kill them! kill them! an' let me do it my way," saith Master Nat Bacon; an' few then would deny 't was the thing to do with an Indian; howsoever, "Wait a bit," saith old Sir William, "an' let me do it my way." For all his seventy year he 'd a toughish will o' his own. So 't was old steel 'gainst young fire, an' pull Dick pull Devil betwixt 'em. For my part (being a peaceable man), I did always take sides with Sir William. He was a civil-mannered gentleman, as ever I did see, for all his grand, high way an' his fine velvet dress. I mind well one time, when I lived in Babbletown years ago, how I rode with a letter from Master Fanfare Joy to his Honor, Sir William, at Green-spring Manor-house. 'T was a fair, fine house, outside and in, an' ne'er was I kinder welcomed in my next neighbor's — an' that 's truth. First they had me into the big dining-room, mighty grand an' fine, with a picture over the mantel-shelf o' the first King Charles a-getting his head cut off; an' there Sir William himself bade me sit down 'fore ever he brake seal of the letter. So there — whilst that he read it slow thro' his spectacles — there sat I on a cushioned, carven chair, the same as any lord. An' when that reading was done, an' the answer writ thereto, what doth his Excellency but thank me graciously, with "An' I hope you 're in good health, Master Muffet," quo' he, a-bowing i' the court fashion, belike. So whilst we were there, hobnobbing together (as 't were), me and the Governor, — with him asking me a-many questions about matters in our parts, — in cometh my Lady Berkeley, an' lo! he must needs go commend-ing me to her for an honest man.

"'T is Master Muffet, Frances, my dear (quo' he), a very honest man."

An' then, saith I, — a-making my manners, — "Aye, aye, my Lady. I have never stole aught, so far, your ladyship; but there 's no telling, faith! what we may come to yet, afore we die."

Whereupon his honor did seem mightily

tickled; but my Lady ne'er cracked a smile. Surely, it taketh your born gentleman's tongue to say "my dear" with that soft-spoken a turn o' voice; an' for her ladyship, I bethink me, it must take lifelong top-breeding to teach how to hold one's head so far on one side without getting a crick i' the neck — or keep one's eyes so nigh shut without the lids a-coming together. A fine lady she was, to be sure, but I did find out 't was time to go, soon after her coming in. Sir William, he graciously walked out with me an' showed me his orchards, for 't was in April month o' the year an' fruit-trees all a-bloom. Aye, aye; 't was a fine, pleasant place, for certain. Folks said how 't was mightily wasted afterwards, when General Bacon an' his rebels made headquarters there, after they 'd burnt James City an' chased Sir William away to Accomack. I did hear tell how that the soldiers did use to go parading round, a-making mock in some o' my Lady's gowns, stays, tuckers, an' what not, that she 'd left behind her in hasty setting-off — with hair-powder on their heads an' smelling bottles in their hands. Howsoever, I misdoubt that tale, for I do not think they would be so outlandishly a-going on.

Well, well; that next day after I did get to Babbletown was a warm one as to natural weather, and a warmer one still as to expectation 'mongst the folks o' that place. There was I (a peaceable man as any in this mortal world), caught i' the frying-pan, an' not knowing but what next minute it might be clean into the fire. Such a talk an' brabble did they keep on, concerning Master Nat Bacon — such a wonderment what he 'd be a-doing, or which way a-riding next. In sooth, there was he, all that long day thro' (as we did hear after time), at Gloster Court-house town, fairly pleading his very heart out, all to no purpose. You see, he had looked to be finely holpen by the rich gentlefolks o' that town. Ne'er a finger had they lifted for Sir William, but ne'er a finger, neither (for all that), would they lift 'gainst him for General Bacon. Neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring were they, in that business (as the saying goeth, and as General Bacon himself told 'em), or else too prudently mindful o' their goods an' chattels to risk meddling one side or t' other. 'T was told that General Bacon had counted

'em for certain 'mongst his favorers. Howsoever, he was mightily mistook in that notion, as did appear — for 't was neither men nor money, help nor promise, comfort nor countenance, could he get out o' them. First, he did make 'em a long, fine speech (as I did hear tell afterward), an' then a-waxing hotter, mayhappen, as he perceived them cold, lo! he falleth to pleading, with that winning tongue of his that 't was commonly said could tie more knots o' mischief in five minutes' space than any other in Virginia might fairly straighten out in a twelvemonth. Yet he could not, with all its winningness, tie up those men o' Gloster to his cause. "Let 's wait till we hear from England," said they, so wisely nodding one to t' other; an' so they steadfastly stuck it out, 'gainst all his prayers. Whereupon, at last, he fell into a rage, an' with some hot flout upon them for coward knaves (or the like), did turn his back on that place.

Now, the Babbletown folks — tho' they knew naught concerning all this till afterwhile — they had somehow catched a notion (in sooth, I know not why or wherefore) that he 'd be coming their way. Every which-a-way I went all that day long, a-walking round the town, 't would be necks craned out o' window, and eyes a-gazing t'wards the Gloster road.

So it passed, till even came, an' still no General Bacon, an' still they kept on to the same tune. In sooth, so mad it did make me (a-coming at last upon some twenty people, or so, in the middle o' the street), with their Bacon this, an' Bacon that, an' Bacon, Bacon, Bacon — so mad it did make me that I boiled over unmanly an' brake out upon them.

"What!" crieth I; "will ye still be at it? Can ye eat this bacon that ye be crying up? Will it nourish you — bone or body? A pretty price ye 're like to pay for 't, and a merry feast ye 'll have on 't when the king's army cometh to pick the bones — some fine day, from England. Now, heaven knoweth (quoth I), 't is for no end o' mine own I would advise you. Yet, to be sure, a man might take shame, in day to come, a-telling when one asketh him, mayhappen, 'Prithee, where were ye born an' raised?' — a man might take shame to say: 'T was i' that town where all the folks were afterward hanged.'

Howsoever (quoth I), that 's neither here nor there — an' for your own good, I do advise you, let well enough alone."

Now, at that speech they did look 'mazedly after me as I walked away; but I saw 't would make little difference in their foolish minds. An' pretty soon thereafter who doth come along in front o' me — with her eyes rolled up to skyward, and a paper in one hand — but Grizzle Pate.

Then I spied somewhat writ upon the paper, and a notion catched me on the sudden to see what 't was. So, thinks I to myself, how the wisest of men saith, "Answer a fool according to his folly"; an' quoth I, "Good day to you, Grizzle. An' what have you there?"

Whereupon she came down out o' the clouds, an' fell a-smirking so bashfully, with head on one side. An' first she said 't was but a small thing, next to nothing at all, an' not worth any-

body's note; yet, for all that talk, I might discern she was a-dying to show the same; an' presently (sure enow) she let out how 't was a poetry-ode she'd been a-writing in honor of General Bacon.

Now, when that I asked her to read it out (for I was right curious to hear the stuff), lo! she did thus begin:

"O Muse! descend —" an' here she was caught with a cough, being tickled in her throat, with her own fool-vanity, belike. "O Muse! descend —" saith she, an', fetchng her cough, was a-going on; howsoever, I did want to sense the

meaning on 't as we went along, an' hang me if I knew what that outlandish word might mean. So I made bold to ask her, "What was a Muse?"

Now, poor Grizzle! I'm half thinking she did hardly know much concerning it herself. Mighty red she got — but she went on to say,



"SO I MADE BOLD TO ASK HER, 'WHAT WAS A MUSE?'"

glib enough, how that a Muse was a kind o' flying woman, that poets an' such always called upon to come down from the sky, or wherever she inhabited, to help 'em with their rhyming business. Then I looked to skyward and all around, on hearing this, but no such a creature did I see. "I have seen many a fly-away woman," quoth I; "but never one flying down from the skies. Prythee, Grizzle, where is she?"

Howbeit, what doth the silly wench then (a-laughing at my plain question as 't were the most outlandish thing in this world) but say that nobody did ever see this flying woman at all.

"'T is only in a mindful sense, Master Muffet," quo' she; "for you neither see her with your eyes nor hear her with your ears. 'T is all inside your heart, as 't were," quo' she; an' then she went on to say, in a manner of confidence, that truly (for her part) she did never feel herself much beholden to that lady; notwithstanding, 't was ever the right way an' the most truly poetic (as everybody did say), to begin with somewhat or other about her.

So then she went on to:

"O Muse! descend; descend on flapping wing!  
'T is Bacon's praise — great Bacon's name I sing.  
O Bacon! let heroic verse tell o'er  
How all past use thou turnest hind part afore.  
Thou art not stuck, but stickest, and all thy foes  
In pickling brine of tears thou dost dispose.  
In smoke of their own town thou smokest them well;  
Our state thou curest — ill humors dost dispel.  
O'er crackling blaze thou 'rt neither boiled nor roasted —  
Thyself 's the fire at which the tyrant 's toasted.  
O Bacon! — "

Now, how much more o' the stuff she 'd there writ down, i' faith, I do not know; only I heard no more then, for just as she spake that last word, the sound on 't was taken clean out of her mouth — as 't were — by every tongue in Babbletown. Soon as I heard that screeking I did guess who must be coming now. Zounds! what a scramble and a tumbling out o' doors, heels over head, was there, to be sure! with everybody, big an' little, singing out "Bacon! Bacon! Bacon!" at top voice. Everybody was a-running one way, t'wards the main middle street o' the town. "'T is he! 't is he! 'T is General Bacon himself!" crieth one to t' other. There came old Tommy Grill, hobbling along, as eager as any young sixteenner among 'em; an' there came Goody Grill, fairly puffing for haste. So I went along with the rest of 'em to see what was toward now; an' Grizzle — there was she too — with her poetry-ode in hand, an' her high romantical way, a-sailing nigh after.

'T was nigh on to sundown by this while, so that one might smell the supper a-getting in most houses as we went a-down street; but I reckon a many folks in Babbletown did eat burnt bread that even. If there was one housewife 'mongst 'em all that stayed indoors by her bake-stone, my name 't is not Thomas Muffet.

There we all went, a-down the crossway, hurry-scurry — an' just as we fetched to the main street the great wonderful show came along.

Now, 't was General Bacon himself, sure enow, and others of his company, a-riding back to York River by this nigher road than they 'd afore taken in going northward. Mayhap twenty gentlemen, or so, they counted — all a-horse-back, prettily armed with sword an' pistol as ever ye did see, an' finely set off with spurs a-jangling an' plumes in their hats a-waving as they went. Heaven ha' mercy on us all! It maketh me right sad this day to think how many on 'em there faring so gallantly did swing from the gallows-chains in less 'n three months' time. Aye; for all they were but rebels, an' the law must be well minded, one could not help some pity — an' that 's truth.

Now, as for him, their leader, Master Nathaniel Bacon, I did know (some way), which one was he that time, the second I clapt eyes on him, there a-riding i' the midst. He was a smallish, slim gentleman, yet most comely-shapen withal, and a graceful rider as ever backed horse. That much there 's no denying. His face, it might ha' been well-favored enow, in pleasant humor. 'T was fair in feature an' shaping as any you 'll find, but zounds! of all the black looks that ever I did see he looked the blackest then. Ye see, let alone the passion of 's mind that time, the fever that 'fore long carried him off untimely was a'ready raging in his veins. His eyes they were blood-shotten an' the brows above 'em knitted, like any woman's in a rage. Surely he must ha' been turned 'gainst everybody and everything that even. His lips they 'd a mocking set. Some o' his comrades did off with their hats an' bow to the folks as they passed along — but as for Master Bacon, he never made sign or spake word. 'Way up street a-front of 'em, on one hand an' t' other, 't was lined with the townsfolk, and as they passed along the people did run out i' the roadway after 'em; so that there was all Babbletown (so to speak), like a flock o' sheep getting bigger every minute, a-running at their horses' heels.

Everybody hushed speaking, or crying "Bacon! Bacon!" after the first clamor on 't, for all were straining to hear what word the General

might be a-going to say next. I 've a notion that Grizzle was half-minded to 'gin reading out her poetry-ode, for I saw her look at the paper an' fetch breath hard, now and again — but she 'd ne'er quite face for 't, belike. General Bacon he looked mockingly, first on one side, then on t' other. Twice or thrice he half-oped his mouth, and (I promise you) everybody fairly held breath at that; but still no word he spake. I did hear one o' his comrades ask another, saying: "What is the name of this place?" An' when he made answer, "Babbletown," Master Bacon he smiled to himself in a right curious fashion, but yet he said nothing at all. Mayhappen if he 'd seen more able-bodied men, fit for soldiering, amongst 'em there round about, an' fewer old, ancient gaffers, women, an' lads, he 'd ha' been the more civil-spoken.

Now, those poor shuttle-wits of Babbletown, that had been so a-singing that high and mighty gentleman's praises to the skies, they were a bit took a-back by this behavior — as one might plainly see. Still they kept on after him, and I with the rest, clean to the town's edge; for all kept on a-thinking somewhat must be surely coming next minute; an' so it did come, forsooth, tho' 't was somewhat vastly different from aught they 'd run out to hear or see. Well, as I said afore, we went on alongside of him, an' hard after, as nigh as we might — to the open, outside the town; and there, lo! what doth he do, on a sudden, but rein in 's horse short.

Then everybody else stopt too, at that, with mouths agape and eyes a-gazing. There they stood, whiles he looked round about on all. He smiled to himself right curiously at sight o' Grizzle and Goody Grill, one so fat and t' other so lean, a-standing side by side; an' Sam Crook, too, hard-by, with his hair blown back, clean forgetting the matter o' his ears. His face (I do mean General Bacon's face), 't was like a mocking woman's, or a lad's — half mad, half merry in deviltry. He oped his mouth, an' he spoke one word: "*Buzz-z-z!*" saith he; just this way an' this loud betwixt his teeth — yet loud enow, I warrant, for them there a-listening to hear. Aye, aye; 't was a civil, pretty thing to say, an' mighty fine behavior for a general, as

they called him. What he meant by the same, or whether he did so mean aught of anything at all — goodness knoweth! Now, I do think 't was surely the most outlandish turn i' this world. Can you sense meaning in *buzz*? Can you make head or tail on 't? Nay; 't is no sensible word, out of any spelling-book, at all. Ne'er another word he spake — if one may call that a word properly. "*Buzz-z-z!*" quoth he, as one may mock back, mayhappen, at a swarm o' bumblebees; so with that he spurreth his horse, and off he goeth a-down the road, with his troop — clattering behind him. An' that was the first an' the last we ever did see of the great Master Nathaniel Bacon.

Well, well, well! what a take-down it was, to be sure! I needs must laugh a bit in my sleeve as we all went 'long back into the town; but I was half misliking it, too — such a slight as 't was to the place where I 'll ne'er deny I was born an' raised. They never said much at first, being (I reckon) well-nigh past speech with the amazement of this set-back. One thing I remember, for certain; namely: that all the women-folks had found out in that passage how General Bacon was no more comely than civil-spoken. For my part, I did think his looks well enow — yet as for the civility, that was another matter. His manners might ha' been better for mending, and that 's truth; and if handsome is as handsome does (as the old saw runneth) 't is no wonder you never could pay anybody in Babbletown after that time to say General Bacon was aught else than the ugliest man i' this mortal world. There 's no mistreatment that giveth such offense as to be made nothing of at all; yet I reckon the Babbletown people were the rather holpen than hurt by that slight — and one thing I know for certain, they were civiler to a plain man the day after it so befell than they 'd been the day afore.

Aye — well! 't was a bad, black business, that rebellion — and a bad ending it came to, for both sides. As for the silly ones at Babbletown they 'd ha' been willing enow to catch on if General Bacon had held out a finger, I reckon; but I be right glad he did not, for 't would ha' gone 'gainst the grain with me, some way, to hear they were any of 'em hanged.

# BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

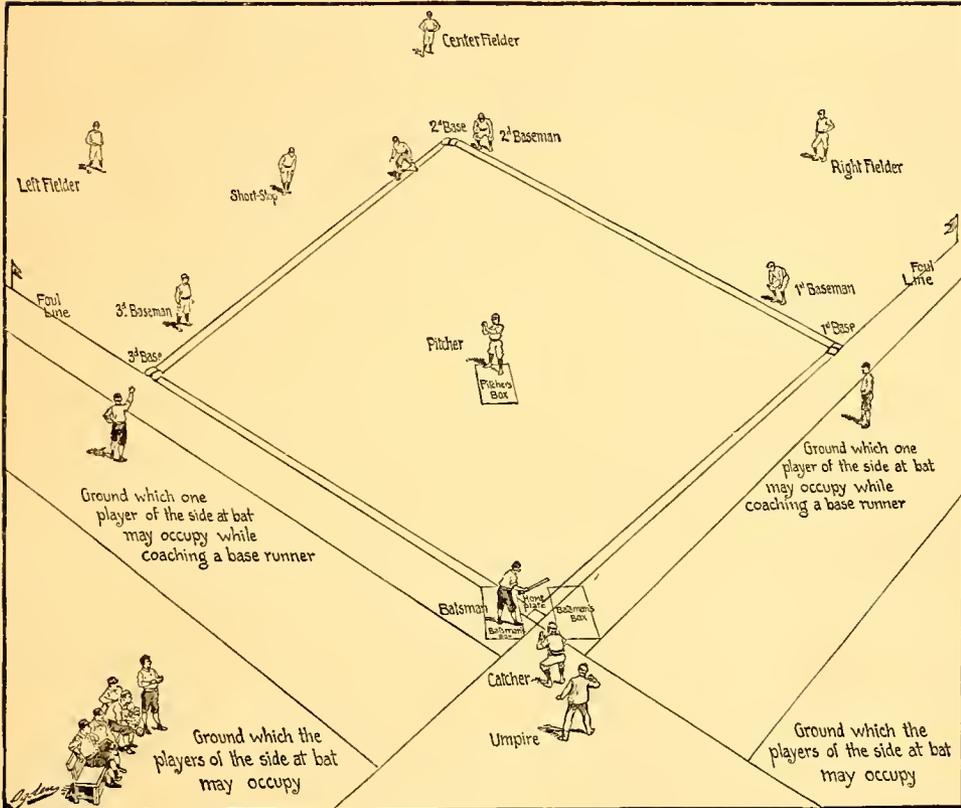


DIAGRAM OF THE FIELD.

## FIRST PAPER: THE GROUND AND THE OUTFIT.

WHILE laying out a base-ball ground is quite a task, it is not more difficult than marking tennis-courts, and the result is much more lasting. The nature of the ground, and its surroundings, practically determine the general position of the field; and on this account it is usually convenient to take what is technically known as the "back-stop" for a starting point. The back-stop is usually the front of the "grand stand," or a convenient fence; and the rules provide that the back-stop must be at least ninety feet behind the home-plate. There is no advantage in mak-

ing that distance greater, so measuring ninety feet directly into the field from what is to be the catcher's back-stop, locates the home-plate. By fastening a tape at the home-plate, and carrying it out 127 feet 4 inches in a straight line into the field, the position of the second base is found. Taking a line 180 feet long, fasten one end at the home-plate and the other at second base. Then seizing the line in the middle, carry it out first on one side, and then on the other, and where it is taut the locations of the first and third bases are determined. To determine the location of the pitcher's box, measure 50 feet on the line from home to second; this

point will be the center of the front line of his position. The principal points having been thus located, lay out the pitcher's box  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and 4 feet wide, then the two batsmen's positions, one for left-handed men and one for right-handed men. These batsmen's lines inclose two rectangular spaces, each 6 feet long and 4 feet wide, the nearest line being 6 inches distant from the home-plate, and extending 3 feet in front and 3 feet behind the center of that plate.

Having thus marked out the field, we proceed to fix permanently the various points. In doing this, if the field is to be a permanent one, it is best to make use of the most improved apparatus; but if the field is only a temporary one, there are various devices which save expense,



LAYING OUT AN AMATEUR FIELD.

and which answer the purpose quite satisfactorily. The home-plate is, by the rules, a whitened piece of rubber a foot square, sunk flush with the ground, its outer edges being within the lines to first and third bases. An excellent substitute for rubber is a piece of board painted white, or a bit of marble such as can be readily obtained at any marble-yard. The first, second, and third bases are canvas bags, 15 inches square, stuffed with any soft material, and so fastened as to have their centers at the corners of the diamond which we already have marked out. They will thus extend several inches outside the diamond. The customary method of fastening the bag is by means of a leather strap passing through loops upon the bag and directly

around the center. This strap is slipped through an iron staple in the top of a post driven firmly into the ground at the corner of the diamond, and the strap is then buckled on the under side of the bag. The wooden posts and the iron staples can be easily obtained, and it is quite worth while to have them rather than to let the base be movable, or to use a stone, which may be the cause of some serious injury to a runner. As for the bags, they can be home-made by procuring pieces of canvas (or old heavy carpet) and stuffing them with excelsior or rags, or, best, hair from an old chair, lounge, or mattress. If nothing better offers, shavings from any carpenter's shop will answer. The straps may be obtained at a harness maker's, or a piece of stout clothes-line can be substituted.

Next, the pitcher's box must be permanently marked. This is done by flat iron plates or stones six inches square, sunk even with the surface at each corner. Wooden posts of smaller dimensions will answer equally well.

It is customary to have the in-field well turfed, and this turf should extend behind the lines from second base to first and third for quite a distance, in order that the short-stop and second-base man may play well behind these lines. The turf of the out-field is not of so much importance. The turf of the in-field is cut out from the pitcher's box to the back-stop to a width of about nine feet. It is also cut out along the base lines, about one-third that width. After the turf has been thus cut out, the spaces are filled with hard, well-packed earth until level with the field. All this turfing and cutting out of lines is intended, of course, for a permanent field, and where expense is of minor consideration. As a matter of fact, the players will very soon make the base-lines and batting-crease quite marked on any field. Many a good in-field has no turf on it, and is called a "scalped" field. The batted balls travel faster and lower on such a field, but with greater regularity.

To make a fair division of labor in laying out a field for immediate use, let three boys agree to furnish the iron staples, and posts (preferably of cedar) for the bases and pitcher's position, seven in all. The four for the pitcher's box may be anywhere from three to six inches square at the top, and two feet long; those for the bases

being three inches in diameter; and all of these sharpened to drive in like stakes. The staples, three in number, should be two inches wide. Let three others agree to furnish the bases: one boy to provide the six inches of canvas or carpet cut about sixteen inches square; another boy to furnish three two-inch straps with buckles, or else sufficient rope to answer the purpose. These straps must be at least three feet long. Let the third boy see that the bags are looped for the straps, stuffed, and securely sewn. Let three others agree to furnish the home-plate and to bring to the ground the following implements, to be used in laying out the positions and marking: a tape line 200 feet long, a supply of cord, a sharp spade, a sledge-hammer to drive stakes, a small hammer to drive in staples, some lime to mark out the lines, and a pail to wet it in. If any boy has a tennis-marker, let him bring it; it will save labor. In marking out the field for a match, there are a few lines to be

be prolonged back of the home-plate to the end of the field, forming the "catcher's lines," as they are called.

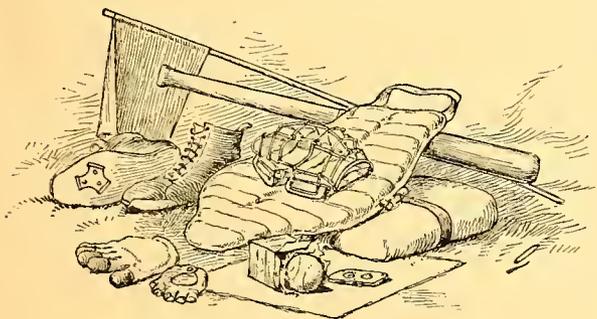
The "coacher's" or "captain's lines" are determined by taking two points fifteen feet from a foul-line and seventy-five feet from the catcher's line, then drawing two lines on each side, one parallel to the foul line, the other parallel to the catcher's line.

The "players' lines" are drawn from the catcher's lines, fifty feet from the foul-lines, and parallel to them. As both these coacher's and players' lines are drawn merely to keep the men in their proper places, where they will not interfere with the game, and as the catcher's lines are in turn drawn as points of measurement for the other lines, it is hardly worth while to go to all this trouble except for an important match.

For the benefit of those players whose club treasury is in such a prosperous condition as to make unnecessary the home-made devices described above, it is well to say that a set of base-bags with straps and spikes can be purchased at any base-ball outfitter's for \$4, \$5, or \$7, according to quality, while a rubber home-plate costs \$7, a marble one \$3, and an iron one \$1.

The next articles for our consideration are the implements for the players. The best ball to purchase is the regular "league" ball. These balls are the most uniform in manufacture and quality, and give the best satisfaction in the long run. They can be purchased for \$1.50,

with a discount for quantity. It is worth while to purchase more than one, because it often happens that wet grass ruins the cover of the ball. For this reason, when a base-ball has been used in wet weather it should be put aside, and the next time the nine wishes to practice on a wet day this ball, which will be as hard as a rock, should be brought out. As soon as it is wet it softens again, and it is just as useful as a new one would be after fifteen minutes' wetting. This constant wetting rots the covers, but a harness-maker will re-cover the balls, and they may be used for practice. In the kinds of bats there is far more variety. The most favored is of ash, second-growth, and thoroughly seasoned. These can be purchased for from



ARTICLES OF A BASE-BALL OUTFIT.

made which are omitted in the above description, as they are only necessary at an important game. For instance, in ordinary games the imaginary line from home to third is enough to show the "foul" ground, as the base-line worn by the runners makes a fair guide. As a matter of actual law, however, the foul-lines are lines drawn along the outer edges of the home-plate, and passing through the outer edges of the first and third bags. The foul-line thus does not run exactly along the base-line which we originally marked out, but, starting with it, is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches from it at third and first. It is, of course, wholly within the cut of three feet where the turf has been taken out. These foul-lines should extend to the boundaries of the ground, and should then

twenty-five cents to one dollar each, according to the quality of the wood. Lighter bats are made of willow; and the cheapest, of basswood. These do not last so well as ash, however. The rules specify that the bat shall not be over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, nor more than 42 inches in length. In selecting a bat, individual taste is the best guide as to matters of weight and balance, but the grain should be examined carefully, in order that one may not choose a stick that will leave him in the lurch by breaking just as he becomes accustomed to it. The grain should run lengthwise, and not cross sharply, particularly over the handle. A knot in the handle will often lead to a break, but one farther down toward the end is not of any moment. If a bat is varnished highly, the handle should be scraped, so that it will not turn easily in the hands. The first-base man and catcher should each wear gloves to protect the hands from the constant pounding of the ball which playing these positions involves. Any one can make a very serviceable pair of base-ball gloves out of

that the left-hand glove is kept whole and the ends of the fingers reinforced by heavy leather tips. A shoemaker will put on these tips, and they should be about an inch and a half long. Both gloves should have padding in the palm and over the ball of the thumb. This padding can be made of as many layers of felt as are desired, sewn in when the glove is turned wrong side out. Many of the best catchers prefer to do their own padding. The pads should be so cut that they run up into the finger a little way, and thus form a protection for the base of the fingers. By those who wish to purchase gloves, and thus save the trouble of making them, the catcher's gloves can be purchased for \$3.50 and \$5. The basemen's gloves cost about \$2.50. Every man who intends playing behind the bat should wear a mask, and it is best to purchase a good one, as the cheaper ones are likely to be fragile, not well made, and may perhaps be broken by a foul tip. While an accident from a broken mask is very unusual, as the wires are so bent as to spring outward when broken, still it is not well, for the sake of a slight saving, to run any risks of this kind. A good mask will cost from \$2 to \$4.

A body protector is also an admirable invention, and saves many a bruise. The cheaper ones are made of leather and canvas, and cost about \$5. The best are made of rubber, and can be inflated so as to form a kind of air pillow. These cost from \$6 to \$10.

Individual uniforms next attract our attention. A tennis or cricket suit, or any set of flannels will answer nicely. A flannel shirt and an old pair of long trousers tied or strapped in at the ankles was an old-fashioned uniform, and it is just as serviceable to-day. The most convenient trousers, however, are of the knickerbocker pattern, and it is well to pad them heavily at the knees and along the side of the leg and thigh, particularly if one is to do any sliding to bases. This padding can be made by quilting in any heavy pieces of cloth. The long stockings should be heavy and stout, and extend well above the knee. The shoes should be broad and easy, with low heels, and may be of canvas or leather, the latter being the most lasting. A triangular spike is placed on the sole of each shoe in order to prevent slipping, and of these spikes, the



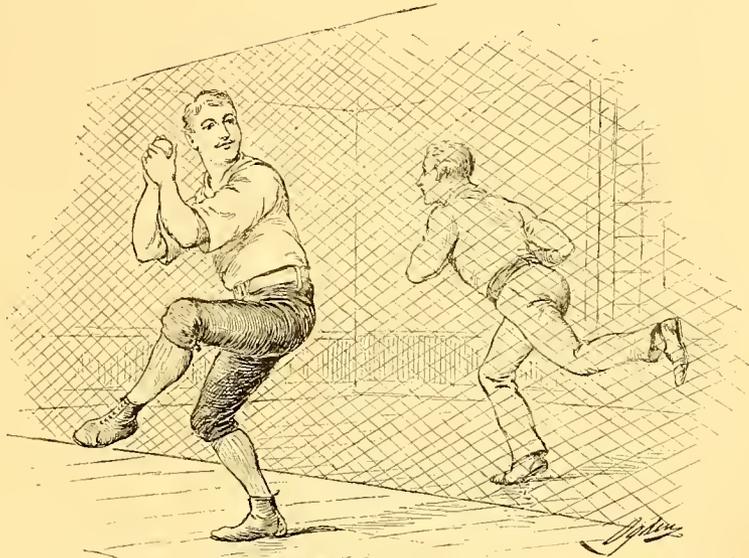
THE BODY PROTECTOR AND CATCHER'S MASK.

a stout pair of buckskins. The fingers and thumbs should be cut off at the first joint for the basemen, and if any extra padding is needed, pieces of felt can be sewn on. The catcher's gloves may be made in a similar way, except

broad ones are the easiest and best. Sometimes a smaller plate is worn on the heel as well. The pitcher should have upon the toe of his right shoe a metal plate, to prevent the speedy wearing out of the shoe in pitching. This plate is a sort of cap, and covers the inside corner of the shoe. Any shoemaker can put one on. A cap with a visor is the most convenient form of head-gear, and interferes least with the player's comfort. Complete uniforms can be purchased from the outfitters for from \$5 to \$30. Below is a list of the separate articles, showing the range in prices: Shirts, \$2.00 to \$5.00; trousers, \$1.75 to \$4.50; stockings, 50c. to \$1.50; caps, 50c. to \$1.00; belts, 25 c. to 30c.; shoes, \$2.00 to \$7.00; spikes, 15c. to 75c.; toe-plate, 50c.

Base-ball is a game so entirely dependent upon the condition of the ground and weather, that it never can become, in our climate, an all-the-year-round pastime. No one can play base-ball when the fingers are numb with cold, nor can there be any play upon a ground covered with snow. But the sport has become so scientific, and practice is so essential to its highest development, that quite a proportion of the players have now taken up some systematic winter practice. Particularly is this the case among college and school nines. Professionals, making a business of following the game, can travel to Southern cities, where they may anticipate the Northern season by several weeks of outdoor practice, but those who seek it merely as a pastime cannot enjoy any such means of attaining additional skill. College and school boys, therefore, have recourse to gymnasiums, where, by a judicious use of certain apparatus, they prepare themselves for the regular field work. Some of the best equipped of these gymnasiums have long, low alleys, completely bounded by two walls and a wire netting, in

which throwing and batting can be practiced. These are known as "cages." The irregular and indiscriminate use of the apparatus, or even of the cage, results in little good to the player, but a systematic and well-directed use of both tends to put a nine into the field in a superior condition for the work required. In addition to this,



FITCHER AT PRACTICE IN THE "CAGE."

the benefit to the general health of regular exercise during the winter and early spring is not to be disregarded as a factor in the problem of developing successful nines. The use of the apparatus should be directed toward the development and strengthening of the various muscles which are to bear the brunt of the labor when on the field.

Many of the exercises really need no equipment such as a gymnasium affords, and one can take advantage of any room at home. A pair of dumb-bells, the Indian clubs, a rope fastened to the ceiling or a beam, an old foot-ball hung as a "punching-bag," another rope, on which a heavy "spool" slides freely, stretched from a point about the height of a man's shoulder up to the opposite wall, where it joins the ceiling—such an amount of apparatus will give full opportunity for the best kind of exercise. The only part needing any explanation is, perhaps, the sliding spool. This is an admirable device for

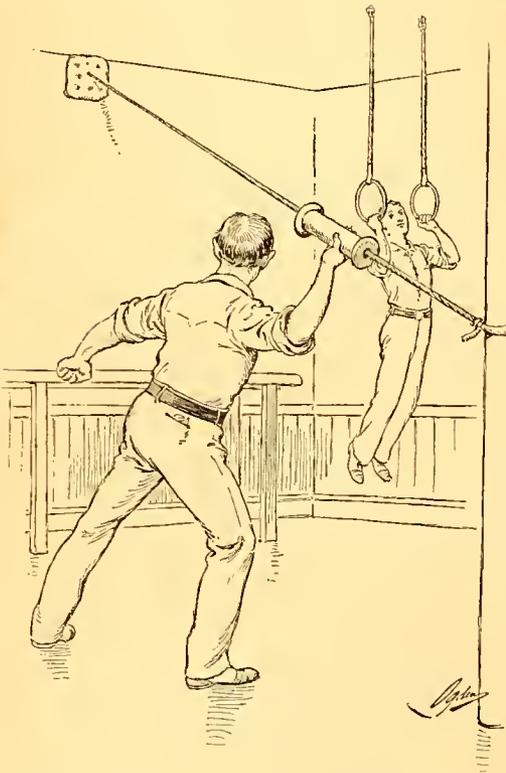
cultivating the muscles used in throwing. The point at which the spool would come in contact with the ceiling should be well padded with some rather inelastic substance, in order that the spool may not rebound too severely. By throwing the spool along the rope a number of times daily, any man can acquire a powerful throw.

The winter work of a college nine will give a good idea of the methods practiced in indoor preparation. There are usually at least twenty candidates for positions, and, as it is impossible that all should practice the same work at the same time, these candidates are usually divided into squads of perhaps four men each. The

form, both in batting and fielding. One of the men pitches for the other to bat, and the batter endeavors to meet the ball squarely, with the bat moving on a line. He also is particular to accustom himself to meet the ball at any height, and to stand firmly on his feet when striking. In fielding practice one of the men bats grounders for his comrade, who stands at the other end of the cage, and, picking up the ball, throws it at a spot marked on the end wall at about the height of a man's chest. The batter does not drive the ball as hard as possible at his companion, but at a medium rate of speed. In picking up and throwing, the first thing to acquire is quickness and freedom of movement. Accuracy and force come very rapidly in this daily practice, so that a player soon finds it simple enough to take the ball cleanly and get it easily down to the mark. On the running-track, the men take a few turns to limber them up, and then practice quick starting, and short, sharp spurts at full speed, rather than the more leisurely, long-continued run of the men who are training for boating honors.

In connection with the running-track one should mention a device for practicing sliding to bases which has proven of the greatest practical advantage to players. One of the college nines, by making use of this sliding bag during their winter practice, acquired such dexterity as to have for that year a record in stealing bases more than three times that of any other nine in the association. This sliding apparatus may be rigged up in a variety of ways, the only object to be attained being the arrangement of a yielding cushion upon which a man may practice sliding until he acquires sufficient confidence and dexterity to make it no effort of will for him to plunge headforemost at the base. The first one of these cushions consisted of a frame about fifteen feet long and three or four feet wide, upon which was tightly stretched a piece of carpet.

The work with the boxing-gloves is designed to improve the man's general muscular development, make him quick and firm upon his feet, and rapid in judgment and action. The men usually devote most of the time to going through a certain set of exercises, rather than to indulging in "slugging" matches. The dumb-bells,



PRACTICING THROWING WITH THE SPOOL.

times are so arranged as to give to each squad an allotted hour in which they can have the use of the cage and other apparatus. These squads are still further subdivided into pairs, and, while two of them occupy the cage, the other two make use of the running-track and apparatus. In the use of the cage the men do not attempt to practice violently, but rather to acquire good

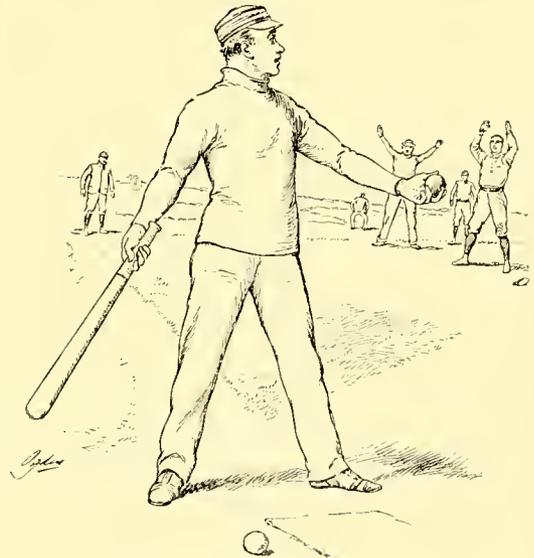
Indian-clubs, and other general apparatus in a gymnasium are used with a view to acquiring a uniform development as well as a considerable range of muscular action. Whenever any player is inordinately or unevenly developed in any set of muscles (particularly if he has over-developed the shoulders), he is not encouraged to strengthen the already too-powerful muscles, but is so trained as to give them flexibility and freedom of action. Exercise that toughens the hands—such as swinging on the flying-rings, or rope-climbing—is found to be useful.

After the men have gone through their round of exercise, they take a shower-bath, are thoroughly "rubbed down," and then their training is over for the day. The amount of time required is probably not more than an hour or an hour and a half, and yet the effect upon the condition of the men is quite noticeable before the end of a month. In no respect is the result of this gymnasium work more evident than in the improvement in throwing. Not only is it the exception to find men who have undergone this winter work suffering from lame arms when they begin practice on the field, but the accuracy and strength of their throwing is also greatly increased. One of the reasons for this is, that in throwing in the cage the player is compelled to throw the ball low, because of the low ceiling, which continually operates to improve the player's ability to shoot the ball along on a line rather than "up and over."

The winter training outside of this regular gymnasium practice, is not considered to be of any very great importance. The men pay no special attention to their diet, but avoid every kind of excess. An outdoor cage is sometimes erected, in which the men may have outdoor practice in pleasant weather. The chief advantage of this cage is the better light for batting. It is also possible by its use to get a little real practice on taking grounders. The outdoor cage is usually a very crude affair, and consists of netting so strung on posts as to encompass an alley about seventy feet long by twenty wide.

With the first warm sunshine that comes after the frost is out of the ground, there stirs in the heart of the base-ball player an intense desire to get into the field and begin playing. I remem-

ber a young man who used to work in clock factories in Connecticut. Although an excellent workman, he never seemed to secure any permanent position, but drifted from one town to another. Early one fall he applied to me for a position, and as he showed that he knew his trade he obtained employment. He worked admirably and well, through the winter and even into the spring. One day,—and it was a beautiful day, everything just turning green and the sun shining as bright and warm as in midsummer,—I missed him, and asked the foreman of

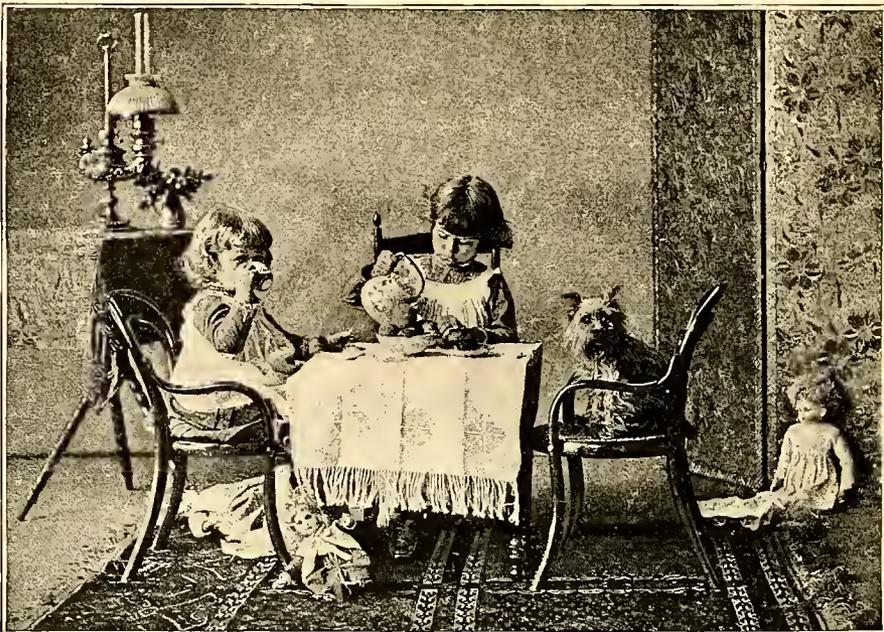


BATTING FOR THE FIELDSERS' PRACTICE.

the room what had become of him. "Oh, he's off," was the reply; "he'll get his kit to-morrow, and you won't see him again till next fall." I took pains to meet the young man the next morning, when he came to take away his traps. "What's the matter?" I inquired. "Nothing," said he, "except yesterday I heard a blue-bird singin', and I don't do any work in shops after that." A similar yearning to be out of doors tempts the ball-player. Many times the fine weather is treacherous, and premature practice is cut short, or even rendered detrimental to the welfare of a nine, by damp, chilly winds. As a rule, it is wise to take advantage of only the very warmest days, practicing in the early afternoon, until the weather is fairly settled. The New York nine were once obliged to take a

vacation, after a few weeks of practice in a cold spring, because so many of the men had lamenesses of one kind or another from exposure in inclement weather. When a college nine goes on the field for the first time, there is usually a superfluity of enthusiasm, which leads players to practice too long or too violently. Captains have learned this, and, unless they are carried away by the same tendency, do not encourage any long practice during the first weeks. After that, as the men become "broken in" and the weather improves, the players are allowed to do more work. All the men playing in the out-field can practice together, as the work of the three fielders is much the same. These men take positions in the out-field in something of a cluster (not so near, however, as to interfere with one another), while a batter knocks fly-balls out to them which they take turns in catching. A most important preliminary to this practice is the selection of an experienced man to bat the

ball. There are many men who may be good players but to whom knocking flies to an out-field is an utter impossibility. Such men may have to hit the ball a half-dozen times before sending a fly-ball near any of the fielders. Again, it is not advisable to select a man who knocks only the simplest kind of flies every time,—although such a man is to be preferred to the wild hitter who sends the men chasing a half-dozen failures in order to receive one catch. The batter should be able to knock high flies, line hits, long flies, and occasionally a sharp, hot grounder. His object is to give the fielders as much practice of every kind as possible, and a good man will gauge the ground the fielders can cover, and, while avoiding "running them to death," will occasionally give each man an opportunity to make a brilliant catch. Nothing encourages and improves the candidates so much as keeping their ambition thoroughly aroused during the entire time of practice.



FIDO (*aside*): "WHAT IS THAT STUPID DOLL WAITING FOR, I WONDER. THEY 'LL BE ASKING ME, IN A MINUTE, TO GIVE UP MY SEAT TO HER!"

## A STUDY-HOUR.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

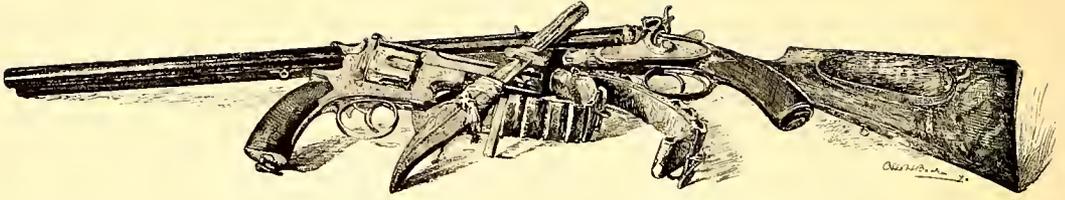


Oh! what a mystery  
The study is of history!  
How the kings go ravaging  
And savaging about!  
Plantagenet or Tudor,  
I can't tell which was ruder;  
But Richard Third,  
Upon my word,  
Was worst of all the rout.

Alfred was a hero,  
Knew nor guile nor fear, oh!  
Beat the Danes and checked the Thanes,  
And ruled the country well.  
Edward First, the Hammer,  
Was a slaughterer and slammer;  
And Bruce alone  
Saved Scotland's throne,  
When 'neath his blows it fell.

Edward Third was great, too,  
Early fought, and late, too.  
Drove the French from Cressy's trench  
Like leaves before the blast.  
But Harry Fifth, the glorious,  
He, the all-victorious,  
He 's the one  
I 'd serve alone,  
From first unto the last.

Oh! what a mystery  
The study is of history!  
Queens and kings,  
And wars and things,  
All shut within the book.  
Though sometimes a trifle bloody,  
'T is our best-beloved study.  
If you want to see how good are we,  
Why, only come and look!



## SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

### SECOND PAPER.

THE natives credited me with possessing supernatural power, a belief which I did not correct. It assumed at times rather a ludicrous aspect. I had one man with me who could speak just a little English and could understand a word or two of the native tongue. His services were constantly brought into requisition by the natives wishing to ask me through him some question or other. My reading a book puzzled them greatly; they thought it an instrument of magic with which I could see far into the future, and even asked me to look into my "Talla Talla" (mirror) and inform them whether a sick child would recover; or would inquire concerning the success of some friend who was engaged on a trading expedition far away.

On a few occasions I was able to turn to my advantage the fact that they thought me a wizard.

For instance, one day, soon after my arrival at Lukolela, ten large canoes, each containing twenty or twenty-five men to visit the white-skinned stranger, put in to my beach, and the men, landing, crowded up to see me. At that time I had learned a few words of the native language, so the strangeness of my tongue lent interest to the interview and caused considerable amusement to the natives. They were evidently well satisfied with the time they had spent with me. They had been deeply awed and much amused, and to commemorate the interview, they thought they could not do better than to take away with them something to remind them of the occasion; but unfortunately they selected as mementos my only knife and fork. I knew that if I attempted

to get these things back by force, there would be a general stampede, shots exchanged and blood shed, and that I might lose one of my men, perhaps without regaining possession of my property. Still, the knife and fork were invaluable to me, and I was not inclined to see them leave the station without making one effort toward their recovery, so I set my wits to work and the result was a happy idea. In my medicine-chest there was a bottle of citrate of magnesia; taking a quantity of this harmless-looking drug with me and assuming a grave demeanor, accompanied by two or three of my men, I walked slowly down to the assembled natives; then through my interpreter I gravely informed them that I had discovered that my knife and fork had been stolen,—by whom I did not know just now, but I was determined to find out. I then went nearer to the beach, and inviting the principal chiefs of the party to come and witness my power, I threw a little magnesia into a pool of still water, which effervesced and bubbled up in an alarming manner. "Now," I said, "your canoes are filled with people and merchandise; all your wealth is in these canoes, and they can not live in rough water. They will be swamped, will sink, and you will lose all. You see what I have done in this small body of water. I am going to extend this commotion over all the river from here to your village. I will make the water so rough that it will swamp any craft that ventures on it, and I am going to keep the water in that condition until I get back my knife and fork! Now, I will leave you; talk it over among yourselves. Put off from shore if you care to risk it. I do not wish to take your lives, but still I must have my knife and fork."

They talked the matter over, and I was pleased to find my ruse successful. My awful threat remained unexecuted, for before nightfall my knife and fork were restored.

With returning health my spirits revived. I was anxious to leave my hut and to acquaint myself with my novel surroundings.

Although I had not yet been able to visit any of the villages in the district, I had become quite familiar with the faces of most of my neighbors. The stream of inquiring visitors never ceased, and my Zanzibari boy—the most attentive of servants—had much trouble in preventing them from disturbing the few snatches of sleep I obtained in intervals of fever. At first, I was unable to distinguish one black visitor from another; their features seemed cast in the same mold, and there was no external aid to identification.

Each face was disfigured by the same scars cut deep in the flesh over the temples, and carried in three lines back to the ears; this is the tribal mark of the Ba-Bangi, who inhabit the country in which I then was living.

The idea occurred to me of utilizing my new friends by obtaining from them, word by word, their peculiar dialect to enrich my vocabulary. When the natives saw that I was anxious to learn their language, they evidently turned over in their minds the fact that I was from a new country, and would have some strange tales to tell when



"I THREW A LITTLE MAGNESIA INTO A POOL OF STILL WATER, WHICH BUBBLED UP IN AN ALARMING MANNER."

I was able to make myself understood. They, therefore, took the greatest interest in teaching me the words they thought would be most useful to me.

One man, for instance, would enter the hut, raise his finger up to his eye, and inquire by signs whether I knew the native name for that

organ. If I shook my head to signify ignorance, he would pronounce the name very distinctly, and I had to repeat it until my pronunciation satisfied him. He would then point in succession to his nose, ear, mouth, etc., and endeavor by constant repetitions to impress their names on my memory. When the lesson was concluded, he would gravely say, "*Naké mboka*," which is synonymous with our "Good-by for the present," and depart with the air of one who had acquitted himself of a duty he owed to society,—only to reappear on the following day with a fresh string of names for me to commit to memory. After a while, my friends discovering that when I heard a new word I immediately made a note of it, the more intelligent among them would come into my room when they had any information to give, pick up my note-book, and, handing me my pencil, insist on my writing down in their presence all they told me. If suspicion was aroused that I was trying to shirk my duty in this matter, they would request me to read aloud the different words with which they had furnished me.

By this means, I soon had a large stock of nouns at my command, and by attentively listening to the conversation around me I added to these a few useful verbs, and acquired some knowledge of the formation of sentences. No tutors could be more gratified in the progress of a pupil.

I very soon passed from halting sentences to easy conversations. And from the moment that I was able to explain myself in simple language and understand the questions addressed to me in return, I ceased to feel lonely or isolated, or to look upon my neighbors altogether as strangers. My knowledge of the language assisted me in obtaining an insight into the native character, and in understanding to



NATIVE BASKET AND JAR.

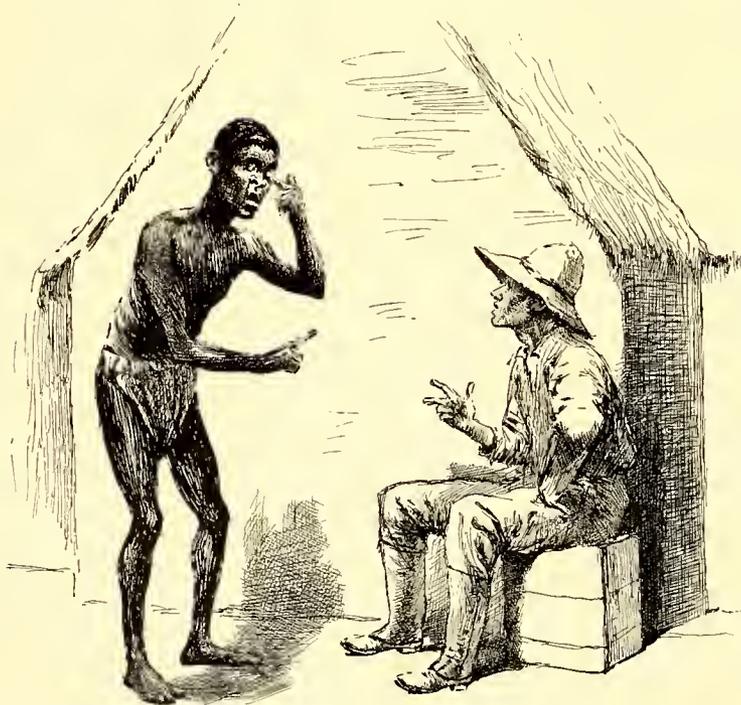
some extent their peculiarities of manner and custom.

Natives who have associated much with Europeans become reticent. They comprehend the great difference separating their modes of life and thought from those of the white man, and they will endeavor to conceal as much as possible feelings and prejudices they know will be misunderstood. But my Lukolela neighbors had seen but few white men,—in fact, the majority of them had not, until my arrival, ever seen one,—and certainly none had met a *mundelé* (white man) who could speak their language; so they chattered away with the frank unreserve of children, revealing in their conversation very many good qualities mingled with much that was savage and superstitious. As soon as I was able to get about, I made frequent excursions to

My Station was separated from the nearest of these clusters of huts by a thickly wooded forest, through which I cleared a path; and, dividing my settlement at its extreme limit from the village, was a stream about seventy yards wide. By driving piles at distances across this, I was able to build a good, strong bridge, which, together with my forest path, made communication with my dusky neighbors a very easy matter. It was my custom each morning to saunter down to the villages, and pass from group to group exchanging salutations with the natives and learning the news of the day.

There was always something new to interest me: The traders loading up their canoes in preparation for a visit to some neighboring villages in quest of ivory or red-wood; the different artificers busily employed at their separate trades, working copper and brass into heavy bangles with which to encircle their wives' necks and ankles, to satisfy the feminine craving for finery, or beating iron into keen and sharp-pointed spear-heads or queerly-shaped knife-blades — or, with nothing but an odd-looking little adze, fashioning from a rough log of wood an artistically carved chair or slender lancewood paddle; the potter, equally ingenious and artistic in his way, transforming with his cunning hand a mass of black clay into vessels almost as graceful in design as those of the ancient Greeks.

Pleasant sounds of busy life are heard from every dwelling, and the little



LEARNING THE BA-BANGI LANGUAGE.

the different villages sprinkled over the district of Lukolela. These villages consisted of groups of fifty or more low, grass-thatched houses, each dwelling divided into two or three rooms. In course of time I came to know almost every man, woman, and child in the district.

clusters of huts, hemmed in by forest trees, seemed pervaded with an air of peace and content.

The principal employment of the natives near by, was fishing. This is an important industry with the inhabitants of the riverside vil-

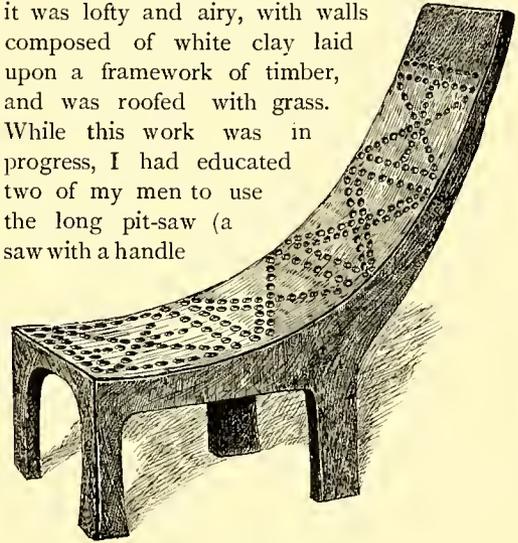
lages, as not only do they live almost entirely on the fish they catch, but the yield of their nets is bartered with the inland tribes in exchange for other commodities. The early morning the fishermen devote to repairing and replenishing the stock in trade of their calling: traps and nets are carefully examined, and all injuries repaired before the sun is well up. The river at this part teems with fish, of every size and variety. Their haunts and habits are thoroughly well known to the fishermen, whose curiously minute observations have taught them where to spread their nets with a certainty of the largest haul. There is one large yellow fish, the "*mbutu*," esteemed a great luxury on the Congo, which lives upon the soft, succulent stems of the swamp grass, and, as a rule, feeds about eight or ten inches below the surface of the water. The fisherman, with spear poised ready for the throw, glides noiselessly along in his canoe, skirting the fringe of these grassy swamps, carefully watching to see the slightest trembling of a stem of grass, which tells that a fish is nibbling. Suddenly he deftly plunges his weapon below the surface, and almost invariably a fat *mbutu* is drawn to the side of the canoe, struggling on the end of the spear. All along the Congo and its tributaries are large bays where the water is invariably sluggish; these places are the resorts of shoals of fish. In the rainy season, when the river is swollen, the natives build walls of cane mesh-work across the mouths of these bays; so that when the river falls, all the fish are securely penned in; openings are then made in the netting, and a basket-trap attached over each. The fish endeavoring to escape by these apertures are caught in the traps. With but little effort, a plentiful supply of fish is secured at this time of the year. Sometimes, during a rapid fall of the river, thousands of fish are taken this way in a few days. Near to these fishing-grounds the natives build rough, temporary huts and also construct low tables of sticks about 1½ feet from the ground. The fish are placed on these tables, and are smoked perfectly dry by means of large fires placed underneath.

The hard toil of many weeks was beginning to tell in the improved appearance of my Station. The site was thoroughly cleared of tree-



SPECIMENS OF AFRICAN POTTERY.

roots and weeds. My men were working well, and I myself had not been idle, for I had to educate my Zanzibari in handicrafts of which I knew little, and to transform my men into carpenters, sawyers, plasterers, etc., as the occasion required. And I had now well under way a large house destined to supersede the little hut in which I had been living since Stanley left. It was not an ambitious structure, but it was lofty and airy, with walls composed of white clay laid upon a framework of timber, and was roofed with grass. While this work was in progress, I had educated two of my men to use the long pit-saw (a saw with a handle



AFRICAN CHAIR.

at each end, used by two men. One stands upon the surface of the ground and the other is in a deep pit below the timber which is being cut), and soon had a fine stock of planks made from the trees which I felled in the neighboring forest; and with the assistance of a young West Coast African, who had a natural bent for car-

pentering, I soon had doors, windows, shutters, and all the necessary wood-work, ready for my new house. Up to this time I had been compelled to make shift with my trunks and boxes for chairs and tables, but now I was able to enjoy the comfort of a table and chair of my own manufacture, and for the first time I appre-

at times over extensive shoals, where we saw quite a herd of hippopotami huddled together in the shallow water. They stood motionless, like smooth, black rocks. There was not a sign of life in the herd as we approached until we had paddled within fifty yards of them,—then all was tumult and confusion. Suddenly



"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS STRUCK MY CANOE A BLOW WHICH NEARLY CAPSIZED IT." (SEE PAGE 570.)

ciated the possession of those useful articles of furniture.

My health being thoroughly restored, I did not confine myself to station work, but frequently made excursions into the neighboring districts, learning all I could of the tribes inhabiting them.

Hearing that there were several large villages on the opposite shore, a little lower down-river, I decided to visit and make friends with the people. Mbunga was the most important place, so I decided to make there my first visit. I equipped my large canoe with twenty-five paddlers some being my own men and some being Lukolela natives and started off early one morning to seek out Ndombé, the chief of Mbunga. Our course lay through numerous small channels between thickly wooded forest islands, and

startled from their morning sleep, with loud snortings they plunged deep into the river, disappearing entirely from sight, and leaving only a stretch of troubled water in the place where they had herded. Sometimes we would see a number of these unwieldy monsters swimming midstream, their bodies submerged, and only their great heads showing above the surface. We would leave the river in their possession and skirt along the banks so as to avoid a collision—in which the canoe would fare badly. As I was anxious to reach Mbunga, I could not spare time for any shooting on the journey, so I resolved to save all my cartridges for the hippos I might meet on the return journey to Lukolela. Making all haste, I managed to reach Mbunga before nightfall. I found the people there very wild, some portion of them even hostile, and I

succeeded in establishing friendly relations only by going through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the most important chief of the place, Ndombé. My first view of this village impressed me with a sense of the characteristic cruelty with which native rumor credited these people, for nearly every hut was decorated with the whitening skull of some slave or victim, while suspended from the branch of a large tree in the center of the village was a roughly-made basket containing the same ghastly trophies.

The natives themselves were lazy and filthy in their habits; plantations were few; and although extensive fishing-grounds were situated close to their villages, but little effort was made to reap any benefit from them. The natives had a besotted look, and during my few days' stay in these villages I noticed that, though little food was eaten, an enormous quantity of fermented

early one morning, and about a mile and a half from the village I came upon a herd of hippopotami. One of them offering a favorable shot, I fired, but only succeeded in wounding the animal. I had with me at that time a Snider rifle, which is not a very serviceable weapon in the hunting-field, its power of penetration being insufficient for big game. The sting of the bullet tended only to infuriate the animal; he threw himself wildly out of the water and plunged about in all directions. A few of my paddlers kept cool, but most of them, not accustomed to this kind of thing, dropped their paddles and clung wildly to the gunwale of the canoe; some were screaming, while those who retained their paddles endeavored to force the canoe in a direction opposite from my intended destination. All this commotion rendered it very difficult for me to take a shot with any certainty of aim, so that, although I kept on hitting the brute, I could not



THE FARLEY OVER THE PRIZE. (SEE PAGE 571.)

sugar-cane juice was consumed, and toward the evening of each day the villages were crowded with noisy and intoxicated savages.

Having decided to return to Lukolela, I left

succeed in reaching a vital part, and each successive bullet that struck rendered the monster only the more furious. At last he caught sight of us, and seemed, all at once, to recognize that we

were his enemies. He came on, plowing his way through the water, and struck my canoe a blow which, nearly capsizing it, threw several of my men into the water. Fortunately, he did not follow them up, but, passing under the canoe, kept plunging madly on for a short distance. In the mean time I had managed to pick up the men from the water,—just in time, for he returned and made another charge.

As he passed for a second time under the canoe, my hunter, Bongo Nsanda, dexterously plunged a spear into him, which, striking in the side, seemed to cripple him greatly. He was now becoming exhausted, and his movements became slower and slower. Each time he rose to the surface he presented a pitiable sight, with the blood streaming from his many wounds. I was now able, by a well-directed shot behind the ear, to end the poor brute's sufferings, and after a few spasmodic struggles he sank from sight, leaving the water all around us discolored with his blood. A hippopotamus when killed in the water invariably sinks; the body does not rise for several hours, the duration of submersion depending on the temperature of the water. Knowing this, I waited patiently on the bank of the river, and after three hours saw my game rise slowly to the surface.

By this time the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, attracted by the firing of my rifle, had manned their large war-canoes. There must have been at least fifty of them, each canoe filled with armed warriors. I had managed only to get my hippopotamus in shallow water when these people surrounded me. I noticed that they had come prepared for a quarrel, each being armed with spear and knife. They thought to intimidate me by their formidable strength. Some of the bolder even jumped out of their canoes, danced wildly around the hippopotamus, brandishing their knives, and invited the others to come on and cut up the meat, saying: "The white man has no right to this meat. Hippopotami belong to us. He killed it in our district. His men can have a small share, but he cannot expect to come and shoot our game and take all away with him." Now if they had simply asked me for a portion of the meat, I would willingly have acceded to their request; but, in attempting to frighten me by a display

of force, they were pursuing an entirely wrong course. I immediately called off my men, ten of whom had rifles and could be thoroughly trusted, and gave them orders to load.

Fortunately, on the sand bank where I had beached my canoe were several little clumps of grass, and an old tree or two that had been washed ashore. Taking advantage of this cover, I placed my men in safety. I then walked forward, and explained to the excited natives of Mbunga that I had come there as a friend. I did not wish any trouble, but that the hippopotamus belonged to nobody till he was dead; now, as I had shot him, I considered him mine. Moreover, I was going to do what I liked with him. I would keep him all, if I chose, or I would sink him to the bottom of the river. I should be guided in the matter by my own will only, and if they thought they were strong enough to take him I invited them to make the trial. Said I, "These men of mine are armed with the same weapon with which I killed that animal. You have not such thick hide as he had, so I advise you to quickly retreat." At first my speech only incensed them, for some headstrong, fiery young men immediately proposed to take the meat from me by force. One even went so far as to jump out of the canoe and make for the hippopotamus; but I covered him so promptly with my rifle that he saw I meant what I said. Slackening his pace, his countenance, which at first denoted only savage arrogance, now assumed a look of intense fear, and, dropping his knife down by his side, he skulked back to his canoe.

The chief, Ndombé, who had been made my blood-brother, happened to be in one of the canoes, so I called him by name, and said I was surprised by the treatment I was receiving at the hands of his followers. Also, I advised him to speak with the people and to explain to them the folly of any hostile demonstrations. All the canoes were then brought together, and the Mbunga natives appeared to have decided among themselves, that a white man's powder and shot might lend convincing force to his arguments, for they hastened to tell me that I was in the right. I then informed them that I had no intention of taking all the meat with me. I was not greedy; I wanted some of the

meat for my men, but I myself should decide how much.

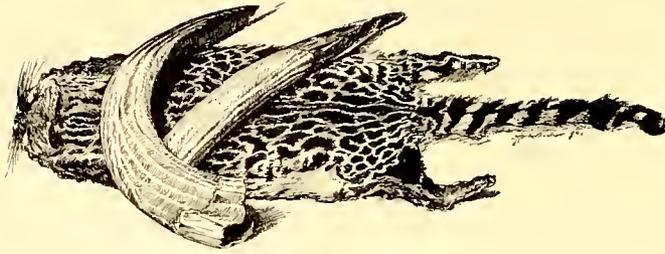
"Now," said I, "Ndombé, you are my blood-brother. I shall give you one leg for yourself and village. The remainder of the half I shall distribute among these people, but not one man is to cut up a piece of the meat. My own men shall do that. My gun is loaded, and what I say, I mean. I shall sit here, and if one of your men attempts to cut the meat without my permission, I shall consider it the commencement of hostilities, and shall shoot him down." This bit of bounce on my part had the desired effect. They kept at a respectful distance until I had cut up as much of the animal as I wanted. I did not take even half; I left them quite three-quarters. When I called them and handed them their share, they were delighted. My speech and show of fearlessness had a very good effect. We parted the best of friends, and I left this savage crowd to fight among themselves for the remainder of the meat. For a long time after leaving this scene, we could hear their wild and excited talk as they squabbled over their plunder. The sight of blood always betrays the savage. It is to him what the red rag is to a bull.

It was dark before I again neared Lukolela. From a great distance I could see the lights of many torches sprinkled about the shore. As I approached, a hum of voices was borne toward me on the still night air. All the villagers were gathered on the strand, anxious to hear what fortunes had befallen us on our journey. When the prow of my canoe drove sharply on the beach, and the hustling crowd discovered our freight of hippo-meat, great was their joy. All were eager to bear a hand in unloading the canoe, and a great torch-lit crowd of yelling negroes escorted us on to the Station. Most of the meat was distributed in the village and was roasted over large fires. Far into the night I could hear the sounds of revelry which succeeded the great banquet. Standing on my beach, I watched the bonfires flaring down in the village, while lithe black figures crossed and recrossed in the fitful light, mingling in wild and joyous dances. The shadows of great forest trees hung over them, and all around was intense darkness. Songs and laughter came

echoing through the woods until the embers had turned to ashes and the morning light was glimmering on the horizon.

I was much pleased that my first hunting expedition had ended so successfully. The Ba-Bangi are born hunters, and the surest way in which a stranger can gain their esteem is to exhibit skill and prowess in the field. Besides, I am afraid that in my talks with my neighbors I had been guilty of exaggerations that led to expectations of great things, which I more than doubted my own ability to fulfill. I felt that, in this first hunt, I stood on trial before the whole tribe, and was secretly pleased to be able to establish a secure reputation as a hunter by a feast of hippo-meat. Whenever I could snatch an opportunity after this, I would scour the country round in search of big game. My villagers were equally eager for the chase, and were anxious to bring me the first news of a wandering herd of buffaloes or of elephants. Until now I had been known among the natives as *Mwana Tëndélé*, or son of Stanley. From this day I was known throughout the district as "*Makula*" (literally, Arrows), a name bestowed by the natives only upon distinguished hunters, my success in supplying the village with feasts of hippopotamus and buffalo meat having earned me this proud title.

Four months of pioneer work, diversified by trips into the interior and hunting excursions, had passed rapidly away, when, one January afternoon, a fisherman brought news to the Station that, while spreading his nets in a reach of the river just above Lukolela, he had sighted a flotilla composed of three steamers floating down stream. It was Stanley and his followers returning from Stanley Falls. All was now excitement. My men were as eager as I was to give the great explorer a hearty welcome on his return. We all hastened down to the beach, and with cries of "Sail HO!!! *Masua!*" (boats), "*Bwana kubua anarudé!*" (The big master is returning), we hailed the first glimpse we caught of the little fleet as it rounded a distant point. My Zanzibaris and few Houssas donned their brightest cloth in honor of the occasion, and presented a really fine appearance as they lined the beach to await the arrival of the boats. A strongly flowing current and rough weather had told on



TEETH OF HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND SKIN OF WILD-CAT.

the little fleet, and the new paint that looked so bright and gay only five months before at Leopoldville had faded and blistered under the scorching sun. When Stanley landed, I noticed that he too showed signs of hard work and exposure, but, bronzed and weatherbeaten, he seemed a picture of rugged health. While I was saluting my chief, I noticed that he was regarding me with a curiously quizzical look in his eyes. At last he inquired in an anxious tone of voice for the poor young Englishman he had left at Lukolela on his voyage up-river last fall. He added that he feared the very worst had befallen him, for when he last saw him he was in a very bad way, emaciated and cadaverous. He feigned great surprise when I hastened to assure him that I was the sickly youth for whom he expressed so much concern, and that I never felt better in my life. Stanley complimented me on my improved appearance, and bestowed much kindly praise on the progress of the work on my Station. There was not very much in the way of improvement that I could show him as he inspected my little patch of territory. But there had been many difficulties to be overcome, owing to the nature of the soil and the surroundings. He was also much pleased with the friendly relations that existed between the natives and our settlement.

That evening Stanley narrated the history of his expedition on its journey to the falls. He told how he found the Stanley Falls region in the hands of the Arabs, who had made it their headquarters for raiding incursions into the sur-

rounding country in search of ivory and slaves, and how he had founded a station at that distant point, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and placed a young Scotch engineer, named Bennie, in charge. He dwelt upon the contrast between his cordial reception by the various tribes scattered along his route, on his last voyage, and the hostilities he encountered on all sides in his great journey in '77.

The patience, diplomacy, and justice he had exercised enabled him now to pass through the savage and cannibal tribes of the upper Congo without firing a shot—tribes who in '77 attacked him at every turn, answering his offers of friendship by flights of barbed and poisoned arrows; and where once compelled, by sheer hunger, for days to fight for food, the natives now welcomed him with exclamations of joy, and placed at his disposal the best their villages contained.

The following day, after Stanley had given presents of cloth and trinkets to the Lukolela chiefs in exchange for the goats and fowls they brought him, I witnessed the departure of the flotilla, and then returned to my work, cheered by many kind wishes and expressions of approval from my chief.

Stanley, on bidding me good-bye, had promised me that assistance should be sent from Leopoldville, as the work was heavy for one man. This was good news to me, as the presence of another white man at the station would relieve the feeling of isolation which sometimes crept over me when I looked on the black faces crowding round me, and remembered the many leagues

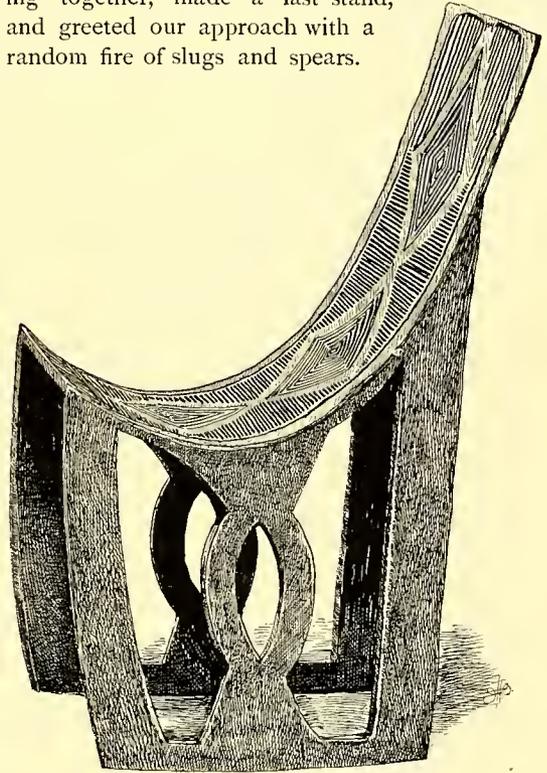


AFRICAN PADDLES AND RAILER.

that separated me from the nearest Europeans. I have mentioned the friendliness toward me of the tribes bordering on the Station, but there was trouble in store from another quarter, and this, too, made me wish for some one with whom I could take counsel when unexpected difficulties presented themselves.

Just below the villages of Lukolela there was another native settlement called Makunja, over which presided Mpuké. This old chief had, since our first landing, assumed a hostile and unfriendly attitude; he was continually catching and sometimes killing the friendly natives of Lukolela, assigning as a reason for this aggression the fact that they were friendly with me. I warned old Mpuké that if he continued this policy I should be compelled to punish him. In answer to my remonstrance he sent word to me that he was "Mokunjé Monené" (the big chief) of this part of the country, and that he intended to fight, and to burn to the ground all the Lukolela villages; that I was an intruder, and before many days were past he would burn and destroy my Station and the huts of all who wished me well. He also added that his vengeance would not be complete until my head decorated the roof of his house. Mpuké was evidently in earnest, for early in the morning after I had received his ultimatum, I was startled from sleep by a crowd of natives running into the Station with the intelligence that the villages were being attacked. I could hear, while they spoke, the loud reports of old flint-locks in the distance, and abreast of the villages I could see the Makunja war-canoes with armed warriors who were challenging the Lukolela villages to fight. The Lukolela men implored my aid in repelling this attack. As I was the principal object of Mpuké's wrath I determined to assist them to punish the old tyrant, whose threat anent my skull had put me on my mettle. I took ten of my men, well armed with rifles, and went into the villages. Here everything was in a state of confusion. Spears and knives were being sharpened, flint-lock muskets charged. The warriors were rushing here and there, donning their charms and rubbing charcoal on their faces, to render themselves as formidable-looking as possible. The women were all making for my Station, loaded up with babies, and baskets containing their goods and chattels.

The Lukolela villages and those of Makunja were separated by a mile of swampy forest, through which ran a narrow zig-zag foot-path. As the only way to effectively punish old Mpuké was to attack him on his own soil, I led my men in this direction. When we were about half way several volleys were fired at us by the natives lying in ambush, one charge just grazing my head; and, from the thick cover, spears were hurled, which stuck quivering in the beaten ground. The sharp crack of our Snider rifles, however, soon scattered these skirmishers, who made off in the direction of their village, where all the stragglers, gathering together, made a last stand, and greeted our approach with a random fire of slugs and spears.



AFRICAN CHAIR.

This was soon silenced by a volley from my men, and we entered the enemy's village. All the inhabitants had fled at our approach; there was not a soul to be seen, but from the skirting woods rose little puffs of smoke, followed by loud, re-echoing reports from overcharged muskets, enabling us to guess the whereabouts of the enemy. When I had time to look about me, I found that I had four men seriously wounded.

Mpuké's threat of skull decoration had evidently been used often by him, and judging by the roof-tree of his house, profusely decorated with these ghastly ornaments, it had often been fulfilled. I burned the houses to the ground, and throwing out my men on either side of the path, leaving sentinels on the limits of Lukolela, we returned to the Station unmolested. At night an incessant drumming was kept up by the two villages. The mournful wail of the Makunja people, wafted over the river, told that our rifles had done their work. Every now and then the drumming and singing would cease, and threatening speeches would be exchanged as to the fight to-morrow. The next morning, I again proceeded to the villages, and ordered one of the Lukolela chiefs to inform Mpuké that I trusted that the punishment of yesterday would be sufficient warning to him, for I did not wish to continue the fight. Curses heaped upon my head were the only answer the furious old chief returned to my peaceful overtures, curses invoking horrible calamities both to myself and my unoffending relations, and involving my cousins, uncles, and aunts in a common and bloody destruction with intricate details.

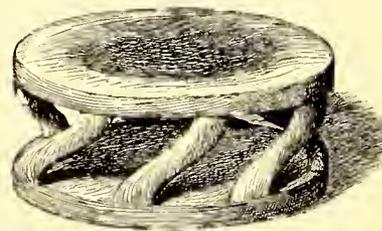
As I listened to this answer, "*Itumba!! Itumba!!!*" (War, war!) was echoed and re-echoed by a savage mob of Makunja warriors, and to the left a crowd of the enemy in the plantations were mimicking with excited contortions of limb the dissection which they intended practicing on us later on in the day. I found, however, that their courage was only skin-deep. With a few of my Zanzibari, and some of the natives of Lukolela, who were emboldened by the success of the day before, we soon quieted their fire and cleared them out of their position, following them up all the morning until the old chief Mpuké announced that he had had enough of fighting and proclaimed his willingness for peace.

Reluctantly, I had been compelled to shoot a few of the enemy; but they never forgot the lesson, and old Mpuké became most friendly toward me, and even condescended to include me in the family circle, always referring to me as "*Mwana Ngai*" (my son), a condescension on his part which I was hardly able to appreciate, as it devolved on me a filial duty of periodically

supplying presents of cloth to my would-be dusky parent.

Although I was at Lukolela nearly two years after this, old Mpuké's thrashing had damped all warlike ambition on the part of the natives, and these were the only shots I had to fire in defense of my position while at Lukolela.

I found that at Lukolela I was in the center of a country abounding in big game. I had my choice of hunting hippos, elephants, or buffaloes; but for an exciting day's sport I preferred taking my gun in search of the last-named animals. There were any number of them in the district. I once saw as many as three hundred securely herding within a few hours' walk of the Station. The ground they were gathered on was a bare patch, of about three hundred yards in diameter, nearly round, in the middle of a large grass plain. In it were a few pools of water, and in the center of this patch was a tongue of grass. I took advantage of this cover, and was thus able to approach within twenty-five yards of the



AFRICAN SEAT.

herd. The buffaloes were now upon three sides of me. Some of them were lying down, basking in the sun,

others wallowing in the muddy pools; a few old stagers seemed to be on the lookout, as they would browse a little and then raise their heads and look in all directions to make sure that no enemy was near. The little ones were frolicking about, playing like young lambs. For some time I watched the scene in silence from my cover, almost loath to disturb the picturesque groups by the crack of my rifle; but the sporting instinct was too strong for me, and, persuading myself that the loss of one of that herd would make little difference, I picked out one that was offering a fair shot, and fired. I knew that I had hit fatally, but was surprised to see that my wounded buffalo was surrounded by several others, who immediately grouped themselves around him, and helped him along in their midst. I followed the track, and was rewarded,

after going a few hundred yards, to find my game quite dead. The others must have actually carried him along until life was extinct and they had to drop him. This strange fact has often been noticed by hunters. Elephants will do the same thing, often helping to raise a wounded comrade from the ground where he has fallen.

The uninviting appearance of the feathered occupants of my poultry-yard suggested to me that a little wild game would be a release from the monotonous diet of the insipid African fowl, which, unfortunately, we were compelled to make our staple meat food. This biped is to be seen dawdling around every village, plumage all awry, and presenting a picture of a dissipated, long-legged, skinny, half-feathered, prematurely old bird. Occasionally he will attempt to crow, putting his feet as firm as he can on the ground, throwing the weight of his body forward so as to get good purchase, and then with a painful effort commencing a hideously screeching noise. He seldom gets more than half-way through his crow. Ending with an indistinct internal wheeze, he totters off thoroughly exhausted with his exertions. For table use he is not a success; no amount of fine cooking will change his tasteless nature: when you curry him you taste only the curry powder and condiments; as a roast the butter is the conspicuous part of the dish; and in a soup you have only the taste of the water.

I remember one occasion particularly, when in order to change the monotony of my *menu* I decided to try for a buffalo. So, early one morning, with six of my blacks, I manned my canoe, and crossed over to the other side of the river, where there was a large plain in which I was generally successful in finding game. Arrived there, we struck off into the grass, and after walking a few miles the fresh trail of a large buffalo warned us to be on the alert. Carefully following the tracks, we presently saw, about twenty yards ahead of us, the black head and shoulders of a large bull just peeping out above the tall grass, listening attentively as if warned of the approach of an enemy. I took a quick aim and hit him in the shoulder, when he charged right down on us. Finding that the long grass hid us from view, he tore about wildly searching for us, snorting with pain and breathing heavily, being exhausted by his bleeding wounds. I was

only once able to get a snap shot at him as he passed through a little patch of short grass, but this time I did not drop him. My second bullet only increasing his rage, he sprang off wildly into a neighboring swamp.

I followed him, sending my native hunter round one way while I took the other. I had gone but a few yards into the swamp, when my attention was diverted by a cry for help from Bongo Nsanda, my hunter. I knew by the tone of voice that he was really in danger, so I crept hastily along in the direction from which the cry had come. As I drew near I found that Bongo Nsanda was indeed in need of help. He was hanging by the topmost branch of a young sapling, which was bending lower and lower with his weight, and was now almost within the buffalo's reach. I was only just in time, for the impetus with which the maddened brute was charging would have rooted up the tree and flung my hunter to the ground, and he would have been gored into a mangled mass. But I was fortunately able to avoid this tragic ending by putting a bullet behind the shoulder into the heart, which sent the beast headlong to the earth writhing in his death struggles. So instead of having to celebrate my hunter's funeral rites, as at one time seemed more than probable, I had the more savory experience of eating a buffalo steak.

Not many months passed after Stanley's departure before the flotilla re-appeared at Lukolela. This time, however, without Stanley, who was on his way to Europe, and had surrendered charge to Captain Hanssens, a Belgian military officer. The boats were heavily freighted with supplies and provisions for the new Stations up the river. With my consignment of necessities was landed a stalwart young Englishman, who handed me a letter from Stanley introducing the bearer as D. H. G. Keys, my promised assistant. My new comrade was full of good nature and high spirits. As I had now been away from England fifteen months, and as our postal service was rather erratic, my knowledge of recent home news was exceedingly limited. So, after the boats had steamed up-river and we were left to ourselves, Keys, who had just come from the old country, would spend many hours in re-

counting to me such of the events that had happened since my departure as he thought likely to interest me; and when he had exhausted his news, he would sing over the new songs of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest, till I was able to pick out the gems of the opera on the strings of my old banjo. Keys was by nature suited exactly for the pioneer life among wild people that we were to lead together. He was always kind and forbearing in his dealings with the

There was much to be done at this time in obtaining concessions of territory from the chiefs in the district. I was frequently making excursions by land and water on the business of the Expedition, visiting and conciliating various tribes and entering into agreements with their head men. When I was away, Keys, of course, was in charge of the station, and it was pleasant to know that the work was not falling into arrears during my absence, and to look forward to



BONGO NSANDA'S NARROW ESCAPE.

natives, whose child-like ignorance pleaded strongly with him in excuse for their many faults. He possessed, too, a certain natural charm of manner which made him instantly a favorite in the villages, where he would freely mingle with the people without that frigid dignity which Europeans so often think it necessary to assume in their intercourse with the African—a fruitful cause of much of the disappointment and ill-success which many unfortunate pioneers have met with in their attempts to benefit and civilize the savages of the interior.

a hearty welcome from my comrade when I returned. When we were together, our talk would turn naturally to dogs, guns, and game. I would tell Keys all my experiences with hippopotami and buffaloes, and show him the best hunting-grounds for big game in the neighborhood. We little thought, as we laid out our plans far ahead, that the close of a short season would find only one gun in the field. For the present we arranged that either one or the other should go on a hunting-trip each week to replenish the larder and keep the men in good humor. One day it

was Keys's turn to go. He started off in high spirits, saying to me as he went away, "Have a good lunch ready, old man,—back about one,—shall be awfully hungry,—always am when I come home from hunting." I could not accompany him, as I was busy that day looking after station matters. One o'clock passed, two, three, and then, as he was usually punctual in returning at the appointed hour, I began to have a fear that something was wrong. I felt sure that something had happened, and as time wore on and brought no news of my canoe, this foreboding of evil tidings increased. At last, just as the sun was sinking, I saw my canoe returning, but my straining eyes could catch no glimpse of poor Keys. There was in the canoe an ominous gap, which arrested the beating of my heart, and upon its arrival at the beach I found that my presentiment was sadly converted into fact. I then learned the story of his death. Having come upon a herd of buffaloes, eager for the sport he fired away until he had exhausted his stock of cartridges; he was then in the midst of a large plain, but was suffering so much from thirst that he decided to make for the river, which was distant about half a mile. He took with him one Houssa and a little native boy. When they had proceeded a few hundred yards they had to traverse a stretch of very long grass, upon entering which they were startled by the snorting and tramping of an enraged buffalo. The two frightened blacks skipped off the patch and hid in the tangled cover. Keys also tried to escape. The brute charged here and there, at one time beating down the long grass within a yard of the two blacks. Then, at last, suddenly sighting poor Keys, he charged furiously at him. One slight moan was all the blacks heard. Death

must have been instantaneous. It was a sad blow for me; the remembrance of it is still vivid in my mind. We had been the best of friends; no angry word or thought had ever passed between us. He had left me that morning full of life, rejoicing in his youth and strength. I fancied I could almost hear the echoings of his eager calls, hurrying his men to the hunt, and faint lingering notes of his joyous farewell shouts seemed to reach me as I sat alone while the gloomy shades of the fateful day gathered darkly round the desolate station. They had placed the body in his room on the narrow camp-bed. All the weary night I paced restlessly up and down the mud floor of the house, listening and watching, intensely expectant for something, I knew not what, to break the horrible monotony of my watch, and assure me that all was only the fancy of a feverish brain. At times I was convinced that I was deceived, and that my friend still lived; that he was wounded, badly wounded, but not dead, and I would seize the lamp, enter his room, and fearfully pull aside the white cloth that covered the body, striving to force imagination to lend motion and life to the still form of my dead comrade. The strain at last became unendurable. Before the dawn broke I was lying delirious with fever in my own room. When I regained my senses I found my men gathered round me, anxiously awaiting the first sign of returning consciousness. They had found me lying on the floor in the other room, and had carried me to my own bed.

I buried poor Keys just behind the station house. A great silk-cotton tree throws its shade over the grave—a heap of stones encircled with a rough wooden paling, at the head of which stands a little cross bearing his name and the date of his death.

*E. J. Glave.*

*(To be continued.)*

## A LYRIC FOR MAY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ALL the earth will soon be bright  
With a twinkling amber light —  
Vagrant airs will gently stray  
Down the shady wooded way,  
When the brooklets will rejoice  
In a limpid, lispng voice.

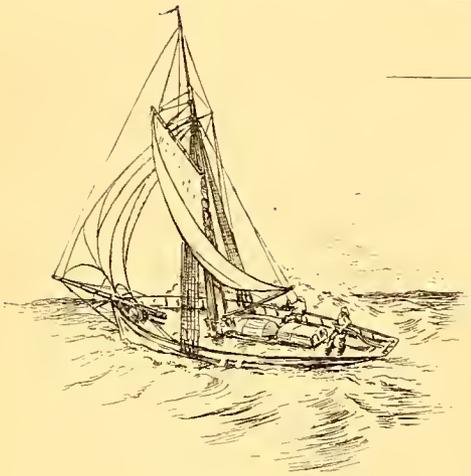
Then will come the gladsome hours  
By an unseen spirit led,  
And the field will flame with flowers  
Beryl, lavender, and red.

Soon the cozy nest will sway  
In the honeysuckle spray ;  
And the happy bird will sing  
Through the garden on the wing ;  
And the tulips all unfold  
Cups of purple, rose, and gold.

Then will wave the fragrant clover,  
'Neath a peaceful, turquoise sky,  
For the bee, the merry rover,  
And the pretty butterfly.

Prithee, do not fancy now,  
When no leaf is on the bough,  
When the earth is white with snow,  
That 't will always rave and blow.  
Soon the birds will come and cheep  
Winter, surly soul, to sleep.

And, by magic song o'ertaken,  
In a pleasant dream he 'll stray  
All the summer, but to waken  
When the birds have flown away.



### CHAPTER IV.

#### ON THE SEA-BEACH.

NEXT day we all went to the beach  
in a sail-boat. And Marjorie ran after  
the waves and the waves ran after Marjorie.

## MARJORIE AND HER PAPA.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT H. FLETCHER.

Then at noon we sat down on the sand in the  
shade of some rocks and ate our luncheon.

“We shall have to wait till the tide goes out  
before we can gather any shells,” I said.

“Why?” said Marjorie. “Does n't the tide  
like you to have them?”

Frankie laughed at that, but Marjorie did not  
see anything to laugh at. Then after a while  
Frank and Marjorie went away by themselves  
and gathered a great many lovely shells—three  
handkerchiefs full. And when they came back  
Frankie was laughing again because Marjorie  
wished to know where the tide had gone.



## Going to The Beach

"And could you tell her, Miss Frank?" I inquired.

"Well," said Frankie, "I know that the moon has something to do with the tide."

"Where does the tide go to, Jack?" said Marjorie.

"Why," said I, "it is this way:

WHERE does the tide go when it goes out?  
The Man in the Moon knows pretty well.  
In fact, he knows beyond a doubt —  
But the Man in the Moon won't tell.

Now when it goes, on tiptoe we  
Will search the sands for a lovely shell.  
The Man in the Moon will see us, maybe —  
But the Man in the Moon won't tell."

### CHAPTER V.

#### MARJORIE'S STORY.



DON'T think you want to tell me a story, do you, Jack?" said Marjorie.

It was Marjorie's bedtime, and sometimes, as a great treat, I would tell her a story after her mamma had tucked her in her crib. So I said, "Yes," and told her a little story. Then Marjorie said she would tell me a story.

"Now," she said, "you listen, and don't you go to sleep. Are you listening?"

"Yes," I said; "I am listening."

"Well-l-l," began Marjorie, "er, a, once upon a time there was a, there was a, a,—a little boy. And er, a,—a BEAR *ate him up!*"

"My!" I said. "How dreadful!"

"Yes," said Marjorie; "and, and then, he fell off a house and broke both his legs!"



"Dear me!" said I; "that was very shocking."

"Yes," said Marjorie; "and then he broke both his arms!"

"Oh!" said I. "What did they do with him?"

"Well," replied Marjorie, shaking her head, "I don't know what they did with him, but I guess they threw him away; 'cause he ain't any more use then, you know."

"No," I said; "I should think not. I don't think little boys are of much use, anyhow."

"Some boys are," said Marjorie.

"Well, maybe some are," I said. "Now I will tell you a story, and it is about a little boy that was not of any use at all. Only, they did not throw him away, they made a bird out of him. Then after that you must go to sleep, and to-morrow we will put both of our stories in the book, and draw pictures for them."

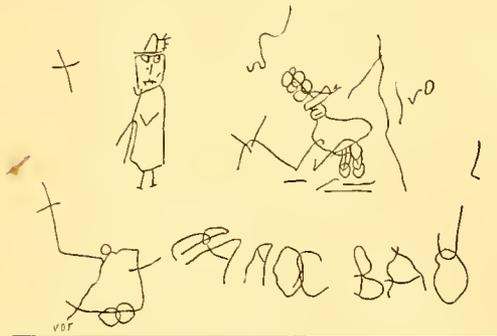
"Yes; but, Jack," said Marjorie, "I can't draw a picture of a bear. Don't you know, I tried the other day, and you said it looked like a turnip?"

"Did I?" I asked.

"Yes, you did," said Marjorie.

"Well," I said, "I will draw it for you."

"No," said Marjorie, "I will tell you what let's do. Let's put in the picture I drew of the torchlight procession. Won't that do?"



*Put  
in the Edition of St. Nicholas  
This is a torch light procession,  
but it must please go with Marjorie's story,  
because she does not know how to draw the  
Bear, the Little Boy and the House.  
Marjorie and Jack*

"Well," I replied, "I don't know that bears ever have torchlight processions, but I do not

think that matters. We can write to the editor of St. NICHOLAS and tell her all about it."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "You write and tell her that I don't know how to make a bear. And now tell me about the little boy."

"This is

### THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO WAS TURNED INTO A BIRD.

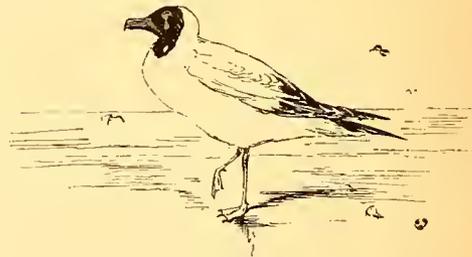


ONCE there was a little boy,  
And, for no reason why,  
From the day of his birth,  
Nothing else on earth  
Did he do but whine and cry.

He cried so very, very  
much

That no one would go near him;  
The people said, 'It beat the Dutch!  
Why, the Man in the Moon could hear him!'

This boy's home was on the beach  
Where the sea-gull's scream is heard,  
And if there 's a bird knows how to screech,  
The sea-gull is that bird.

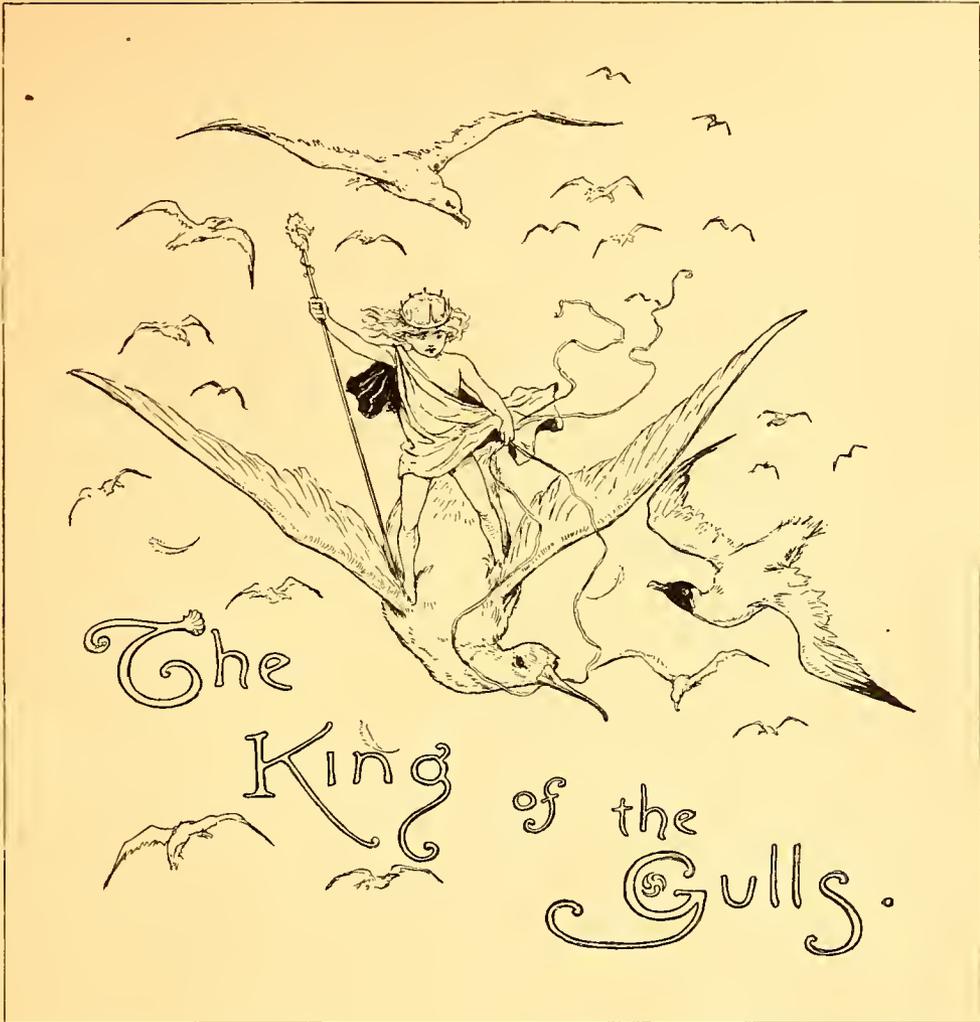


They scream their best when the winds blow high  
And the sky grows dark and hazy;  
But let that boy begin to cry  
And he 'd drive the sea-gulls crazy.

Until, at last, they said, 'Oh, joy! —  
We must be very dull —  
This child 's no use at all as a boy,  
But he 'd make a splendid gull!'

So off they flew and told the king:  
They told him not to doubt it;  
That this boy's scream beat everything!  
That 's all there was about it.

The king he saddled his best curlew;  
He flew down the wind like mad!  
(I think 't was a funny horse, don't you?  
'T was the only kind he had.)



And when he heard that little boy yell  
He thought his ears would split,  
And so he turned him into a gull,  
And nobody cared a bit."

"I think his mamma must have cared," said Marjorie's mamma.

"Yes, Jack," said Marjorie: "I guess his mamma cared."

"Well," I said, "perhaps his mamma cared."

"And I think that after a while his mamma went and told the 'King of the Gulls' that her little boy would be good now and not cry any more, and that then she persuaded the king to change him back again into a little boy," said Marjorie's mamma.

"Did she, Jack?" asked Marjorie.

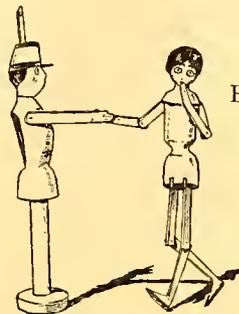
"Well," I said, "come to think of it, I don't know but she did."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE RED DOLLY.

HERE is my red dolly, Jack," said Marjorie; "won't you put her in the book?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said I. "Although there is not much of her left to put in. She



looks like the little boy in your story, who fell from the house and broke both of his arms and legs, and as if the bear had almost eaten her up, but had not quite finished her."



"I don't care," said Marjorie, pouting, "she is very nice, and I love her, I do!"

"Well, I did not mean to say anything unkind about her, Sweetheart," I said. "I have no doubt she is very nice. So, if you will ask her to sit up in the chair there, and tell her not to move while she is having her picture taken, I will see what I can do."

"Oh, she won't move, Jack," said Marjorie, eagerly. "Jack, she is just the bestest dolly you ever saw!"

"There," I said, finishing the picture; "do you like that?"

"Yes," said Marjorie; "that is lovely. Now let me draw her. There! Is n't that lovely, too? Now, write some po'try about her, Jack, —won't you, please?"

"Well, let me see. I don't know anything that rhymes with dolly, except Polly. Her name is not Polly, is it?" said I.

"No," said Marjorie; "her name is not Polly; it is Red Dolly. 'Cause, don't you know, she had on a red dress when you bought her for me?"

"Oh, yes," I said; "of course, I ought to remember. Well, here is a ballad:



#### TO THE RED DOLLY.

Dolly dear, last year, when you were new,  
 You were quite pretty, that is true;  
 Though now you look so queerly.  
 Your cheeks were red, and your eyes were blue,  
 You 'd arms and legs, and feet you had, too.  
 There were few in the city so pretty as you,  
 Dolly dear, last year, when you were new;  
 And Marjorie loved you dearly.  
 But now your cheek 's no longer red;  
 Your arm is broken, so 's your head;  
 You 're blind, and bald, and deaf, and lame;  
 You 're—But Marjorie loves you just the same,  
 Dolly dear."

(To be continued.)

## FANCY'S FERRY.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

YOU 'VE crossed his ferry many a time. Perhaps you did n't know it. And yet it is n't difficult to rear them till they 're higher  
He seats you in his ferry-boat and then begins to row it. Than anything you ever saw in turret or in spire.  
He dips his oars so softly that you can not even hear them, And Fancy seems so wondrous kind, he gratifies each notion —  
And lo! you land at Fancy's docks before you know you 're near them. You 've not a whim but is indulged through his extreme devotion.

Oh! Fancy's land looks very grand with structures high and airy, Old Humdrum-town you left behind seems sadly uninviting,  
And bright impossibilities to mislead the unwary. With school, and books, and lessons that you 're tired of reciting.  
And presently you find yourself, no matter what your station, But lo! what 's this? Your castle shakes! Its walls are all a-crumble!  
A-building castles in the air, that have n't a foundation. You stand amid a ruined mass, alive, but very humble.

Then Fancy rows you home again — it does n't take a minute ;  
You would n't know — his boat 's so swift — that you were really in it.  
But — at a word — ( with *such* a shock ! ) false Fancy lands his wherry.  
What does he care for foolish folk who daily cross his ferry ?

## IN THE LUMBER WOODS.

BY F. F.

AN important industry of the northern portion of the southern peninsula of Michigan is the converting of its forests into lumber. upon the poles at right-angles to them, roll into a compact tier, whence they are easily loaded upon sleds and hauled to the "decking ground." This is in a central part of the region where the trees are being cut, and through it extends the main road to the nearest place of shipment. Usually the hauling of logs is done by means of sleds, which are about twice the width of the ordinary sleigh. The "bunks" or frames on which the load rests are from ten to twelve feet long. These bunks are two in number, one at each end of the sled, crossing it at right-angles to the runners. The logs comprising the load shown in the picture are sixteen feet

Many and varied are the processes employed from the day when the trees are felled in their native forest, to the day when the lumber, into which they are manufactured, is used as flooring or sheathing for a building in some distant city.

After the trees are sawn off, as near the roots as possible, the trunks are cut into logs of various lengths — the shortest being, as a rule, sixteen feet long. The men called "swampers" then clear away the underbrush; poles are cut and set in position; and the logs, being placed

in length. Logs of twice that length are quite common, but comparatively few are shorter.

To load the logs upon the sled, a team of horses is hitched to a heavy chain, which is brought over the sled, around and under a log, and hooked to the side of the sled. Then the log is rolled up an inclined way, made of two poles, just as heavy barrels are loaded upon a truck. Two tiers of logs having been thus formed are secured by a chain, which gives a firm foundation. The upper tiers are then loaded and likewise secured, the foremost of the last two chains being twisted tight by a stout sapling, called the "binder," which, being chained to the last, or "binding chain," binds the whole load securely, but so it can be unfastened instantly.

The teamster now mounts the load and drives it over the icy, slippery road, to its destination, usually to where the logs are to be rolled into the river. The rear chain is now unfastened, the binder is removed, and the other chains are unfastened on the side of the load next the banking ground. The logs are now "stamped" and "scaled." That is, each lumberman has his own private stamp put on each log before it is rolled into the river. The banking-ground men then pry the first log of the lowest tier out of position, which causes many others to follow it to the ground without further effort on the part of the men. After the last log thus started reaches the ground, the next one holding those above it in position is loosened, with similar results, and in about twenty minutes from the time the chains are unfastened, the last log is unloaded, and either rolled into the river where it floats with the current and joins a "jam," as they call a dam formed by floating logs, or becomes one of those forming a "rollway," or mass of logs on the ice, if the river be frozen over. In spring-time the rollway is "broken,"—that is, the logs forming it are loosened,—and the logs are guided to the mills along the river-bank or to the mouth of the river.

Where an extensive tract of timber, owned by an individual or a firm, is at too great a distance from a river to admit of the logs being hauled by means of sleds or wheels, a railroad is built, and the logs are decked conveniently near it. When the timber in one region is cut for a distance of several miles on both sides of the rail-

road, the track is taken up and relaid through a new timber-section. The logging-car is broader, though not longer, than the ordinary car, and two of them may be arranged to carry extremely long logs—which are seldom more than sixty feet in length—by means of a wooden beam used as a coupling, which can be extended or shortened as required, thus increasing or diminishing the distance between two adjoining cars. These logging-cars, in some cases, carry the logs to the banking ground, where they are rolled into the river and become a part of the drive.

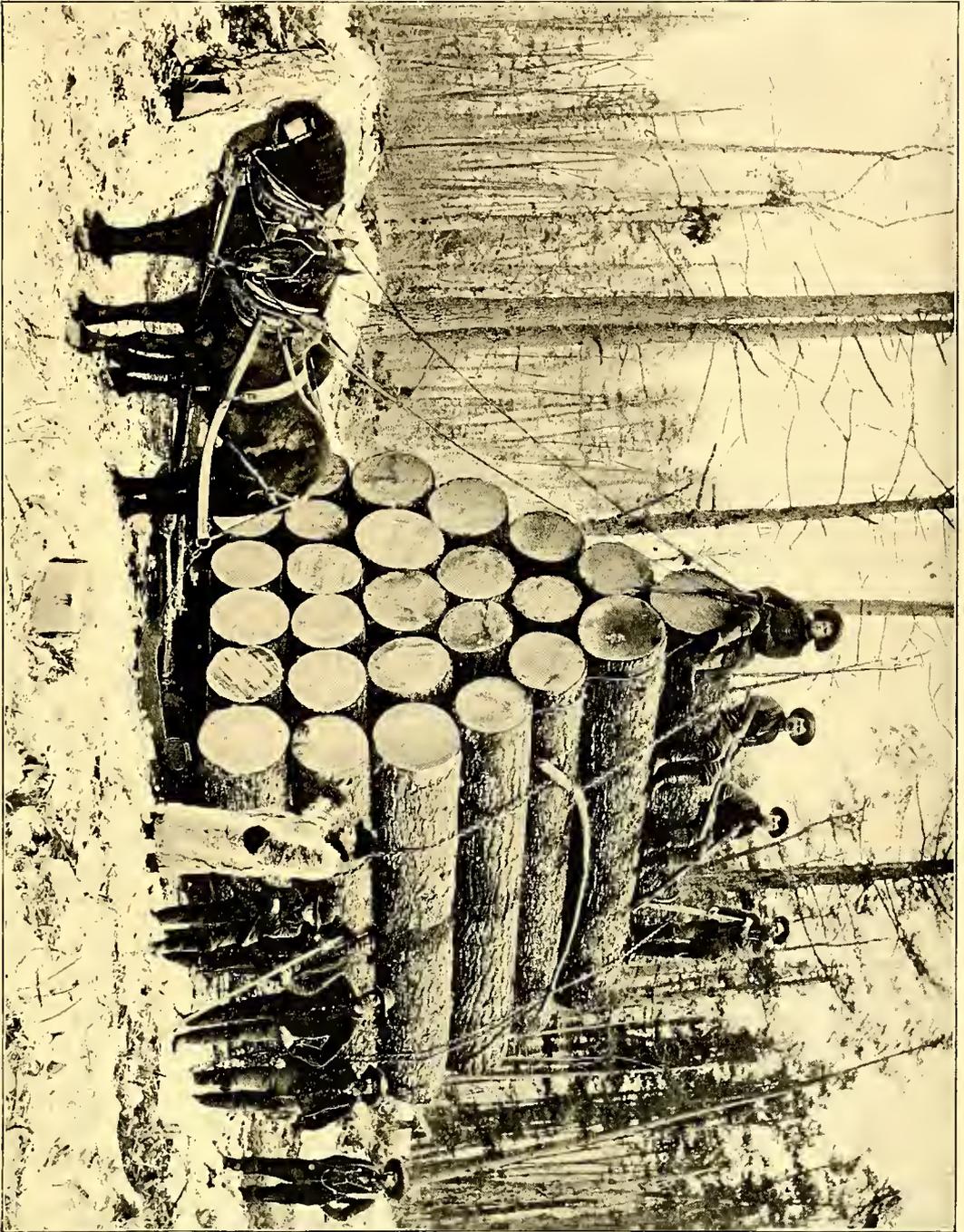
The drivers break the jams—that is, separate the logs composing them—and follow the logs in their course down the current, to open or prevent new jams. In early spring, when the ice breaks up, rude rafts are constructed, upon which the men live while "driving" the logs. These driving crews number from twenty to one hundred men. Occasionally a number of boys under sixteen years of age may be found in a crew. Not infrequently the boys will "ride" a log down the current as fearlessly, and with as little danger of upsetting into the water, as an old and well-practiced river-driver.

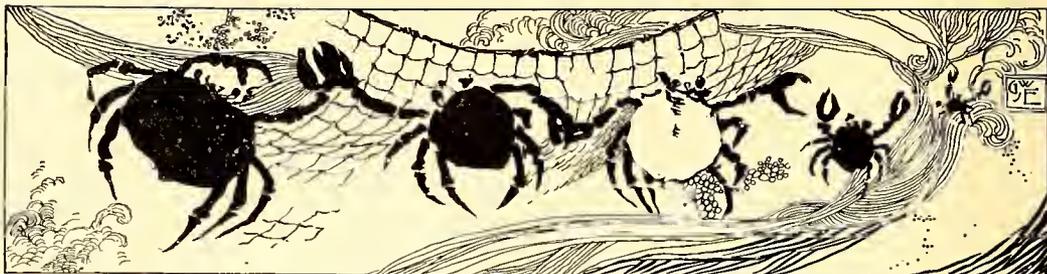
At the mouth of the river, a large area of the water into which it empties is inclosed, and into this basin the logs are driven, and there remain until they are sorted out, according to the stamps they bear, for their respective owners. Here they pass into the hands of the saw-mill owners. The lumbering firms themselves are frequently mill-owners. In some cases the logs are "driven" directly to the mills, to be made into lumber.

The woodsmen live in rude log camps, which are much more comfortable than they appear.

A small crew numbers from twelve to fifty men; a large crew from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five. Boys from fourteen years of age upward are useful in the lighter kinds of work, clearing underbrush from the team roads, rollway-ground, and decking ground, and chopping the limbs from the felled timber; and also as teamsters. They are also frequently employed as assistant cooks and dish-washers, and to "do chores generally" around camp. These men and boys are very generous, and are always ready to aid one another in illness, or in the other emergencies that arise during their hard life in the woods.

IN THE LUMBER WOODS. A BIG LOAD.





## A SUBMARINE RAMBLE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

“YES, I have seen some queer things in my walks under water.”

The speaker was a tall, athletic man, who but a few moments before had resembled some strange monster, as he rose from the water encased in the heavy armor of the professional diver.

“But,” he continued, “I can tell you that I don’t follow the calling from any love of sport. It is a dangerous business at best—it shortens a man’s life; and every time you go down, something may happen that will anchor you firmly to the bottom.”

“How did you come to be a diver?” asked one of the younger listeners.

“Well,” was the reply, “I might say that it was by chance. When I was a lad, I lived in London, and, like all boys, found the docks and the great ships that lay there, hailing from all parts of the world, a great attraction; so a part of every day that I could gain for myself was spent in walking about the great piers.

“One afternoon, I was watching some riggers at work on a large ship. Upon her rail was suspended a sign that read (I can see it now), ‘For Calcutta, Bombay, and the East Indies, September 30, 18—.’ I was wondering what kind of a place Bombay was, when a man stepped ashore, and, coming up to me, said, ‘My lad, can you find me a good swimmer about here?’ ‘I’m a fair swimmer myself,’ I answered. ‘You?’ he exclaimed, eying me from top to toe. ‘Why, a shark could use you for a toothpick!’

“I was not very large,” continued the diver, “but I happened to be a good swimmer, and

would not be laughed out of it. So finally he took me aboard and down into the cabin, where the captain asked me whether I could dive under the ship’s keel and see if her copper had started. As I had often dived under vessels for the fun of it, I replied that I could, and in half an hour I was overboard and swimming down to the place. There, instead of a ‘start,’ as they call an opening in the copper, I found something sticking in the hull,—what do you think? Nothing more nor less than the sword of a sword-fish.

“When I told the captain, he said I had done as well as a diver, and gave me a sovereign.

“Of course everybody heard of it, and whenever there was anything lost overboard, or a vessel’s bottom to examine, I was sent for. From calling me Richard, they soon took to giving me the name ‘Diving Dick.’ So you see it was very easy for me to slip into diving as a business.

“When I first began this work at regular wages, the divers went down in diving-bells; but still the armor was generally worn. They have improved the armor so much that now it is comparatively easy to go down. In old times, we had to grope around and do the best we could; but now we carry an electric light, have a telephone attached, and are able to talk or signal to those above. My armor, as you see,” said the diver, pointing to his suit, which looked like the cast-off shell of a curious animal, “is of thick, heavy rubber and in two parts,—the trousers and shoes being in one piece. The head-piece is of copper, with two eye-holes, or windows of glass, that screw on. In deep water,

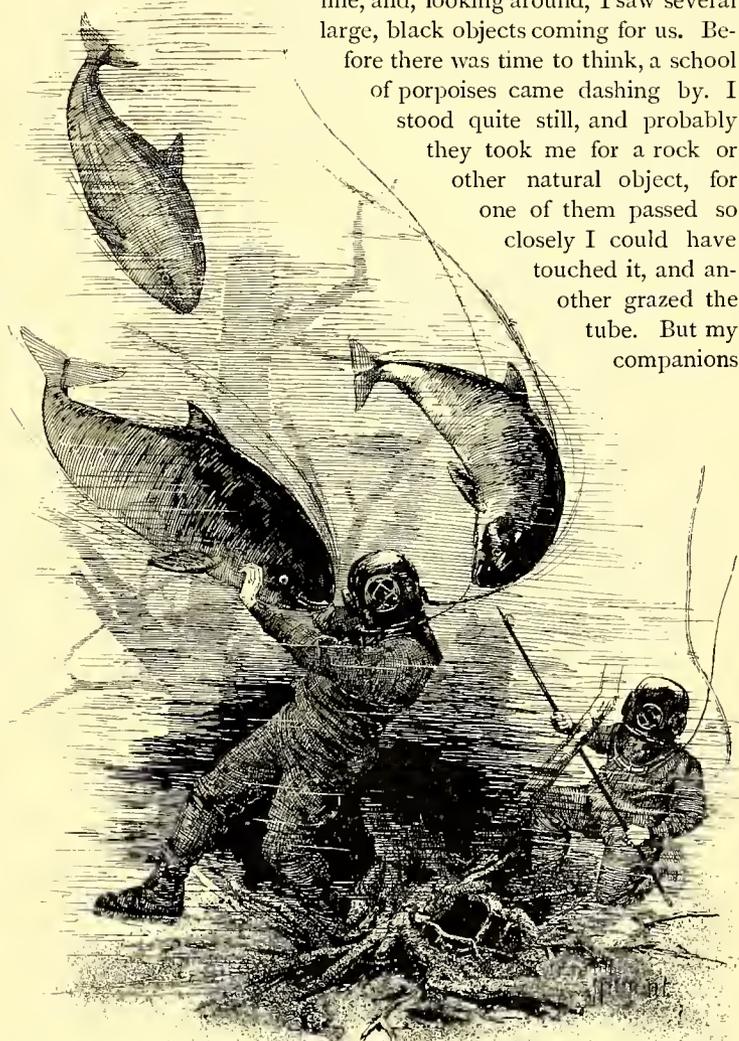
where the pressure is great, a thick breastplate of copper is used; heavy weights are hung from the back, and we often put a weight of fifteen pounds on each foot. That, of course, is to keep the diver from floating. Three lines and tubes are now generally used. One tube lets air into the helmet, another takes it out. Then there is the telephone wire, and a signal-rope besides; so that in shallow water there is little or no danger. If the tube should break, or your suit be cut in any way, there is a possibility of drowning before they can haul you to the surface; but, luckily, such accidents seldom happen.

"In 1856, I went down ten fathoms, in rough water, off the coast of Portugal, to a steamer that had sunk, nobody knew exactly how. I landed on her foreyards, and then went down the shrouds, finally dropping to the deck. As I struck I heard a gurgling sound, and had just time to signal to be hauled up, when I felt the water on my face. I had lost my senses when I came up. I went down again and found that, in descending the first time, my tube had passed over what had been the port side-light, and the sharp-edged broken glass had cut the rubber, letting the water in upon me.

"Then there's some danger from animals; not because they are fierce, but because they are big. They may be caught accidentally in the ropes or tubing. Some years ago, with two other divers, I went down near the Florida coast. The wreck, this time, was a ship loaded mainly with cotton. She had struck on a bar during a hurricane, been

blown completely over, and then had sunk in a channel inside the reef. The exact place was not known. Consequently, the only thing to do was to go down and hunt for her. So we started in twenty feet of water, and, all holding to one rope, so as not to lose each other, separated, gradually walking down a hill into deeper water.

"I think we had gone about a hundred feet before I felt a twitch on one part of the line, and, looking around, I saw several large, black objects coming for us. Before there was time to think, a school of porpoises came dashing by. I stood quite still, and probably they took me for a rock or other natural object, for one of them passed so closely I could have touched it, and another grazed the tube. But my companions



"BEFORE THERE WAS TIME TO THINK, A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES CAME DASHING BY."

tried another plan; they struck at the porpoises with their pikes. For a time we were in a regular school of these fishes, and were afraid the tubes

would be fouled; but they left us before long, and we again took up our march.

"We must have walked an hour, I think, before we found the ship; and then she was so covered with sand that we had come upon her bulwarks before we knew it, thinking her a sand-hill. All her masts had been carried away, and she was lying upon her side, almost covered. Fortunately, the hatches were battened down, or she would have been filled with sand. By the aid of crowbars, we soon broke them off, and then we saw a curious sight. All the light cargo nearest the hatch began to rise, the inside air forcing out barrels, boxes, planks, and bales of stuff in rapid succession, so that there was a regular procession of objects climbing up from the ill-fated ship. These were caught by the wreckers above us and hauled ashore.

"This place was a famous spot for fishes, and many were beauties, being striped with bright green, yellow, blue, and red. Others had long streamers, and looked like the harlequins and columbines in pantomimes. I noticed that there was the greatest difference between them in their habits. Some were shy, and darted away at the slightest motion; while others seemed to think me a huge fish, and came near me as if curious to see what I was like. Some swam over my arms and let me move my hands toward them. But most were shy. As to the stories of sharks, they are in the main not true. I have had a shark come within five feet of me, and when I raised my arm it darted off in such a hurry that the boiling of the water nearly threw me off my feet.

Of course, there may be cases where a very large shark might attack a diver; but if he should attack one wearing the modern diver's hel-

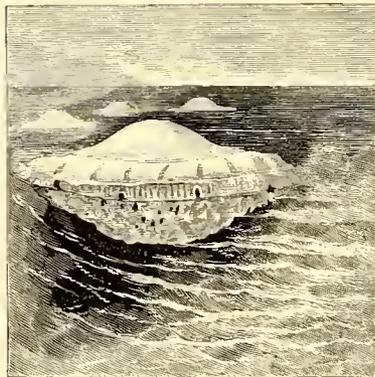
met or armor, I think the shark would have a hard time of it—copper and glass would not make a very good mouthful.

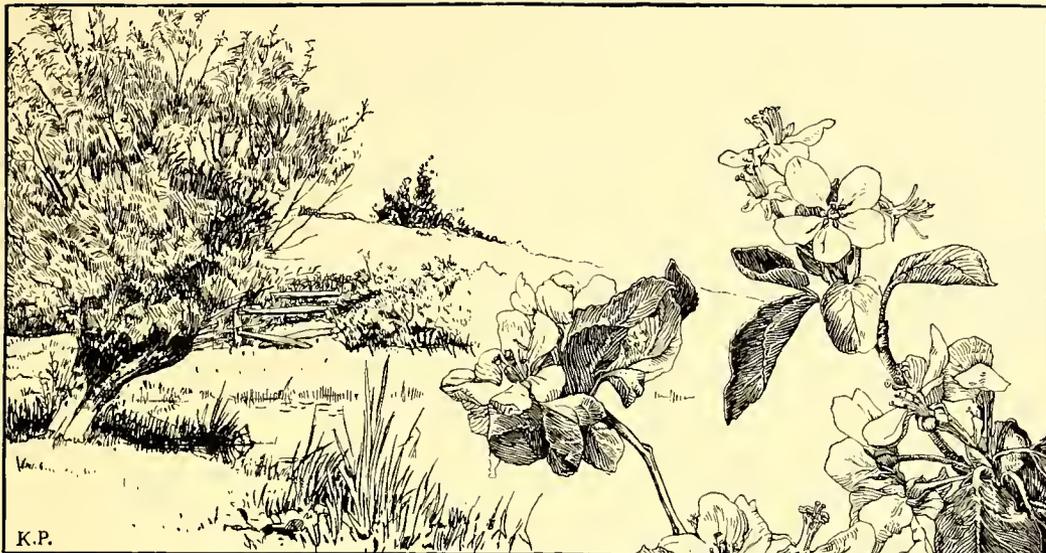
"A friend of mine had a funny experience," the diver continued, seeing that his audience were interested. "He was walking along on a sandy bottom, when suddenly he was lifted upward, then thrown quickly backward, and, if it had n't been for his pike, he would have fallen over. For a few seconds the water was not clear. Then he saw that the cause of his upset was a big skate that had been lying partly buried in the sand—asleep, perhaps. He had stepped with his leaden shoes right on its back. I'm sure it would be hard to tell which was the most scared.

"Among the strange things that may be seen by divers is the ocean forest, off the Eastern coast. The sandy bottom there is covered with the hardened roots of great trees, and in some instances parts of trunks are standing, showing that the coast there must have settled, and that the sea has rolled in over the land.

"Sometimes we go down at night, and then the scene under water is often a beautiful sight. Every jelly-fish and living creature seems to be ablaze with light; your rope appears to be on fire, and every motion makes the water glimmer. The crabs and fishes sparkle, many with a light of their own. So, you see, instead of being a dark and barren place, as the majority of people seem to regard it, the ocean, even at the greatest depths, is probably made bright by the very animals that most need the light."

The boys bade the diver good-bye, feeling glad that they did not have to share his perils, but regretting that they could not see the beauties of which he had told.





K.P.



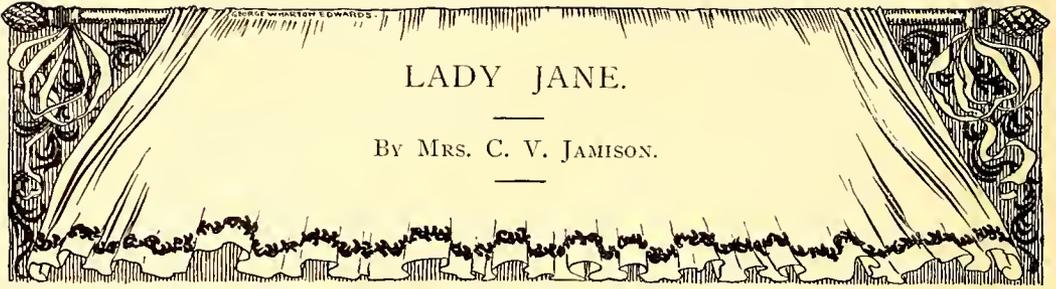
ay .

I climbed and I climbed to the top of the tree ;  
High up in the branches I stood .  
Below in the field was a man with his plough ,  
And I called him as loud as I could .

He stopped, and he looked at the hedges and lane ,  
And no one at all could he see ,  
For he never once thought, as he wondered and stared  
I was up in the top of the tree .

I swung and I swayed with the tree in the wind ;  
I was not afraid I would fall ;  
The maple seeds spread out their little green wings ,  
And nobody saw me at all .

K. Pyle .



## LADY JANE.

By MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LAST DAYS AT GREINA.

THE next morning, the sick woman still lay in a heavy stupor with the crimson flush of fever burning on cheek and brow. Madame Jozain sent Raste across the river for Dr. Debrot.

Before Raste went, Madame Jozain took the traveling bag into the kitchen, and, together, they examined its contents. There were the two baggage-checks, the tickets, and money, besides the usual articles of clothing and odds and ends; but there was no letter, nor card, nor anything, except the monogram *J. C.* on the silver fittings, to assist in establishing the stranger's identity.

"Had n't I better take these," said Raste, slipping the baggage-checks into his pocket, "and have her baggage sent over? When she comes to, you can tell her that she and the young one needed clothes, and you thought it was best to get them," and Raste smiled knowingly at Madame, whose face wore an expression of grave solicitude, as she said:

"Hurry, my son, and bring the doctor. I'm so anxious about the poor lady, and I dread to have the child wake and find her mother no better."

When Dr. Debrot entered Madame Jozain's front room, his mind was not so clear as it would have been a few years earlier, and he observed nothing strange in the situation. He had known Madame, more or less, for a number of years, and he might be considered one of her friends. Therefore, he never suspected that the young woman lying there in a stupor was not the friend from Texas, whom Madame represented her to be. And she was very ill; of that there could be

no doubt—so ill as to awaken all the doctor's long dormant professional ambition. There were new features in the case; the fever was peculiar. Of one thing he was certain: there would be no protracted struggle—the crisis would arrive very soon. She would be either better or beyond help in a few days, and it was more than likely that she would never recover consciousness. He would do all he could to save her; and he knew Madame Jozain to be an excellent nurse, for she had nursed with him through an epidemic. The invalid could not be in better hands. Then he wrote a prescription, and while he was giving Madame some general directions, he kindly patted the golden head of the lovely child, who leaned over the bed, her large, solemn eyes fixed on her mother's face.

Shortly after the doctor left, there was a ripple of excitement, which found its way even into the sick-room—the sound of wheels, and Raste giving orders in a low voice, while two large, handsome trunks were brought in and placed in the corner of the back apartment. These two immense boxes looked strangely out of place amid their humble surroundings, and when Madame looked at them, she wondered what she would do with them, if the woman should die. When the little green door closed on the trunks, it seemed as if the small house had swallowed up every trace of the mother and child, and of their identity.

For several days the doctor continued his visits, and every day he departed with a more dejected expression on his haggard face. He saw almost from the first that the case was hopeless; and his heart ached for the child. Every day he saw her sitting by her mother's side, pale and quiet, with such a pitiful look on her little face, such repressed suffering in every line and

expression, as she watched him for some gleam of hope, that the thought of it tortured him and forced him to affect a cheerfulness and confidence which he did not feel.

When Madame would tell her that she must be quiet for her mother's sake, it was touching to witness her efforts at self-control. She would sit for hours, silent and passive, with her mother's hand clasped in hers.

Whatever was good in Madame Jozain showed itself in compassion for the suffering little one, and no one could have been more faithful than she in her care of both the mother and child; she felt such pity for them, that she soon began to think she was acting in a noble and disinterested spirit, by keeping them with her, and nursing the unfortunate mother so faithfully. She even began to identify herself with them: they were hers by virtue of their friendlessness; they belonged to no one else — therefore, they belonged to her; and, in her self-satisfaction, she imagined that she had not been influenced by any unworthy motive in her treatment of them.

One day, only a little more than a week after the arrival of the strangers, a modest funeral wended its way through the narrow streets of Gretna toward the ferry, and the passers stopped to stare at Adraste Jozain, in his best suit, sitting with much dignity beside Dr. Debrot in the only carriage that followed the hearse.

"It's a stranger, some relative of Madame Jozain," said one busybody. "She came from Texas with her little girl, less than two weeks ago, and yesterday she died. Last night the child was taken down with the same fever, and they say she's unconscious to-day, so Madame could n't go to the funeral. No one will go to the house, because that old doctor from the other side says the fever may be catching."

Madame Jozain belonged by birth to the Bergerons, and among the family possessions was the Bergeron tomb in the old St. Louis cemetery. It was now opened for the first time since Madame Jozain's father was placed there, and the young widow was laid among those who were neither kith nor kin.

When Raste returned from the funeral, he found his mother sitting beside the child, who lay in the same heavy stupor that marked the

first days of the mother's illness. The pretty golden hair was spread over the pillow, under the dark lashes were deep violet shadows, and the little cheeks glowed with the crimson hue of fever.

Madame was dressed in her best black gown, and she had been weeping freely. At the sight of Raste in the door, she started up and burst into heart-breaking sobs.

"*Oh, mon cher, oh, mon ami*, we are doomed! Was ever any one so unfortunate? Was ever any one so punished for a good deed? I've taken a sick stranger into my house, and nursed her as if she were my own, and buried her in my family tomb, and now the child's taken down, and Dr. Debrot says it is a contagious fever, and we may both take it and die. Is that what one gets in this world for trying to do good?"

"Nonsense, Mum, don't look on the dark side; old Debrot don't know much. Perhaps the fever is n't catching. Anyway, it will keep people from prying about here, and finding out everything. I'll keep away for a while. You won't take the fever. The child'll be better or worse in a few days, and then we'll leave this place, and start fresh somewhere else."

"Well," said Madame, wiping away her tears, much comforted by Raste's cheerful view of the situation. "No one can say that I have n't done my duty to the poor thing. I mean to be kind to the child, and nurse her through the fever, whether it's catching or not. It's hard to be tied to a sick-bed this hot weather; but I'm almost thankful the little thing's taken down, and is n't conscious, for it was dreadful to see the way she mourned for her mother. Poor woman, she was so young and pretty, and had such gentle ways!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PEPSIE.

EVERY one about that part of Good Children Street knew "Pepsie." She had been a cripple from infancy, and her mother, Madelon, or "Bonne Praline," as she was called, was also quite a noted figure in the neighborhood. They lived in a tiny single cottage, wedged in between the

pharmacist on the corner, and M. Fernandez, the tobacconist, on the other side. There was a narrow green door, and one long window, with an ornamental iron railing across it,

tel above was decorated with a clock, two vases of bright paper flowers, a blue bottle, and a plaster parrot. The floor, the doorsteps, and even the sidewalk were painted red with powdered brick-dust, which harmonized with the faded yellow stucco of the walls and the dingy green of the door and batten shutter.

Behind this one little front room was a tiny kitchen and yard, where Madelon made her *pralines*\* and cakes, and where "Tite Souris" (*Petite Souris*, a half-grown negro girl, instead of a "little mouse") washed, cooked, and scrubbed, and "waited on Miss Peps" during Madelon's absence; for Madelon was a merchant. She had a stand for cakes and pralines on Bourbon Street, near the French Opera House, and thither she went every morning, with her basket and pans of fresh pralines, sugared pecans, and callas † *tout chaud*, a very tempting array of dainties, which she was sure to dispose of before she returned at night; while Pepsie, her only child, and the treasure of her life, remained at home, sitting in the high chair by the window.



PEPSIE AT WORK.

through which the interior of the little room was visible from the outside. It was a neat little place, less ugly than one would expect it to be. A huge four-post bed, with a red tester and lace-covered pillows, almost filled one side of the room; opposite the bed was a small fireplace hung with pink paper, and the man-

And Pepsie, sitting at her window, was as much a part of the street as were the queer little houses, the tiny shops, the old vegetable woman, the cobbler on the *banquette*, ‡ the wine-merchant, or the grocer. Every one knew her: her long, sallow face with flashing dark eyes; wide mouth with large white teeth, which were often visible in

\* Round cakes made of sugar and pecan nuts. † A small cake made from rice, and sold hot. ‡ Sidewalk.

a broad smile; and the shock of heavy black hair twisted into a quaint knot on the top of her head, which was abnormally large, and set close to the narrow, distorted shoulders, were always seen, "from morn till dewy eve," at the window; while her body, below the shoulders, was quite hidden by a high table drawn forward over her lap. On this table, Pepsie shelled the pecans, placing them in three piles: the perfect halves, those broken by accident, and those slightly shriveled and a little rancid. The first were used to make the sugared pecans for which Madelon was justly famous; the second to manufacture into pralines, so good that they had won her the sobriquet of "Bonne Praline;" and the third pile, which she disdained to use in her business, was swept into a box, and sold to merchants who had less principle and less patronage.

All day long Pepsie sat at her window wielding her little iron nut-cracker with much dexterity. She saw whatever went on in the street; her bright eyes flashed glances of recognition up and down; her broad smile greeted in cordial welcome those who stopped at her window to chat, and nearly always there was some one at Pepsie's window. She was so happy, so bright, and so amiable, that every one loved her, and she was the idol of all the children in the neighborhood — not, however, because she was liberal with pecans. Oh, no; with Pepsie, business was business, and pecans cost money, and every ten sugared pecans meant a nickel for her mother; but the children loved to stand by the window, outside the railing, and watch Pepsie at her work. They liked to see her with the pile of nuts and bowl of foaming sugar before her. It seemed like magic — the way she would sugar them and stick them together and spread them out to dry on the clean white paper. She did it so rapidly that her long, white fingers fairly flashed between the bowl of sugar, the pile of nuts, and the paper. And there always seemed just enough of each, therefore her just discrimination was a constant wonder.

When she finished her task, as she often did before dark, Tite Souris took away the bowl and the tray of sugared nuts, after Pepsie had counted them and put the number down in a little book, as much to protect herself against Tite

Souris's depredations as to know the exact amount of their stock in trade; then she would open the drawer in the table, and take out a prayer-book, a piece of needle-work, and a pack of cards.

She was very pious, and read her prayers several times a day; after she put her prayer-book aside, she usually devoted some time to her needle-work, for which she had a real talent; then, when she thought she had earned her recreation, she put away her work, spread out her cards, and indulged in an intricate game of solitaire. She was passionately fond of the game; she was very systematic and very conscientious; but if she ever purloined any time from her duties, it was that she might engage in that fascinating and time-stealing game. She even went so far as to decide doubtful questions by it; to whatever query she might propose, two games out of three would give her an answer, for or against.

In this way she passed day after day, always industrious, always contented, and always happy. She was very comfortable in her snug little room, which was warm in winter and cool in summer, owing to the two high buildings close by; and although she was a cripple, she suffered little pain, unless moved roughly or jarred; and no one could be more carefully protected from discomfort, for although she was over twelve, Madelon still treated her as if she were a baby. Every morning, before she left for the Rue Bourbon, Madelon dressed the girl, and with her strong arms lifted her tenderly into the wheeled chair, where Pepsie drank her coffee, and ate her roll, as dainty as a little princess. She always was exquisitely neat; in summer, she wore pretty white sacks, with a bright bow of ribbon at the neck, and in winter, her shrunken figure was clothed in warm, soft woolen.

Madelon did not sit out all day in rain and shine on Bourbon Street, and make cakes and pralines half the night, for anything else but to provide this crippled mite with every comfort. As I said before, the girl was her idol, and she had toiled day and night to gratify her every wish; and as far as she knew there was but one desire unsatisfied, and for its accomplishment she was working and saving, little by little.

Once Pepsie had said that she would like to live in the country. All she knew of the country was what she had read in books, and what her mother, who had once seen the country, had told her. Often she closed her eyes to shut out the hot, narrow street, and thought of green valleys with rivers running through them, and hills almost touching the sky, and broad fields shaded by great trees, and covered with waving grass and flowers. That was her one unrealized ideal,—like “Carcassonne” in the French poem,—and she feared she was to reach it only in imagination.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE ARRIVAL.

ON the other side of Good Children Street, and almost directly opposite Madelon's tiny cottage, was a double house of more pretentious appearance than those just around it. It was a little higher, the door was wider, and a good-sized window on each side had a small balcony, more for ornament than use, as it was scarcely wide enough to stand on. The roof projected well over the sidewalk, and there was some attempt at ornamentation in the brackets that supported it. At one side was a narrow yard with a stunted fig tree, and a ragged and discouraged rose-bush straggled up the posts of a small side-gallery.

This house had been closed for some time, much to Pepsie's sorrow; for she was always interested in her neighbors, and she had taken much pleasure in observing the ways of this household. Therefore she was very tired of looking at the closed doors and windows, and was constantly wishing that some one would take it. At last, greatly to her gratification, one pleasant morning late in August, a middle-aged woman very well dressed in black, who was lame and walked with a stick, a young man, and a lovely little girl appeared on the scene, and stopped before the empty house. After looking at it with much interest, they mounted the steps, unlocked the door, and entered.

The child interested Pepsie at once; although she had seen very few high-bred children in her short life, she noticed that this little one was

different from the small inhabitants of Good Children Street. Her white frock, black sash, and wide black hat, had a certain grace uncommon in that quarter, and every movement and step had an elegant ease, unknown to the good-natured little creoles who played around Pepsie's window.

However, it was not only the child's beauty, her tasteful, pretty dress, and high-bred air that interested Pepsie; it was the pale, mournful little face, and the frail little figure, looking so wan and ill. The woman held her by the hand, and she walked very slowly and feebly; the robust, black-eyed young man carried a small basket, which the child watched constantly.

Pepsie could not remove her eyes from the house, so anxious was she to see the child again; but, instead of coming out, as she expected they would after they had looked at the house, much to her joy she saw the young man fling open the shutters and doors, with quite an air of ownership; then, she saw the woman take off her bonnet and veil, and the child's hat, and hang them on a hook near the window. Presently, the little girl came out on the small side-gallery with something in her arms. Pepsie strained her eyes, and leaned forward as far as her lameness would allow, in order to see what the child held.

“It's a cat. No, it's a dog. No, it is n't. Why, it must be a bird! I can see it flutter its wings. Yes, it's a bird; a large, strange-looking bird. I wonder what it is!” and Pepsie, in her excitement and undue curiosity, almost tipped out of her chair, while the child looked around with a listless, uninterested air, and then sat down on the step, hugging the bird closely, and stroking its feathers.

“Certainly, they've come to stay,” said Pepsie to herself, “or they would n't open all the windows, and take off their things. Oh, I wonder if they have!”

There was a rumbling of wheels in the street, and a furniture-wagon, heavily loaded, drove up to the door. Pepsie watched the unloading with great satisfaction.

At the same moment, the active Tite Souris entered like a whirlwind, her braids of wool sticking up, and her face all eyes and teeth. She

had been out on the *banquette*, and was bursting with news.

"Oh, Miss Peps—Miss Peps, some un's done tuk dat house ov' yon'er, an' is a-movin' in dis ver' minit! It's a woman and a boy an' a little yaller gal. I means a little gal wid yaller ha'r all ove' her, an' she got a littl' long-legged goslin', a-huggin' it up, like she awful fond of it."

"Oh, stop, Tite, go away to your work," cried Pepsie, too busy to listen to her voluble handmaid. "Don't I see them without your telling me. You 'd better finish scouring your kitchen, or Mamma 'll be after you when she comes home."

"Shore 'nuff, I's a-scourin', Miss Pep, an' I's jes' a-dyin' to git out on dat *banquette*—dat *banquette*'s a-sp'ilin' might' bad ter be cleaned. Let me do dat *banquette* right now, Miss Peps', an' I'm gwine scour lak fury, bymeby."

"Very well, Tite, go and do the *banquette*," returned Pepsie, smiling indulgently; "but mind what I say about the kitchen, when Mamma comes."

Such an event as some one moving in Good Children Street was very uncommon. Pepsie thought every one had lived there since the flood; and she did n't blame Tite Souris for wishing to be out with the other idle loungers to see what was going on, although she understood the *banquette* ruse perfectly.

At last, all the furniture was carried in, and with it two trunks, so large for that quarter of the city as to cause no little comment.

"*Par exemple!*" said Monsieur Fernandez, "what a size for a trunk! Madame yonder must have traveled much in the North."

And straightway, Madame Jozain acquired greater importance from the conclusion that she had traveled extensively.

Then the wagon went away, the door was discreetly bowed, and the loungers dispersed; but Pepsie, from her coign of vantage, still watched every movement of the new-comers. She saw Raste come out with a basket, and she was sure that he had gone to market. She saw Madame putting up a lace curtain at one window, and was curious to know whether she intended to have a parlor. Only one blind was thrown open, the other was bowed all day, yet she was positive that some one was at work

behind it. "That must be Madame's room," she thought; "that big boy will have the back room next to the kitchen, and the little girl will sleep with Madame, so the room on this side, with the pretty curtain, will be the parlor. I wonder if she will have a carpet, and a console, with vases of wax-flowers on it, and a cabinet full of shells, and a sofa." This was Pepsie's idea of a parlor; she had seen a parlor once, long ago, and it was like this.

So she wondered and speculated all day; and all day the pale, sorrowful child sat alone on the side-gallery holding the bird in her arms; and when night came, Pepsie had not sugared her pecans; but Madelon did not complain of her idleness. It was seldom the child had so great a treat, and even Tite Souris escaped a scolding, in consideration of the great event.

The next morning Pepsie was awake very early, and so anxious to reach the window that she could hardly wait to be dressed. When she first looked across the street, the doors and shutters were closed, but some one had been stirring; and Tite Souris informed her, when she brought her coffee, that Madame had been out at "sun up," and had cleaned and "bricked" the *banquette* "her own se'f."

"Then I'm afraid she is n't rich," said Pepsie, with a sigh, "because if she was rich, she 'd keep a servant, and perhaps after all she won't have a parlor."

Presently there was a little flutter behind the bowed blind, and lo! it was suddenly flung open, and there, right in the middle of the window, hung a pretty gilt frame, surrounding a white center, on which was printed, in red and gilt letters, "*Blanchisseuse de fin, et confectious de toute sorte*," and underneath, written in Raste's boldest hand and best English, "Fin Washun dun hear, an Notions of al sort." And behind the sign, Pepsie could plainly see a flutter of laces and muslins, children's dainty little frocks and aprons, ladies' collars, cuffs, and neckties, handkerchiefs and sacks, and various other articles for feminine use and adornment; and on a table, close to the window, were boxes of spools, bunches of tape, cards of buttons, skeins of wool, rolls of ribbons,—in short an assortment of small wares which presented quite an attractive appearance.

And, hovering about them, Madame could be discerned, in her black skirt and fresh white sack, while, as smiling and self-satisfied as ever, she arranged her stock to the best advantage, and waited complacently for the customers who she was sure would come.

For the first time, since the death of the young widow in Gretna, Madame breathed freely, and began to feel some security in her new possessions. Everything had turned out as Raste predicted. The young mother slept in the Bergeron tomb, and the child was too young to give any but the vaguest information about herself. She did not even remember the name of her parents, for, since her recovery from the fever, she seemed to have forgotten much of her previous life. Her illness had left her in a pitiable condition. She was weak and dull, and did not appear to care for anything but the blue heron, which was her constant companion. Whether she was conscious of her great loss, and was mourning for her mother, Madame could not decide. At first, she had asked constantly for her, and Madame had really believed it necessary, for the child's sake, to say kindly, and with caresses which were not returned, that her mother had gone away for a while, and had left her with her "Aunt Pauline," and that she must be a good little girl, and love her Aunt Pauline, while her mother was away.

Lady Jane looked at the woman's bland face with such solemnly scrutinizing eyes, that Madame almost regretted deceiving her, even for her good, but Lady Jane said nothing; her thoughts and memories were very busy, and very far away. She had not forgotten so much as Madame fancied she had, neither did she believe so much as Madame thought she did. But she was not then able to keep things clearly in her mind. So whatever of doubt or regret passed through her little brain, she made no sign, but remained quiet and docile. She never laughed, and seldom cried. She was very little trouble, and scarcely noticed anything that was going on around her. In fact, she was stupefied and subdued by the sudden misfortunes that had come upon her, until she seemed a very different being from the bright, spirited child she had been only a few weeks before.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LADY JANE FINDS A FRIEND.

FROM the first, Madame had insisted that the stranger's property should not be meddled with; at least not until some time had passed.

"We must wait," she said to the eager and impulsive Raste, "to see if she is missed, and inquired for. A person of her position must have friends somewhere, and it would be rather bad for us if she was traced here, and it was found out that she died in our house. We might even be suspected of wanting her money. But, if we don't touch her things, they can't accuse us, and Dr. Debrot knows she had the fever, so I would be considered a kind-hearted Christian woman — and I'd be paid well for all my trouble, too, if it should come out that she died here."

These arguments had their weight with Raste, who, though anything but scrupulous, was fearful about getting into the toils of the law, his father's fate serving as a warning to him of the difficulty of escaping from those toils when once they close upon a victim.

If, at that time, they had noticed in the journals the advertisement signed "Blue Heron," it would have made them very uneasy, but they seldom read the papers, and before it occurred to them to look for a notice of the missing woman and child, the advertisement had been withdrawn.

For several weeks Raste went regularly to the grocery on the levee, and searched the papers until his eyes ached; but in vain. There was nothing that referred in any way to the subject that interested him.

Therefore, after some six weeks had passed, Madame deemed that they were safe. The first thing to do was to move into a distant neighborhood; for that reason, she selected the house in Good Children Street, as being as far away as she could possibly get without leaving the city altogether.

At first she was tempted to give up work, and live for a while "like a lady." But she considered that her sudden wealth might arouse suspicion, and she decided to carry on her usual business, with the addition of a small stock of fancy articles to sell. On these she could

make a snug little profit, and at the same time they would give additional importance and respectability to her humble calling.

Among the dead woman's effects was the pocket-book, containing two hundred dollars, which Madame had secreted from Raste. From the money in the traveling-bag she had paid the small funeral expenses and Dr. Debrot's modest bill, and there still remained some for other demands; but, besides the money, there were many valuables, the silver toilet articles, jewelry, laces, embroideries, and the handsome wardrobes of both mother and child. In one of the trunks she found a writing-case full of letters written in English. From these letters she could have learned all that it was necessary to know; but she could not read English readily, especially writing; she was afraid to show them, and postponed examining them. And, one night when she was out, Raste burned them all in the kitchen-stove. He would not admit it, but Madame found the bundle of ashes, and could not doubt he had done so. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that they were destroyed, and wondered what she should do.

Already she was beginning to feel that the way of the transgressor is hard, but she silenced the strivings of conscience by specious arguments. She had not sought the temptation; it had come to her in the visit of the dying woman; she had done her best by her, and now the child was thrown on her and must be cared for. She did not know the child's name, so she could not restore her to her friends, even if there were any. It was not likely there were, or they would have advertised. She meant to be good to the little thing; she would take care of her and bring her up well. Lady Jane should be a daughter to her; surely that was better than sending her to a home for foundlings, as another would do. In this way she persuaded herself that she was really an honest, charitable woman, who was doing what was best for the child by appropriating her mother's property and making no effort to find her friends or to discover her identity.

From the child's wardrobe she selected the plainest and most useful articles for daily wear, laying aside the finest and daintiest, to dispose of as her business might offer opportunity; and

from the mother's clothes she also made a selection, taking for her own use what she considered plain enough to wear with propriety, while the beautiful linen, fine laces, and pretty little trifles went a long way in furnishing her show window handsomely.

Notwithstanding her assurance, she felt some misgivings when she placed those pretty, dainty articles in the broad light of day before an observing public. Not only did the public terrify her, but the child also. Suppose Lady Jane should recognize her mother's property and make a scene! Therefore it was with no little anxiety that she waited, the first morning, for Lady Jane's appearance in the little shop.

After a while she came in, heavy-eyed, pale, listless, and carelessly dressed, her long, silken hair uncombed, and her whole manner that of a sorrowful, neglected child. She carried the bird in her arms, as usual, and was passing out of the side door to the little yard without so much as a glance, when Madame, who was watching her furtively, said to her in rather a fretful tone:

"Come here, child, and let me button your clothes; and you have n't brushed your hair. Now this won't do. You're old enough to dress yourself, and you must do it. I can't wait on you every minute; I've got something else to do." Then she asked in a softer tone, while she smoothed the golden hair, "See my pretty window. Don't you think it very handsome?"

Lady Jane turned her heavy eyes toward the laces and fluttering things above her. Then her look slowly fell to the table, and suddenly, seizing a little jewel-box (an odd, pretty silver trinket that Madame had displayed among her small wares), she exclaimed passionately, "That's my Mamma's! It's Mamma's and you sha'n't have it!" Turning, she rushed into her own room, holding the little box tightly clasped to her bosom.

Madame took no notice of her outbreak, and did not attempt to take the box from her. Lady Jane carried it about with her all day; but at night, after the little one had fallen asleep, Madame unclosed the fingers that still clung to it, and, without a pang, consigned the box to obscurity.

"I must n't let her see *that* again," she said

to herself. "It troubles her too much. Dear me, what should I do if she should act like that before a customer! I 'll never feel safe until everything of her mother's is sold and out of the way."

"Well, I declare, if that is n't the fifth customer Madame Jozain has had this morning," said Pepsie to Tite Souris, a few days after the new arrival. "She must be doing a good business, for they all buy. At least, they all come out with paper parcels."

"An' jes' see dem chil'ren crawl roun' dat do'. Hi! dey don't cum ter yer winner eny mo', Miss Peps," said Tite, with an accent of disgust, as she brushed the pecan shells from Pepsie's table. "Dey jes' stan' ober dar ter git a glimge uv dat dar goslin' de littl' gal pets all day. Po' chile! she mighty lunsum, settin' dar all 'lone."

"Tite, oh, Tite, can't you coax her across the street? I want to see her near," cried Pepsie, eagerly. "And, besides, I want to see what kind of a bird that is."

"Dem chil'ren say how it's a herrin'. I don't believe dat. 'T ain't no ways lak dem herrin's in de sto', what dey has in pickle. Sho! dat ain't no herrin'. Hit's a goslin'. I's done seen goslin's on de plantashun, an' hit's a goslin', sho 'nuff."

"Well, I want to see for myself, Tite. Go there to the fence, and ask her to come here. Tell her I 'll give her some pecans."

Tite went on her mission, and lingered so long, staring with the others, that her mistress had to

call her back. She returned alone. Lady Jane had declined to accept the invitation.

"'T ain't no use," said Tite, energetically. "She won't come. She on'y hugs dat dar long-legged bird, an' looks at yer solum, lak a owl. 'T ain't no use, she won't come. She might' stuck up, Miss Peps. She say, she don't want pecuns; ain't dat cur'ous?—oh, my! don't want pecuns! Well, white chil'ren is der beatenes' chil'ren!" and Tite went to her work, muttering her surprise at the "cur'ousness" of white children in general, and of Lady Jane in particular.

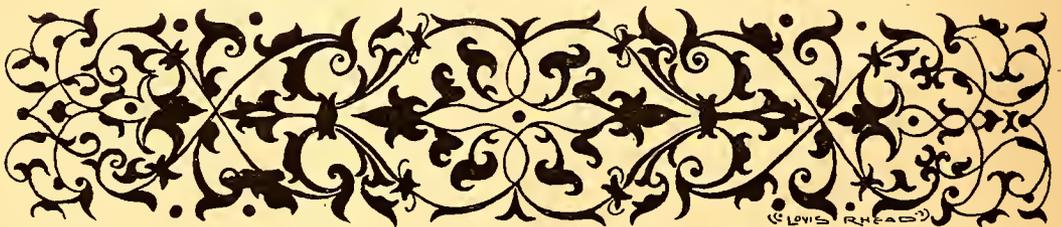
All day long Pepsie watched, hoping that the little girl might change her mind, and decide to be more neighborly; but she was doomed to disappointment.

Near night, feeling that it was useless to hope, and noticing that Madame's customers were becoming fewer, she sought consolation in a game of solitaire.

Just as she was at the most exciting point, a slight rustling sound attracted her attention, and, looking up, she saw a little figure, in a soiled white frock, with long, yellow hair falling over the shoulders, and a thick, neglected bang almost touching the eyebrows. The little face was pale and sorrowful; but a faint smile dimpled the lips, and the eyes were bright and earnest. Lady Jane was holding the bird up in both hands over the iron railing, and when she caught Pepsie's surprised glance, she said very politely, and very sweetly:

"Would you like to see Tony?" And that was the way in which Lady Jane and Pepsie first became acquainted.

(To be continued.)

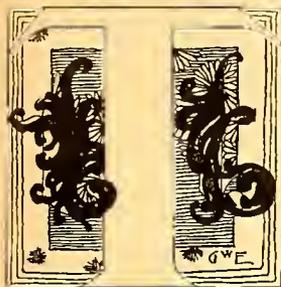


# THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

## SECOND PAPER.

### *What Came Next.*



HE water that covered the earth at this time was very hot. The earth's covering was still thin, and inside of it there was a burning mass of matter, boiling hot. This heated the crust, which, in turn,

heated the water. As this ocean of hot water surged over its crumpled bed, it broke off little pieces of rock, and gradually ground them into sand. It swept some of this sand upon the little patches of crust that rose above its surface, and made beaches, and the rest was deposited upon the bed of the ocean. Because of the pressure of the water above and of the heat within the thin crust, it hardened and baked into what is called "*sedimentary*" rock. "Sedimentary" comes from a Latin word, meaning "settlings," and you can readily see why that name was chosen. Of course its materials are the same as those of the rock under it, from which it was made; but the fine grains of sand are arranged in distinct layers, and that gives a different appearance.

As this sand was hardening and baking into rock, anything that happened to be in it, such as plants, or the animals that died in it, remained fast; and it is because of this fact that we can tell something of the animals and the plants that lived on the earth in bygone ages.

These layers of rock are like so many leaves of a history, and each of them tells the story of the beings which inhabited the earth at the particular period when that layer was formed.

Centuries ago, in southeastern Wales, there used to dwell a brave, warlike people, known as the Silures. In one part of their country there were huge piles of rocks, which always excited

curiosity on account of the strange objects found among them. During the last century these rocks attracted the attention of geologists. After carefully studying them, these scientific observers concluded that these rocks were part of the first layers laid down after the earth-crust was formed. Of course portions of these layers are to be found all over the world, but in the country of the Silures they lie on the surface. So geologists can study them there without difficulty. They have given to that period in the world's history in which these layers were made the name, "The Silurian Age."

You must not suppose that all these beds of rock were formed peacefully and quietly. Sometimes that seething mass on the inside would burst out, and then came a time of confusion. The layers were bent and twisted, and very often were melted again. If there was any metal in the rocks (as copper, for instance) it was sent in "rivers" here and there, breaking a channel for itself through the solid rock. These rivers hardened when cooled, and we hear of them now, in mining operations, as "veins." Miners speak of finding a "vein of copper," or a "vein of silver," and the like. The Silurian seems to have been the age for copper. Near Lake Superior, in the rocks belonging to this period, enough veins and great masses of copper have been found to supply the world with that metal for years to come. It was also the time for deposits of salt. The waters of the ocean evaporated over shallow places, and left the salt. Perhaps a storm swept the waters back, and evaporation again took place; and when this had been repeated many times a thick bed of salt was formed. In this way, probably, were made all the immense salt-beds found in the State of New York.

Now, when the hot crust was cooled enough, and when the thick atmosphere was purified by the plenteous rains, which did God make first,—animals or plants? Nobody knows, for certain, but in the oldest layers of rock such quantities and quantities of plants have been found that

we are almost sure that they were created first. What kind was made first,—land plants and animals, or water plants and animals? As the water covered nearly the whole earth, it is natural to suppose that life first appeared in the water; and everybody is agreed on this point. Whether it was plant-life or animal-life, it first appeared in the water.

The earliest traces that can be found of any living thing are the remains of sea-weed and of the club-mosses that grow in wet places. Soon, however, animals appeared, and the layers of Silurian rock are found in some places to be entirely composed of the shells of animals. Sometimes these shells are very small, but some are larger than those of any animal now in existence. Nor is it by any means certain that small animals were created first. Little and big seem to have existed together. We find the shells of animals so small as to be invisible, except under the microscope, side by side with shells four feet broad. The framework of the tiniest creature which helped to make up these layers of rock, is extremely beautiful.

The little coral animals commenced their busy career during this age, building limestone reefs and making the beautiful chain coral which can still be seen on the limestone cliffs in the Western States. Another kind of animal, related to the coral polyp, and called a "crinoid," must have greatly added to the beauty of the Silurian seas. We find its remains in the shape of a curiously carved, six-sided body. From each of five sides a lily-like arm was sent off, and the animal was fastened to the rock by a stem running from the center of the sixth side. Professor Agassiz called them "stone lilies."

Other layers of rock are composed wholly of the remains of queer animals called "trilobites." They belonged to the same family as our lobsters, and varied in size from one-sixth of an inch to two feet in length. There were two great depressions running lengthwise in their bodies, which divided them into three lobes. They had also the same ring-like divisions running around the body as are seen in lobsters. They swam on their backs, and had the power of rolling themselves into a ball. Probably this was done to defend themselves against some foe. Many were caught in this position

when the mud was changing into rock, and kept for us to see. In other layers of rock are found fossils of different animals of the lobster kind. Nothing like these old animals is found now.

So many mollusks—that is, soft animals with hard shells, like the oysters—then swam in the waters, that this age is sometimes called the "Age of Mollusks." They were of all sizes and shapes, and there were millions and millions of them. There was one, belonging to the same family as our nautilus, which was four feet across. Another resembled a nautilus unrolled. It was from ten to fifteen feet long, and measured a foot in breadth.

The remains of fishes are found, for the first time, in some of the upper layers belonging to this period. In Wales, in the land of the Silures, they claim to have found one layer composed entirely of fish-bones.

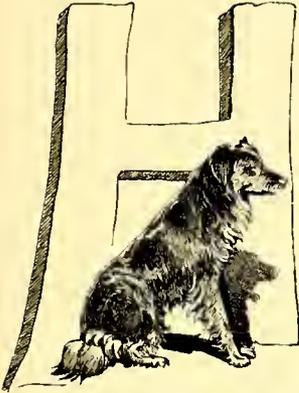
Now, there is something we must keep in mind when we speak of "remains" in geology, or else we shall be disappointed when we see these fossils. If you should ever break open a stone, and have the great good fortune to find in it the remains of a leaf, what would those remains be like? A real leaf? No, nothing but the *impression* of one. No wood—no pulp. Simply a picture engraved on the hard rock. So, also, with the remains of a fish,—no body, no bones,—only an impression; but so true a one that geologists can tell even the way it swam, and, in some cases, the nature of its food! As you were told before, these remains are called fossils. What a thrill of pleasure it must give to find one yourself—to think that little bit of world history has remained sealed up in a rock for centuries, waiting for you to find it!

So far, then, as we have journeyed in our travels through the back ages, we see a world of water, with such plants and animals as live in water. It is true that little patches of dry land existed, as at the close of the first period; and these had even been increased a little by the addition of beaches. But these bits of land were so small, compared with the vast expanse of ocean, that we are justified in calling it a "world of water." It must have been a very thickly inhabited "water-world," since whole layers of rock were made from the animals which swam in its depths or paddled on its surface.

# THE STORY OF PRINCE.

(A True Story.)

BY L. N. CHAPIN.



IS ancestry was illustrious and traditional. He belonged to the race of the "Scottish Chiefs" and the "Shepherd Kings."

He was a noble specimen of the brute creation; of ratherslenderform; a pointed muzzle; and quivering nostrils, that could detect

the feet of his master, even where countless feet had passed before, and that guided him unerringly in any quest; glossy hair, plaited on his breast like a shield; ears erect, and slightly drooping at the tips; and eyes that understood and spoke all languages.

Such was "Prince." He was but a dog; yet within the range of his narrow life he was exemplary, to a degree that might well be imitated by some alleged to be of a higher type. In manners, gentle and high-bred; to his inferiors, thoughtful and considerate; in his friendships, fidelity itself. He knew his duty, and he did it; he knew his station, and he kept it.

He was a native of Norway. Not of Norway far across the sea, but the Norway that is here at home, in our own Empire State; yet this Norway is not wholly unlike that other, for winter sits enthroned on all the frozen hills, and summer empties her golden cornucopia down all the valleys.

Many are the stories told to show the intelligence, affection, and fidelity of Prince. He was wonderfully knowing, and seemed to understand sign-language, and even human speech, quite as well as his betters. He was a farmer's dog; and it is always surprising how much real, prac-

tical help a farmer will get from a good dog. It is said in Scotland, that a collie will do the work of many men, and that it is this alone which renders the business of sheep-raising profitable in that country. There, too, these intelligent brutes have occasionally been trained to do something besides honest work. One Scotch dog was so trained that, receiving instructions from his master as to which one of a neighbor's flock he would like to have added to his own, the dog would accomplish the theft in the master's absence. Not later than the end of the last century, a man was hung in Scotland because he had taught his dog to do, and the dog had done, that very thing. One is tempted to believe that an animal so intelligent knew he was doing wrong.

Old Prince was trained to work like any farm-hand, and, unlike some farm-hands, would do his work without complaining. He could be sent to the farthest part of the farm to bring anything that was wanted, if it was not too heavy for him to carry or to drag. On one occasion a visitor was present who doubted that Prince was as clever as his owner claimed. When the company were leaving the hay-field for dinner, the visitor was asked to drop his handkerchief where Prince could not see it. Arriving at the house the loss was explained to Prince, and he was told to fetch the handkerchief. He bounded off, and soon returned bringing it. When directed, he would go to any certain field, and from a large number of tools, would select and bring home one named. I have known boys who would take all day to do such an errand, and probably bring the wrong thing after all.

One day Prince was told to go to the woods where the men had been chopping, and to bring home the axe. He was gone a long time, much to the surprise of all; for when Prince had an

errand to do, he never played by the way. Finally he returned, dragging with him a heavy beetle. I suppose that very few city boys, and not all country boys, now, know what a "beetle" is. It is a ponderous wooden mallet, for driving the steel wedges used in splitting logs. Of course everybody thought it very strange that he should have brought this instead of the axe; and Prince himself looked at his master evidently very tired, and very much worried, and saying, as plainly as looks could, that there was something to explain. So the men hurried down to the woods for a solution of the

But, alas! even faithful friends grow old, and the best of servants lose their usefulness. And to Prince there came a time when age told upon him. The speed went from his nimble legs; and, I am sorry to say, some of the sweetness went from his temper. All were forced to admit that the farm-work required a younger hand. But what was to be done with Prince? It was well known that he would never stand the giving of his honored place to another. It had been tried, but made trouble at once. Prince took it as an insult. He grew insanelly jealous. In fact, he seemed to recover some of his lost youth

in his determination to remain at his post. He was too nearly human not to resent being superseded.

So the farmer thought he would try to find some one who would take Prince, and give him a home, and be kind to him in his latter days. The next time the farmer went to Little Falls to trade, he took Prince with him; and, while there, called on his groceryman, and asked whether he would accept Prince as



"PRINCE ALMOST GNAWED THE HANDLE OFF IN HIS EFFORTS TO GET THE AXE."

mystery. There they found the axe deeply set in the end of a log. Poor Prince had actually almost gnawed the handle off in his efforts to get the axe. Finding this impossible, he had brought the beetle instead, thinking, perhaps, it might do. Faithful old Prince! There is something very touching in this attempt to do his duty.

There was no worker on the farm that could not have been spared quite as well as Prince. How many steps he saved tired feet! Every night he would go to the distant pasture for the cows, never missing one, although the hills in the vicinity are very high and the valleys are very deep. And even the cattle came to know him as a friend. You may be sure that for all this faithful service Prince received many a kind return. Indeed, he was regarded almost as a member of the family.

a gift. He told of the dog's intelligence and faithfulness, and said that, while Prince had lost his usefulness on the farm, he was still a good dog to have about a house where there were children. "I want the old fellow to have a good home for the rest of his days," said the farmer, with some feeling. The grocery-keeper said he would be very glad to take him; and so it was arranged that when the farmer was ready to start for home he was to come and leave the dog with the grocer.

Prince was a silent listener to this arrangement, and, as events proved, was doing some very serious thinking. When the farmer was ready to leave for home he looked about, in vain for Prince. The dog was nowhere to be seen. He went back to all the places he had visited, and finally to the hotel-stable, where he had left the

team; but Prince was not to be found. At last, he started for his home, twenty-five miles away, wondering what could have become of the old dog. Nothing of the kind had ever occurred before. Could Prince have gone home? Possibly. On arriving, sure enough, there was Prince. He had not approved of being given away!

Welshman who erected a splendid monument to the memory of his faithful dog, as told in the poem, *Beth-Gelert*—"Gaylord's Grave." I think that dear old Prince, too, deserved a monument.

The story of Prince, as here related, is so remarkable in many respects, I fear there may be misgivings on the part of some as to its absolute truthfulness. I had not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Prince, but the facts here given came to me from one who did, and whose veracity I can not question.



But, as has been said, a younger dog was a necessity on the farm, and in course of time one was found, and installed as Prince's successor. But old Prince made this young dog's life very miserable. On every occasion he would snap at him, and otherwise manifest the bitterest animosity. Although the veteran's teeth were nearly gone, he was in physical strength far superior to the little fellow, and he bullied him relentlessly.

The new-comer stood this as well as he could for some time; but one day he disappeared. All supposed that he was tired of being abused, and had gone away to escape from his oppressor. Not so, however. After two or three days' absence he returned, bringing with him a large dog, that had never been seen in that region before. Then these two dogs pitched into old Prince, and must, literally, have whipped him to death; for the poor fellow crawled around behind the barn, stretched himself out, and made a full surrender to "our last great enemy."

Then the big dog disappeared as strangely as he had come, and that was the last ever seen of him by the people at the farm.

Poor Prince! We all know the story of the

## WHAT DUKE DID.

BY HELEN E. HASTINGS.

"DUKE" was a fine setter. When he was a puppy, his master had to go on a long journey, and left Duke with a professional dog-trainer to be cared for and taught during his absence. I am afraid Duke did not fare very well, for when, nearly a year afterward, he came to stay with us, he looked quite thin and wretched, and had a hang-dog air. He soon improved, however, under a generous diet and kind treatment. Duke became especially fond of big Brother Ned, and always ran to meet him when he came home, jumping up and licking his hands, and evincing in every way the greatest delight at Ned's return.

One day, Brother Ned came home the back way. Now, in a direct line with the fence, and not far from the gate, was a well, said to be more than a hundred feet deep. The water was very low in it at this time, and there was no chain and buckets, for we never used the water from it. But, very carelessly, it had been left uncovered. It was so near the fence, and looked so much like a part of it, that it might easily be overlooked by any one; and, certainly, Duke did not see it. He ran with a joyful bark to leap over the fence, and went—down—down into the water. Brother Ned gave the alarm, and we all ran to the spot; but what could we do to save Duke? As we looked into the well we could see nothing but two eyes, which glowed like coals of fire up through the darkness, and we could hear Duke whine pitifully and scratch the stones at the sides of the well. There were

some men working on a house near by, and they ran to help. Taking a long rope and a short piece of board, they attached the board as you would put a seat in a swing, and lowered it into the well, thinking that the poor dog might be able at least to support himself on it until some better method could be devised for hoisting him out.

But we thought that Duke could do nothing with the board.

We heard him paw the board, and he gave short, sharp little yelps as if to let us know that he understood we were trying our best to help him.

Then one of the men said he would go down, if a stronger rope was brought. So the men began to draw up the swing. What could make it so heavy? They leaned over and peered down into the darkness. The two gleaming eyes were certainly moving about, as the men continued to draw up slowly and steadily. Could it be that the dog was tangled in the line? Carefully, now! Another pull and another, and the board comes into the light. Hurrah! It is Duke! He is hanging on by his teeth to the rope close to the board. We scarcely breathed. Would he be able to keep his hold until they could get him to the top? How dreadful if he should fall back now! No, here he is — safe at last! — cowering and shivering at our feet. We carried him into the house and wrapped him in a warm blanket before the fire, for it was a chilly day in early spring. His mouth and his paws were bruised, from his frantic efforts to gain a hold on the slippery sides of the well.



He seemed conscious of the great danger he had escaped and grateful over his deliverance, for there was a new intelligence in his eyes. He crept nearer to our feet as we sat around him, and he licked the hands reached down to caress him.

Was it through instinct or reason, or was it only by accident, that Duke caught and held the rope?



## CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER IX.

MARY OGDEN would have withdrawn into some quiet corner, at the sociable, if it had not been for Elder Holloway and Miss Glidden, who seemed determined to prevent her from being overlooked. All those who had called upon Mrs. Murdoch knew that Mary had had something to do with that extraordinary number of the *Eagle*, and they told others, but Mrs. Murdoch escaped all discussion about the *Eagle* by saying she had not read it, and referring every one to Miss Ogden.

Mary was glad when the evening was over. After hearing the comments of the public, there was something about their way of editing the paper that seemed almost dishonest.

Jack was still up when she came home.

"I've used my time better than if I'd gone to the party," he said. "I've studied the map of New York. I'd know just how to go around, if I was there. I am going to study it all the time I'm here."

Mr. Murdoch was better. He had had a comfortable night, and felt able to think of business again.

"Now, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm ready to take a look at the *Eagle*. I am glad it was a good number."

"They talked about it all last evening at the sociable," she answered, as she handed him a copy.

He was even cheerful, when he began; and he studied the paper as Jack had studied the map. It was a long time before he said a word.

"My account of the flood is really capital," he said, at last, "and all that about Crofield matters. The report of things in Mertonville is good; that about the logs, the dam, the burglary,—a very extraordinary occurrence, by the way,—it's a blessing they did n't kill Mrs. McNamara. The story is good; funny-column

good. But—Oh, gracious! Oh! Mary Ogden! Oh my stars! What's this?"

He had begun on the editorials, and he groaned and rolled about while he was reading them.

"They'll mob the *Eagle*!" he said at last. "I must get up! Oh, but this is dreadful! She's pitched into everything there is! I must get up at once!"

Those editorials were a strong tonic, or else Mr. Murdoch's illness was over. He dressed himself, and walked out into the kitchen. His wife had not heard him say he would get up, but she seemed almost to have expected it.

"It's the way you always do," she said. "I'm never much scared about you. You'll never die till your time comes. I think Mary is over at the office."

"I'm going there, now," he said, excitedly. "If this work goes on, I shall have the whole town about my ears."

He was right. Mary had been at her table promptly that morning to make a beginning on the next number; Jack was down in the engine-room; Mr. Black was busy, and Mr. Bones was out, when a party of very red-faced men filed in, went through the front office, and climbed the stairs.

"We'll show him!" said one.

"It'll be a lesson he won't forget!" remarked another, fiercely.

"He'll take it back, or there will be broken bones!" added another; and these spoke for the rest. They had sticks, and they tramped heavily as they marched to the "sanctum." The foremost opened the door, without knocking, and his voice was deep, threatening, and husky as he began:

"Now, Mr. Editor—"

"I'm the editor, sir. What do you wish of me?"

Mary Ogden stood before him, looking him straight in the face without a quiver.

He was a big man; but, oddly enough, it occurred to him that Mary seemed larger than he was.

"Bob!" exclaimed a harsh whisper behind him, "howld yer tongue! it 's only a gir-rl! Don't ye say a har-rd word to the loikes o' her!"

behind him. "You 're no good at all; coom along, b'ys. Be civil,—Mike Flaherty will never have it said he brought a shillalah to argy wid a colleen. I 'm aff!"

Away he went, stick and all, and the other five followed promptly, leaving Mary Ogden standing still in amazement. She was trying to

collect her thoughts when Mr. Black marched in from the other room, followed by the two type-setters; and Mr. Bones tumbled upstairs, out of breath.

Mary had hardly any explanation to make about what Mr. Bones frantically described as "the riot," and she was inclined to laugh at it. Just then Mr. Murdoch himself came to the door.

Jack stopped the engine, exclaiming, "Mr. Murdoch! you here?"

"What is it? What is it?" he exclaimed. "I saw them go out. Did they break anything?"

"Miss Ogden scared 'em off in no time," said Mr. Black.

Mary resigned the editorial chair to Mr. Murdoch. Bones brought in two office chairs; Mr. Black appeared with a very high stool that usually stood before one of his type-cases; Mary preferred one of the office chairs, and there she sat a long time, replying to Mr. Murdoch's questions and remarks. She had plenty

to tell, after all she had heard at the sociable, and Mr. Murdoch groaned at times, but still he thanked her for her efforts. Meanwhile Mr. Black went to the engine-room with an errand for Jack that sent him over to the other side of the village. Jack looked in the little cracked mirror in the front room as he went out.

"Ink enough; they 'll never know me," said Jack. "I 'm safe enough. Besides, Mrs. McNamara was n't robbed at all. She was yelling because she thought robbers were coming."

He loitered along on his way back, with his eyes open and his ears ready to catch any bit



"I 'M THE EDITOR, SIR. WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?"

Other whispers and growls came from the hall, but the big man stood like a stone post for several seconds.

"You 're the editor?" he gasped. "Is old Murdoch dead,—or has he run away?"

"He 's at home, and ill," said Mary. "What is your errand?"

"I keep a decent hotel, sir,—ma'am—madam—I do,—we all do,—it 's the *Eagle*, you know,—and there 's no kind of disorder,—and there was never any complaint in Mertonville—"

"Howld on, Bob!" exclaimed the prompter

of stray news, and paused a moment to peer into a small shoe-shop.

It was only a momentary glance, but a hammer ceased tapping upon a lapstone, and a tall man straightened up suddenly and very straight, as he untied his leather apron.

"That 's the fellow!" he exclaimed, under his breath, but Jack heard him.

"He knew me! He knew me! I can't stay in Mertonville!" thought Jack. "There 'll be trouble now."

He started at a run, but it was so early that he attracted little attention.

His return to the *Eagle* office was so quick that Mr. Black opened his eyes in surprise.

"I 've got to see Mr. Murdoch," Jack said, hurriedly, and upstairs he darted, to break right in upon the conference between the editors.

Jack told his story, and Mr. Murdoch felt it was only another blow added to the many already fallen upon him and his *Eagle*. "Perhaps you will be better satisfied to leave town," said Mr. Murdoch, uneasily.

"I 've enough money to take me to the city, and I 'll go. I 'm off for New York!" said Jack, eagerly.

"New York?" exclaimed Mr. Murdoch. "That 's the thing! Go to the house and get ready. I 'll buy you a ticket to Albany, and you can go down on the night boat. They 're taking passengers for half a dollar. You must n't be caught! No doubt they are hunting for you now!"

Mr. Murdoch was right. At that very moment the cobbler was in the grocery kept by Deacon Abrams, shouting, "We 've got him again, Deacon! He 's in town. He works in a paint shop — had paint on his face. Or else he 's a blacksmith, or he works in coal, or something black — or dusty. We can run him down now."

While they went for the two others who knew Jack's face, he was putting on his Sunday clothes and packing up. When he came down, there was no ink upon his face, his collar was clean, his hair was brushed, and he was a complete surprise to Mr. Black and the rest.

"I can get a new boy," said Mr. Murdoch, as if he were beginning to recover his spirits; "and I can run the engine myself, now I 'm well. I can say in the next *Eagle* that you

are gone to the city, and that will help me out of my troubles."

Neither Jack nor Mary quite understood what he meant, and, in fact, they were not thinking about him just then. Mr. Murdoch had said that there was only time to catch the express-train, and they were saying good-bye. Mary was crying, for the moment, and Jack was telling her what to write to his mother and father and those at home in Crofield.

"It 's so sudden, Jack!" said Mary. "But I 'm glad you 're going. I wish I could go, too."

"I wish you could," said Jack, heartily; "but I 'll write. I 'll tell you everything. Good-bye, Mr. Murdoch's waiting. Good-bye!"

The *Eagle* editor was indeed waiting, and he was very uneasy. "What a calamity it would be," he thought, "to have my own 'devil' arrested for burglary. The *Inquirer* would en-



"'THERE,' SAID MR. MURDOCH, 'JUMP RIGHT IN.'"  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

joy that! It is n't Jack's fault, but I can't bear everything!"

Meanwhile Mary sat at the table and pretended to look among the papers for a new story, but really she was trying to keep from crying over Jack's departure. Mr. Murdoch and Jack had gone to the station.

There was cunning in the plans of the pursuers of Mrs. McNamara's burglar this time. Three of them, each aided by several eager

volunteers, dashed around Mertonville, searching every shop in which any sort of face-blackening might be used, and Deacon Abrams himself went to the station with a justice of the peace, a notary-public, a constable, and the man that kept the village pound.

"He won't get by *me*," said the deacon, wisely, as Mr. Murdoch and a neatly dressed young gentleman passed him, arm in arm.

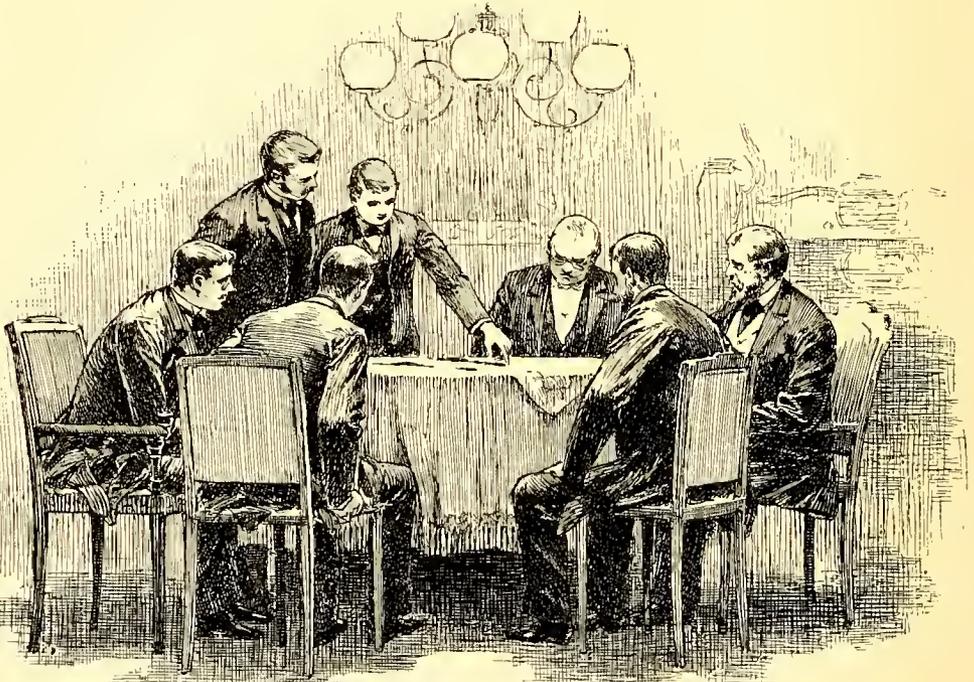
"Good morning, Mr. Murdoch. The *Eagle's*

Keep your satchel with you. I'm going back to the office."

"Good-bye," said Jack, pocketing his ticket and entering the car.

He took a seat by an open window, just as the train started.

"Jack's gone, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Murdoch, under his breath, as he re-entered the *Eagle* office. "Have those men been here again?"



"YOUR MAP'S ALL WRONG," SAID JACK." (SEE PAGE 611.)

improving. You did me justice. We're after that same villain, now. We'll get him this time, too."

"Deacon," said the editor, gripping Jack's arm hard, "I'll mention your courage and public spirit again. Tie him tighter next time."

"We will," said the deacon; "and I've got some new subscribers for you, and a column advertisement."

Mr. Murdoch hurried to the ticket-window, and Jack patiently looked away from Deacon Abrams all the while.

"There," said Mr. Murdoch, "jump right in.

"No," said Mary. "But the chairmen of the two central committees have both been here. Elder Holloway said they would. They will call again."

"What did you say?" the editor asked.

"Why," replied Mary, "I told them you were just getting well."

"So I am," said Mr. Murdoch. "There's a great demand for that number of the *Eagle*. Forty-six old subscribers have stopped their papers, but a hundred and twenty-seven new ones have come in. I can't guess where this will end. Are you going to the house?"

"I think I 'd better," said Mary. "If there 's anything more I can do—"

"No, no, no! Don't spoil your visit," said he, hastily. "You 've had work enough. Now you must be free to rest a little, and meet your friends."

He would not say he was afraid to have her in the *Eagle* office, to stir up storms for him. But Mary made no objection—she was very willing to give up the work.

Mr. Murdoch came home in a more hopeful state of mind, but soon went to his room and lay down.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the paper 's going right along; but I 'm too much exhausted to see anybody. Tell 'em all I 'm not well."

Mary was uneasy about Jack, but she need not have worried. The moment the train was in motion, he forgot even Deacon Abrams and Mrs. McNamara in the grand thought that he was actually on his way to the city.

"This train 's an express train," he said to himself. "Does n't she go! I said I 'd get there some day, and now I 'm really going! Hurrah for New York! It 's good I learned something about the streets—I 'll know what to do when I get there."

He had nine dollars in his pocket for capital, but he knew more or less of several businesses and trades.

In the seat in front of him were two gentlemen, who must have been railway men, he thought, from what they said, and it occurred to Jack that he would like to learn how to build a railway.

The train stopped at last, after a long journey, and a well-dressed man got in, came straight to Jack's seat, took the hitherto empty half of it, and began to talk with the men in front as if he had come on board for the purpose. At first Jack paid little attention, but soon they began to mention places he knew.

"So far, so good," remarked the man at his side; "but we 're going to have trouble in getting the right of way through Crofield. We 'll have to pay a big price for that hotel if we can't use the street."

"I think not," said Jack, with a smile. "There is n't much hotel left in Crofield, now. It was burned down last Sunday."

"What?" exclaimed one of the gentlemen in front. "Are you from Crofield?"

"I live there," said Jack. "Your engineer was there about the time of the fire. The old bridge is down. I heard him say that your line would cross just below it."

The three gentlemen were all attention, and the one who had not before spoken said:

"I know. Through the old Hammond property."

"It used to belong to Mr. Hammond," replied Jack, "but it belongs to my father now."

"Can you give me a list of the other owners of property?" asked the railway man with some interest.

"I can tell who owns every acre around Crofield, boundary lines and all," answered Jack. "I was born there. You don't know about the people, though. They 'll do almost anything to have the road there. My father will help all he can. He says the place is dead now."

"What 's his name?" asked the first speaker, with a note-book and a pencil in his hand.

"His is John Ogden. Mine 's Jack Ogden. My father knows every man in the county," replied Jack.

"Ogden," said the gentlemen in the forward seat, next the window. "My name 's Magruder; we three are directors in the new road. I 'm a director in this road. Are you to stay in Albany?"

"I go by the night boat to New York," said Jack, almost proudly.

"Can you stay over a day? We 'll entertain you at the Delavan House if you 'll give us some information."

"Certainly; I 'll be glad to," said Jack; and so when the train stopped at Albany, Jack was talking familiarly enough with the three railway directors.

Mary Ogden had a very clear idea that Mr. Murdoch preferred to make up the next paper without any help from her, and even Mrs. Murdoch was almost glad to know that her young friend was to spend the next week with Mrs. Edwards.

One peculiar occurrence of that day had not been reported at the *Eagle* office, and it had consequences. The Committee of Six, who had

visited the sanctum so threateningly, went away beaten, but recounted their experience. They did so in the office of the Mertonville Hotel, and Mike Flaherty had more than a little to say about "that gurril," and about "the black eyes of her," and the plucky way in which she had faced them.

One little old gentleman whose eyes were still bright, in spite of his gray hair, stood in the door and listened, with his hand behind his ear.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed this little old man, turning to the men behind him. "Did you hear 'em? I guess I know what we ought to do. Come on into Crozier's with me—all of you. We must give her a testimonial for her pluck."

"Crozier's?" asked a portly, well-dressed man. "Nothing there but dry-goods."

"Come, Jeroliman. You 're a banker and you 're needed. I dare you to come!" said the little old man, jokingly, leading the way.

Seven of them reached the dress-goods counter of the largest store in Mertonville, and here the little old gentleman bought black silk for a dress.

"You brought your friends, I see, General Smith," said the merchant, laughing. "One of your jokes, eh?"

"No joke at all, Crozier; a testimonial of esteem,"—and three gentlemen helped one another to tell the story.

"I 'll make a good reduction, for my share," exclaimed the merchant, as he added up the figures of the bill. "Will that do, General?"

"I'll join in," promptly interposed Mr. Jeroliman, the banker, laughing. "I won't take a dare from General Smith. Come, boys."

They were old enough boys, but they all "chipped in," and General Smith's dare did not cost him much, after all.

Mary Ogden had the map of New York out upon the table that evening, and was examining it, when there came a ring at the door-bell.

"It 's a boy from Crozier's with a package," said Mrs. Murdoch; "and, Mary, it 's for you!"

"For me?" said Mary, in blank astonishment.

It was indeed addressed to her, and contained a short note:

"The girl who was not afraid of six angry men is requested to accept this silk dress, with the compliments of her admiring friends,

"Seven Old Men of Mertonville."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Murdoch," said Mary, in confusion, "I don't know what to say or do. It 's very kind of them!—but ought I to take it?"

This testimonial pleased Mr. Murdoch even more than it pleased Mary. He insisted Mary should keep it, and she at last consented.

But not even the new dress made Mary forget to wonder how Jack was faring.

The lightning-express made short work of the trip to Albany, and Jack was glad of it, for he had not had any dinner. His new acquaintances invited him to accompany them to the Delavan House.

As they left the station, Mr. Magruder took from his pocket a small pamphlet.

"Humph!" he said. "Guide-book to the New York City and Hudson River. I had forgotten that I had it. Don't you want it, Ogden? It 'll be something to read on the boat."

"Won't you keep it?" asked Jack, hesitating.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Magruder. "I was going to throw it away."

So Jack put the book into his pocket. It was a short walk to the Delavan House, but it was through more bustle and business, considering how quiet everybody was, Jack thought, than he ever saw before. He went with the rest to the hotel office, and heard Mr. Magruder give directions about Jack's room and bill.

"He 's going to pay for me for one day," Jack said to himself, "and until the evening boat goes to-morrow."

"Ogden," said Mr. Magruder, "I can't ask you to dine with us. It 's a private party—have your dinner, and then wait for me here."

"All right," said Jack, and then he stood still and tried to think what to do.

"I must go to my room, now, and leave my satchel there," he said to himself. "I don't want anybody to know I never was in a big hotel before."

He managed to get to his room without making a single blunder, but the moment he closed the door he felt awed and put down.

"It 's the finest room I was ever in in all my life!" he exclaimed. "They must have made a mistake. Perhaps I 'll have a bedroom like this in my own house some day."

Jack made himself look as neat as if he had come out of a bandbox, before he went down stairs.

The dining-room was easily found, and he was shown to a seat at one of the tables, and a bill of fare was handed him; but that was only one more puzzle.

"I don't know what some of these are," he said to himself. "I'll try things I could n't get in Crofield. I'll begin on those clams with little necks."

So the waiter set before him a plate of six raw clams.

That was a good beginning; for every one of them seemed to speak to him of the salt ocean.

After that he went farther down the bill of fare and selected such dishes as, he said, "no-body ever saw in Crofield."

It was a grand dinner, and Jack was almost afraid he had been too long over it.

He went out to the office and looked around, and asked the clerk if Mr. Magruder had been inquiring for him.

"Not yet, Mr. Ogden," said the clerk. "He is not yet through dinner. Did you find your room all right?"

"All right," said Jack. "I'll sit down and wait for Mr. Magruder."

It was an hour before the railway gentlemen returned. There were twice as many of them now, however, and Mr. Magruder remarked:

"Come, Ogden, we won't detain you long. After that you can do what you like. Thank you very much, too."

Jack followed them into a private sitting-room, which seemed to him so richly furnished that he really wished it had been plainer; but he found the men very straightforward about their business.

They all sat down around the table in the middle of the room.

"We'll finish Ogden first, and let him go," said Mr. Magruder, laughing. "Ogden, here's a map of Crofield and all the country from there to Mertonville. I want to ask some questions."

He knew what to ask, too; but Jack's first remark was not an answer.

"Your map's all wrong," said he. "There is n't sand and gravel in that hill across the Cahutchie, beyond the bridge."

"What is there, then?" asked a gentleman, who seemed to be one of the civil-engineers, pettishly. "I say it's earth and gravel, mainly."

"Clear granite," said Jack. "Go down stream a little and you'll see."

"All right," exclaimed Mr. Magruder; "it will be costly cutting it, but we shall want the stone. Go ahead now. You're just the man we needed."

Jack thought so before they got through, for he had to tell all there was to tell about the country, away down to Link's bridge.

"Look here," said one of them, quizzically. "Ogden, have you lived all your life in every house in Crofield and in Mertonville and everywhere? You know even the melon-patches and hen-roosts!"

"Well, I know some of 'em," said Jack, coloring and trying to join in the general laugh. "I would n't talk so much, but Mr. Magruder asked me to stay over and tell what you did n't know."

Then the laughter broke out again, and it was not at Jack's expense.

They had learned all they expected from him, however, and Mr. Magruder thanked him very heartily.

"I hope you'll have a good time to-morrow," he said. "Look at the city. I'll see that you have a ticket ready for the boat."

"I did n't expect —" began Jack.

"Nonsense, Ogden," said Mr. Magruder. "We owe you a great deal, my boy. I would n't have missed knowing about that granite ledge. It's worth something to us. The ticket will be handed you by the clerk. Good-evening, Jack Ogden. I hope I'll see you again, some day."

"I hope so," said Jack. "Good-evening, sir. Good-evening, gentlemen."

Out he walked, and as the door closed behind him the engineer remarked:

"He ought to be a railway contractor. Brightest young fellow I've seen in a long time."

Jack felt strange. The old, grown-up feeling seemed to have been questioned out of him, by those keen, peremptory, clear-headed business men, and he appeared to himself to be a very small, green, poor, uneducated boy, who hardly knew where he was going next, or what he was going to do when he got there. "I don't know

about that, either," he said to himself, when he reached the office. "I know I'm going to bed, next, and I believe that I'll go to sleep when I get there!"

Weary, very weary, and almost blue, in spite of everything, was Jack Ogden that night, when he crept into bed.

"T is n't like that old cot in the *Eagle* office," he thought. "I'm glad it is n't to be paid for out of my nine dollars."

Jack was tired all over, and in a few minutes he was sound asleep.

He had gone to bed quite early, and he awoke with the first sunshine that came pouring into his room.

"It is n't time to get up," he said. "It'll be ever so long before breakfast, but I can't stay here in bed."

As he put on his coat something swung against his side, and he said:

"There! I'd forgotten that pamphlet. I'll see what's in it."

The excitement of getting to the Delavan House, and the dinner and the talk afterwards, had driven the pamphlet out of his mind until then, but he opened it eagerly.

"Good!" he said, as he turned the leaves. "Maps and pictures, all the way down. Everything about the Hudson. Pictures of all the places worth seeing in New York. Tells all about them. Where to go when you get there. Just what I wanted!"

Down he sat, and he came near forgetting his breakfast, so intensely was he absorbed by that guide-book. He shut it up, at last, however, remarking: "I'll have breakfast, and then I'll go out and see Albany. It's all I've got to do till the boat leaves this evening. First city I ever saw." He ate with all the more satisfaction because he knew that he was not eating up any part of his nine dollars, and it did not seem like so much money as it would have seemed in Crofield. He was in no haste, for he had no idea where to go, and did not mean to tell anybody how ignorant he was. He walked out of the Delavan House, and strolled away to the right. Even the poorer buildings were far better than anything in Crofield or Mertonville, and he soon had a bit of a surprise. He reached a corner where a very broad street

opened, at the right, and went up a steep hill. It was not a very long street, and it ended at the crest of the hill, where there were some trees, and above them towered what seemed to be a magnificent palace of a building.

"I'll go and see that," said Jack. "I'll know what it is when I see the sign,—or I'll ask somebody."

His interest in that piece of architecture grew as he walked on up the hill; and he was a little warm and out of breath when he reached the street corner, at the top. Upon the corner, with his hands folded behind him and his hat pushed back on his head, stood a well-dressed man, somewhat above middle height, heavily built and portly, who seemed to be gazing at the same object.

"Mister," said Jack, "will you please tell me what that building is?"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, turning to him with a bow and a smile. "That's the New York State Miracle; one of the wonders of the world."

"The State Miracle?" said Jack.

"What's your name?" asked the gentleman, with another bow and smile.

"Ogden,—Jack Ogden."

"Yes, Jack Ogden; thank you. My name's 'Guvner.' That's a miracle. It can never be finished. There's magic in it. Do you know what that is?"

"That's one of the things I don't know, Mr. Guvner," said Jack.

"I don't know what it is either," smiled Mr. Guvner. "When they built it they put in twenty tons of pure, solid gold, my lad. Did n't you ever hear of it? Where do you live when you're at home?"

"My home's in Crofield," said Jack, not aware of a group of gentlemen and ladies who were standing still, a few yards away, looking at them. "I'm on my way to New York, but I wanted to see Albany."

Mr. Guvner put a large hand on his shoulder, and smiled in his face.

"Jack, my son," he said, "go up and look all over the State Miracle. Many other States have other similar miracles. Don't stay in it too long, though."

"Is it unhealthy?" asked Jack, with a smile.

The portly gentleman was smiling also.

"No, no; not unhealthy, my boy; but they persuade some men to stay there a long time, and they 're never the same men again. Come out as soon as you 've had a good view of it."

"I 'll take a look at it anyway," said Jack, turning away. "Thank you, Mr. Guvner. I 'll see the Miracle."

He had gone but a few paces, and the others were stepping forward, when he was called by Mr. Guvner.

"Jack, come back a moment!"

"What is it, Mr. Guvner?" asked Jack.

"I 'm almost sorry you 're going to the city.

It 's as bad as the Capitol itself. You 'll never be the same man again. Don't get to be the wrong kind of man."

"I 'll remember, Mr. Guvner," said Jack, and he walked away again; but as he did so he heard a lady laughing, and a solemn-faced gentleman saying:

"Good morning, Gov-er-nor. A very fine morning?"

"I declare!" exclaimed Jack, with almost a shiver. "I 've been talking with the Governor of the State himself, and I 'm going to see the Capitol. I could n't have done that in Crofield. And I 'll be in New York City to-morrow!"

(*To be continued.*)

## ELSIE SPEAKS OUT.

(*At Twilight, in the Parlor.*)

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

YOU 'RE vexed with me to-night, I know,  
I won't ask you to kiss me.  
There 's Nursie calling me!—I spect  
You 'll be right glad to miss me.  
I 'm sorry that I plague you so;  
I guess I kill you—nearly;  
I guess you 'll never half believe,  
But I do love you—*dearly*.  
Oh, I do love you dearly.

I never meant to break your watch,  
I thought I 'd just be trying  
How fast the little wheel would turn  
When something started—flying;  
And whiz-z! it went, and then stopped short;  
I never meant to—never;  
An' now you say it 's spoilt for good.  
Can't it be mended—ever?

I never thought one little touch  
Of pretty red upon it  
Would spoil your picture yesterday;  
I wish I had n't done it.  
I thought I 'd like to help you some,  
You 'd left the brush right ready;  
I b'lieve you 'd think 't was pretty, too,  
If you looked at it steady.

I 'm sorry that I tore your frock.  
That ruffle was so spreading.  
My feet are little to look at,  
But they 're right big for treading.  
An' then I woke you from your nap;  
The monkey was so funny,  
I laughed out loud, before I thought,  
To see him counting money.

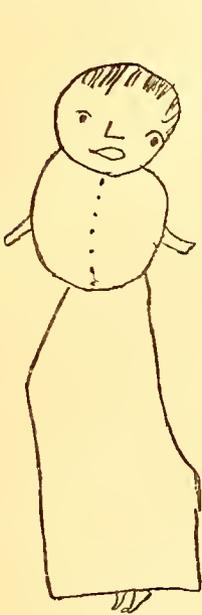
I never mean to be so bad;  
But everything I 'm doing  
Just turns right straight to naughtiness;  
There 's always mischief brewing,  
So Nursie says, here in my head;  
I 've cried my eyes out—nearly;  
You won't believe one single word,  
But I do love you—*dearly*.  
Indeed, I love you dearly.

There 's Nursie calling loud; good-night.  
Why, Sister, are you crying?  
Oh, me! I never meant—there! there!  
Let me the tears be drying.  
Oh, oh! That hurts!—but still it 's nice.  
An' you 'll forgive—sincerely?  
Oh, hug me close, an' kiss me, too,  
For I do love you—*dearly*.  
Oh, I do love you dearly!

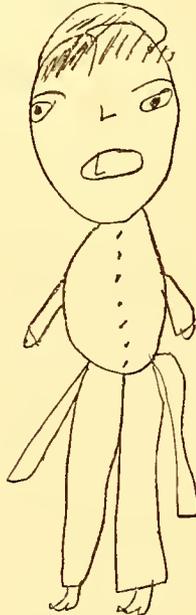
# THE CORKWELLS.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

I SHOULD like to introduce to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a most interesting family,—presented to me one evening by a Lilliputian of my acquaintance,—the Corkwells. I don't know much about them, because I have only met them casually in society; but they are intimate friends of hers, and I shall let her explain who they are, and give such fragments of their history as she was kind enough to favor me with as we looked through the portfolio of sketches which serves her in lieu of an album.



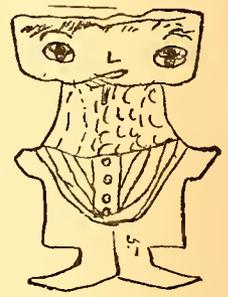
NO. 1.



NO. 2.



NO. 3.



NO. 5.



NO. 4.



NO. 6.



NO. 7.

NO. 1.—“This is Mrs. Corkwell. She's the mother of them all. She's looking at her husband. He's very interesting sometimes. She's a good mother, and does n't like to beat her children ever. Mrs. Corkwell's lazy.”

NO. 2.—“This is the big boy, Bob. He's home from school. He's had his teeth knocked out playing base-ball, you see,—all but one. I don't like to draw boys—their legs is so different.”

NO. 3.—“This one, you know, is Lily. She's ten years old. She's a good child. She's like her mother.”

NO. 4.—“She's Helen. She's just getting over scarlet-fever. She's awful pale, is n't she? She's had mumps, and chicken-pox, and small-pox, and yellow-fever—just an awful lot of diseases.”

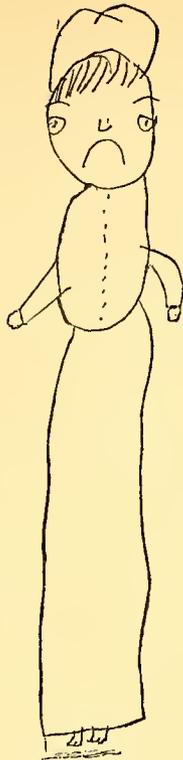
NO. 5.—“Here's Tom. He's just an awful

bad boy. He's bad all the time. He looks like Dr. Corkwell. But his head ain't right; there was n't enough paper, so I could n't help it. I think he looks Japanese.”

NO. 6.—“This one, now, is Frank. He's awful sly.”

NO. 7.—“This is the baby, Jeanette. She's cross-eyed in one eye, but you don't notice it.”

No. 8.—“This is the nurse. Her name is Elizabeth—Elizabeth Caton. She ’s awful cross and fretful. Look at her mouth! She ’s a horrid old thing! She brought them all up, and they just hate her.”



NO. 8.

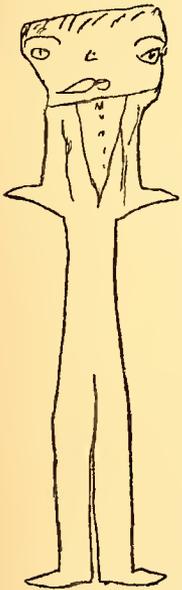
is *so very cheerful*. She ’s always smiling, ’most. And she talks—my, but she talks!”

No. 11.—“Well, now, this is Dr. Corkwell’s mother—old Mrs. Corkwell. She ’s nice and quiet. Don’t you think the Doctor looks like his mother? I think he ’s just *the image* of her. Her cap is tied under her chin. Mrs. Dixon’s cap won’t stay on that way ’cause she wears a wig. Hers has to be tied on the side. You ’ll see it in the picture that way.”

I then ventured to ask where the father of the family was, and what he was like, and this was her reply :

“There ain’t any yet! I have n’t made him. But I will. I ’ll cut him out quick with the scissors and do his face afterward.”

She accordingly produced in a twinkling this highly re-

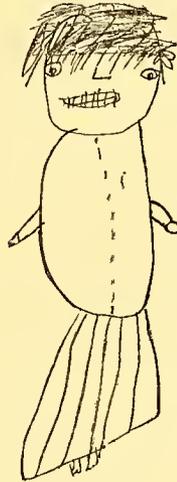


NO. 9.

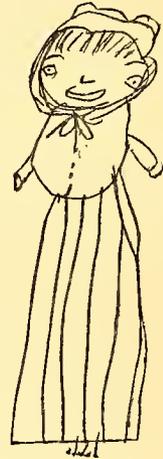
spectable practitioner (No. 9), whose nattiness in dress and blandness of address must strike the least observant eye, and said :

“Here he is! He ’s a doctor. But he don’t never ask anything when he goes to see people, like some. I wanted to give him coat-tails. He would have looked so nice with coat-tails, but they got cut off.”

No. 10.—“She, I mean Mrs. Corkwell, and him, I mean Dr. Corkwell, has both of them got mothers. They are both nice old women. This is Mrs. Corkwell’s mother, Mrs. Dixon. I don’t often give them teeth— they don’t look nice. But I had to, Mrs. Dixon



NO. 10.



NO. 11.

Can anybody doubt that the Corkwell family exist, after this, though what they live on, considering the Doctor’s rigid determination never to take a fee under any circumstances, is more than I can say. I should think his practice would be extensive, and the vulgar question of mere emolument he leaves to less lofty minds. My young friend tells me he is a “homypath” sometimes and sometimes “a allypath.” I am afraid he is not a graduate of any medical college, and is decidedly eccentric. But I like a man of original views and generous aims, and I must say for my part that I wish Doctor Corkwell (and his family) well. May they live long and prosper!

## THE ROYAL WALNUT MOTH.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

“WITH patience wait for it,” were the first words which came into my mind as, in the night of May 5, 1889, a slight tapping noise attracted my attention. On looking in the direction of the sound, I found the stranger, who first knocked and then entered into the world without waiting for a friendly “come in,” was no other than a beautiful Royal Walnut Moth (*Ceratocampa Regalis*). “With patience,” because, for eleven years, I had waited in vain for the perfected state of this rare and beautiful moth.

The first caterpillar of this species was given me on August 30, 1878. After going through his moultings successfully, and forming at length a perfect chrysalis, he failed to appear, and remained in his casket without power to reveal what “might have been.”

Again and again other specimens were secured, and carefully watched through different changes, but all died before the perfect insects appeared. On September 6, 1888, a fine specimen was given me by a friend; and this, after more than eight months' delay, is now the beautiful *Ceratocampa* before me. Looking back at a record made on September 8th of that year, I find this entry: “Watching my Royal Walnut. He eats silently and rapidly, the walnut-leaf melting away in front of him. He clasps the leaf with his first pair of russet-colored feet, and eats downward, so that his head bends toward the ground. The last two pairs of his long-spined horns lie back gracefully. The first short pair stand forward like ears. The second pair lie across the third, now, as he eats. He eats so as to leave a crescent in the leaf. The long narrow point of the leaf shakes like an aspen as he eats, until he cuts it off and drops it. There are three round black dots on each of the two last pairs of horns on the little yellow part which is next to the head. The three pairs of horns are tipped with black. There are two pairs of horns

on the second and third segments. The long point of the walnut-leaf, which he could not eat (being unable to hold it, because it is so delicate), he took with his fore feet, and lifted it gently out of the way, and then began in a new place.”

For the next day the entry is: “The Royal Walnut keeps very still. Has lain for a half hour in the same position — head bent down, so that the first pair of horns rest on the floor of his prison.” Upon September 10th, “I gave my Royal Walnut his last meal.” At noon he was walking slowly on the earth with which a large box had been filled for him. After an after-dinner nap, I again went to his box. The untasted spray of walnut-leaves lay unwithered on the surface, but no trace of the caterpillar was to be seen. Not a movement of a grain of earth above him. He had buried himself.

After a month had passed, curiosity overcame prudence, and the earth was shaken back to see if a perfect chrysalis was below. “There he lay in his imperfect, half-rounded bed — made by moistening the earth about him — and as still as if dead.”

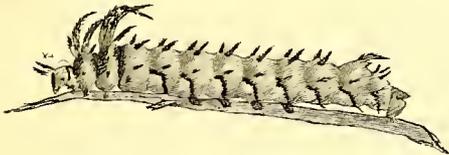
The chrysalides of many moths will be seen to show frequent signs of life; but the stillest of all still things is the chrysalis of the Royal Walnut. You may watch it for days and weeks, or even watch its shadow, and you will see not the slightest movement. The smooth, plump, black head, with its two slanting breathing-holes, is as still as a rock, and its rings (with the two queer flat little humps on the front one) are as still as the head. Again and again you say, “If there is any life in it, how can it keep so still?” Then you satisfy yourself by stroking it very gently, with the faintest touch of your finger, along the side, and lo, a little cringe, showing the slightest shrinking from the touch. That is all. Again it is as still as a rock. After long watching another stroke, and another almost imperceptible cringe. It bides its time. So must you.

The eggs of the Royal Walnut closely resemble the Malaga grape in shape and color. They are clear (unlike those of the Luna and Polyphemus moths) — so clear that the larvæ can be seen through the delicate amber shells, long before they are broken for exit. At first the caterpillar is nearly black. It changes in appearance, however, with each moulting, at one time being pale-green, again almost a chocolate, and finally a deep dark-green, with pale bands of blue. The ten spined horns with which it is



YOUNG CATERPILLAR.

armed give it a menacing and formidable appearance; but it is at all times harmless. It



YOUNG CATERPILLAR, SIDE VIEW.

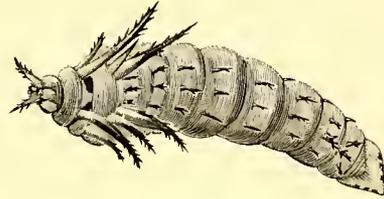
is curious to note the different expressions used by those who look at it. "Horrible creature!" one exclaims. "It is almost beautiful—so richly shaded," says another. One writer says of this caterpillar, "It is handsomer than the beautiful moth it produces." But, although it has rich colors, curiously shaded, I should say it took some nerve to see the beauty, as the form is certainly unattractive. That from so formidable a creature such an exquisite moth should be produced seems little less than a miracle. In color the moth is entirely different from the caterpillar. Its fore wings are of a grayish olive color, veined with lines of a peculiar shade of red — best described, I should say, as nacarat red. The hinder wings are red, with yellow spots of irregular form in front, and olive-colored spots behind, between the veins. The thorax is yellow, bordered with red. The antennæ, or "feelers," are amber-colored and, in the female specimen which I have, appear to be ringed, when viewed by a microscope.

The moth is gentle and quiet. It takes no notice of offered sweets, and shows no sign of possessing a tongue. For a short time it gives

its silent beauty to please, makes provision for other silently beautiful moths (one hundred and twelve eggs were laid by this one), and dies.

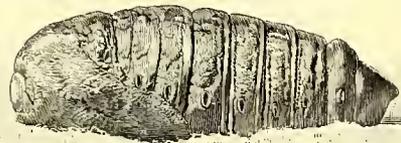
The most touching thing in the life of the Royal Walnut is its self-burial. This was carefully watched and timed in one specimen (which, however, failed to develop an *imago*).

I will close this sketch by a quotation from a



FULL-GROWN CATERPILLAR.

record, kept at the time, of two Royal caterpillars, one of which thus buried itself: "On the 30th of August, 1882, I was fortunate enough to find two specimens of this caterpillar on a large walnut-tree. They were of a mulberry-brown color (probably being in their second stage), with heads of glassy brilliancy; brown feet, striped with black; and light, diagonal side stripes separating the spiracles or breathing pores. Both were watched through their last moultings, and one of them changed into a chrysalis on the surface of the earth in his box. He had taken no food for a week previous, and the opportunity of watching him make the chrysalis was unique and full of interest. He lay upon his back with feet uppermost, and the head of the chrysalis appeared earliest. It was large, and of a delicate pea-green at first. The small, old brown head of the caterpillar is now gliding down very slowly on the top of the newly formed chrysalis, as it lies on the spined horns below,



CHRYSALIS OF ROYAL WALNUT MOTH.

and looks so meek and helpless as it is pushed down by the retreating skin. The sides of the chrysalis, as they appear, are tinted with pale red. The spiracles are oval and brown-bor-

dered; the antennæ stand out clear amber. Looking with my microscope, I can see the immature parts of the moth's head arranging themselves; the part where the head is, and inner part of the vest, not yet being closed. If this space closes over (as it seems to be closed in a perfect chrysalis), it will be very strange to see how it is done. The other Royal caterpillar is eating his leaves contentedly on the walnut branches above him (he is on a spray growing from a bottle of water in his prison), in blissful ignorance of his own coming change."

This chrysalis was not as perfect as those formed underground. That of the second, which buried itself, is the one shown in the picture. The record of its change is under date of September 13:

"I watched my Royal Walnut bury himself. About half-past eleven A. M., I saw he had done eating, and was very restless, so I put him on a box of earth. It was a touching sight to see him take charge of his own funeral. Slowly he walked around, surveying the ground; and then, at one corner, chose his lot, and began going down, very slowly, head first, and a little way at a time. He would raise up the back part of his body, nearly vertically, every little while. This earth was fine and mellow, and I thought how difficult it must be for him to go down into the hard ground under the walnut-tree. Nature is wonderful in her workings:—Why do the Polyphemus, Luna, Cecropia, and Prometheus make

cocoons, while the moths of the Grape, Tomato, and Walnut bury themselves in the ground? Why does one never change its *own* way, and try another's plan—some preferring a tomb, and others a burial? Ten minutes past twelve,—forty minutes in all,—and the last speck of green and brown has disappeared. By close watching, with a magnifying glass, I learned a new and wonderful thing. I saw plainly the reason he did not go down faster. He was making a smooth, soft tunnel for himself! He threw from his mouth quantities of water or mucilage, and thus softened and worked the earth, until the whole tunnel was really plastered, and then, by a succession of strong upheavals, he threw the dry earth over the back part of himself (rather than draw that in), until he was hidden from sight. The earth above him trembled and moved for several hours after, as if he was still at work in his burial-place below." The oval earth-casket, which the caterpillar made, was much more complete than the one which held the chrysalis of my Royal Walnut moth. It was, probably, partly from the gentle breaking of this, to see the chrysalis, and from the jarring in taking its likeness given in the picture, which prevented the appearance of the perfect insect. One who witnesses the wonderful transformation from the creeping, ungainly worm to the exquisitely dainty moth, winged and fitted for a higher life, is reminded of the words of Scripture: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."



THE ROYAL WALNUT MOTH.  
BY PERMISSION, FROM FLINT'S EDITION OF "HARRIS ON INSECTS INJURIOUS TO VEGETATION."

## AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

BY NETTIE H. PELHAM.



THROUGH my open window, summer breezes  
straying,  
Bring the shouts of school-boys with their  
marbles playing.

Merry little urchins, full of fun and noise.  
Not a care or trouble. Happy little boys!  
Watch that little fellow; hear him gaily jest,  
He is very lucky, winning from the rest.

I hear a girl's voice saying: "Tom, you must  
not play  
And keep the marbles that you win. What  
will Mamma say?"  
"Oh," replies young Tommy, with a happy  
smile,  
As he adds more marbles to his growing pile,  
"Nobody 's a-cheatin', we 're all a-playin' fair,  
And I 'm almost certain Mamma would n't  
care."  
So the game continues. Tommy still is  
winning,  
And he never questions whether he is sinning.

Tommy's luck is changing, and the happy  
smile  
Leaves his face as quickly as the marbles  
leave his pile.  
Now the game is ended, and he counts the  
cost:  
Crockeries, mibs, and agates, all, oh, all are  
lost!

"Give me back my marbles!" Tommy wildly  
weeps.  
"Mamma says it 's wicked, when you play for  
keeps!"



# THE BUNNY STORIES.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## THE BUNNIES' THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.



HERE were always many needy families about whom Mother Bunny could tell when the Bunnies asked her advice in making out their lists, and they often wondered how it happened that such a quiet home-body as their mother knew so very much about the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate folk in the North Village, and what they needed to help them through the winter.

The Deacon was always willing the Bunnies should give away all the things they raised in their own part of the garden, if they wished to do so.

This year the Bunnies had a large bin of vegetables and several barrels of apples of their own.

These were chiefly "windfalls," which they had gathered on shares, the Deacon having told them they might have one-half of all they could find on the ground in the orchard before the time came for picking the late fruit from the trees.

The week before Thanksgiving Day, the Bunnies had great fun in filling the baskets and bags and labeling them for Gaffer to deliver on Saturday, when they could go with him and see that no mistakes were made in finding the right places.

The Widow Bear and old Grandmother Coon were Bunnyboy's favorites, and each had an extra parcel from his stock.

They found the Widow Bear living in a much more comfortable place than the old hovel, and she told them that Tuffy was a good and help-

ful son, and his wages helped her to clothe the younger children and to keep them in school.

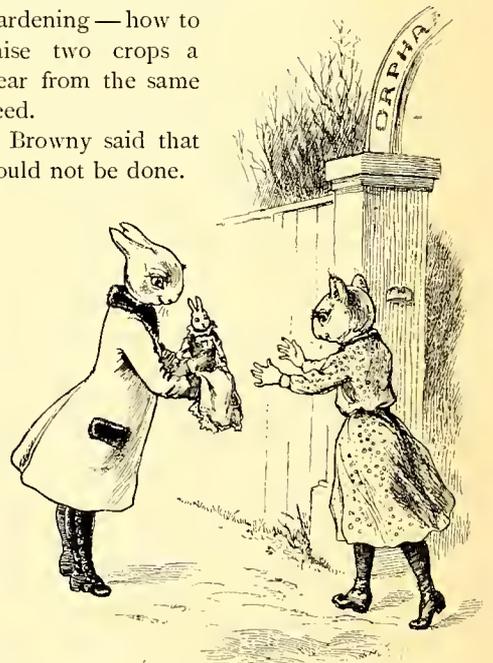
Grandmother Coon thanked Bunnyboy for his gifts, and said the Bunnies were "growing up to be just like their father."

Cousin Jack repeated this remark to Mother Bunny, who seemed pleased to hear it.

Mother Bunny said she was afraid the neighbors would spoil the children by praising them, but Cousin Jack said they were all sensible Bunnies, "and besides," said he, "we all need a little encouragement, now and then, to make us do our best another time."

Then he told her that the trip had given him a new idea about gardening—how to raise two crops a year from the same seed.

Brownny said that could not be done.



CUDDLEDOWN VISITS THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

But Cousin Jack said, "The seed you planted in the spring yielded a good crop of vegetables,

and now a wagon-load from your garden has yielded another harvest of happiness to others, as well as to yourselves."

At the tea-table on Wednesday evening the Deacon turned to Cousin Jack and said, "It is just ten years to-night since we re-christened Rab Bunny, is it not?"

Cousin Jack looked very happy as he replied, "Yes, Uncle, but I have not yet told the Bunnies that part of Rab's story."

Something in Cousin Jack's voice and manner kept the Bunnies quiet, until, after thinking a minute, he said, "Perhaps this evening will be a good time to finish Rab's story, for there is a Thanksgiving flavor about it which I am sure Rab will never forget so long as he lives."

So away went all the Bunnies to the library.

Cousin Jack began the story in this way: "When Rab was about

fifteen years old, sickness and trouble came to Mother Deer, and Rab felt that he must find some work to do.

"Schoolmaster Bear told Rab that he would help him with his studies in the evening, and gave him a letter of recommendation.

"In this letter he wrote that Rab was 'quick at figures and wrote a plain, neat hand,' and also that he was 'prompt at his tasks, willing to learn, and a trustworthy boy.'

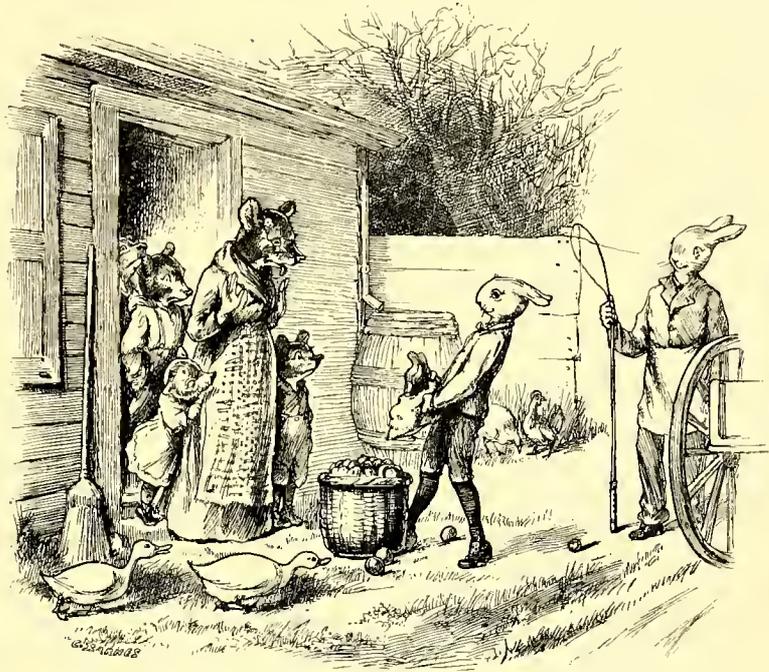
"Mason Beaver's brother, who was a civil-engineer, needed an assistant to carry the chain and help him about the office writing, and when Rab showed him the schoolmaster's letter and asked for work; he gave Rab the place on trial.

"Rab was very happy and a little proud when he carried his first month's earnings to Mother Deer and asked her to let him help her, now that she was in trouble.

"Mother Deer was sorry to have Rab leave

his school, but, as it seemed to be the only way to keep their pleasant home, they all made the best of it, and together shared the dark days as they had shared the brighter ones.

"For more than a year, Rab's earnings spared



BUNNYBOY'S GIFT TO THE WIDOW BEAR.

Mother Deer many anxious hours and bought her many comforts during her long sickness.

"One sad day when Hazel and Rab stood by Mother Deer's bedside, to say good-bye to her for the last time in this world, she whispered to Rab, 'You have been like a son to me all these years. Be good to Hazel when I am gone; be true to yourself; be brave and do right, and all will be well.'"

Cousin Jack's voice was unsteady and his eyes were full of tears, but after a moment's silence he said:

"Well, well, we must not let Rab's griefs spoil our evening, for there were many strange things yet to happen to him."

Turning to Bunnyboy, he said, "You wished to know the other day, what became of Hazel Fawn, and I will tell you now.

"Kind relatives of her mother, who lived in a distant city, took Hazel home to live with

them, where she grew up to be as lovely and gentle as her mother.

"Her name is Mrs. Deer now, and she is very proud of two little ones who call her Mother, and whose names are 'Hazel' and 'Rab' in memory of the old days at Deer Cottage."

Bunnyboy asked, "Cousin Jack, where is Silva Fox?"

"You will be surprised," replied Cousin Jack, "when I tell you that you already know her. Silva is now Miss Fox, of the Orphans' Home, whom you met when we rescued Toddle Tumblekins Coon from the marsh."

This pleased the Bunnies, and they talked about Silva until Brownny interrupted by asking, "What was Rab doing all this time?"

"To shorten the story," replied Cousin Jack, "we will skip a year of Rab's fitting himself to enter a Naval academy."

"Kind friends promised to secure him an appointment to enter this great school if he could pass the examination; and when he had succeeded in winning that prize, the world seemed very bright before him.

"Dressed in the handsome uniform of the navy, and among a jolly lot of mates of his own age, the new cadet was as eager to excel in drilling, and ship-practice, and in his studies, as he had been to beat his old schoolmates in running, swimming, or skating.

"All went on well and smoothly for several months, but one day an accident happened, whereby he was stretched on a hospital bed, maimed and crippled.

"Instead of the grand life Rab had planned, which was to be full of action and heroism, there he lay helpless, with the prospect before him of being only a disabled pensioner of the government he had hoped to serve.

"He had been injured, too, before he had seen

any real service, and partly because of his own carelessness.

"In trying to fix a new fuse to an old torpedo-shell as an experiment, the charge exploded, and a fragment of iron injured his right knee.

"The surgeons were kind and skillful but they gave him no hope of his ever being able to do active service again.

"One day, as he lay in the hospital, brooding bitterly over his misfortunes, a visitor came to his bedside, and, after speaking kindly with him, she offered to write letters for him to his family or friends.

"The visitor was plainly dressed, and Rab noticed that the only ornament she wore was a patch of red cloth in the shape of a Greek cross, which was sewed to her dress.

"The big tears came into his eyes as he said to her, 'I have no family and only one near friend in all the world, and I do not wish her to know yet that I am crippled and helpless.'

"Then she told him her name was Sister Gazelle, and that she belonged to the Society of the Red Cross.

"Rab remembered then what the Red Cross meant; for he had read about this brave band, who went about the world nursing the sick and helping the unfortunate.

"Sister Gazelle's manner was so quiet and friendly, that in answer to her questions Rab told her the story of his childhood and the little he could dimly remember of his father and mother.

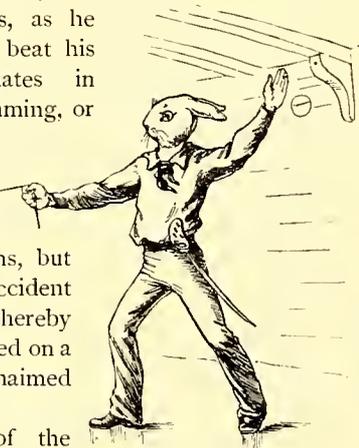
"All he knew about his parents was the story told by the old nurse who brought him away from his home in the South when he was a little child.

"Sister Gazelle became very much interested when he spoke of his Southern home, and asked him what the nurse had said.

"Rab replied that she told the master at the Poor-farm that he was Dr. Jack Bunny's son, and his father and mother were both dying of the terrible fever when they had sent her away with the child to save his life.

"When Rab had finished speaking, the Sister took his hand in hers and said: 'Cadet Bunny, it is very strange, but I know more of your sad history than you know yourself, for I heard it from your own mother only a few years ago.'

"Rab was so surprised and delighted that he



RAB AS A CADET.

could hardly believe he was not dreaming, and he cried out, 'Is it true? Have you seen my mother, and is she still alive?'

"The eagerness in his voice and the trembling hope in his eyes made it hard for the kind Sister to tell him that he had no mother living, but with great gentleness she said:

"I am sorry to give you more pain, but your dear mother wore the Red Cross for several years after your brave father's death, and at last laid down her life, as he had done, in caring for the sick and suffering."

"Then the Sister told him how often and fondly his mother had spoken of him, and how long and patiently she had tried to find some trace of him, or of the nurse in whose care he had been sent to his father's brother in the North, at the time his father died.

"The only word that ever came to her was from this brother, who wrote her that the nurse must have lost her way with the child, for no trace of either could be found.

"While she lived, the sorrowing mother never quite gave up hope of finding her child, and so she toiled on from hospital to hospital, always searching for some one who could tell her the fate of the little one.

"Then came her last sickness, when Sister Gazelle had met her and cared for her until the end.

"Rab listened as only a lonely orphan could listen, who heard for the first time about his own mother's love and sorrow for him, until at last the good Sister said she must not talk with him any more that day, but would come again in the morning and bring him the pictures she had of both his father and mother.

"Cheered by her kind words and hopeful plans for his future, Rab began to feel that there might yet be a place for even a cripple, who was willing to make the best of his lot in life and to try to be cheerful about it.

"As the days and weeks went by, he grew stronger and was able to get out-of-doors on his crutches to practice what he called 'A lame dog's arithmetic, putting down three and carrying one,'—as he hopped about the yard.

"One morning, a few days before Thanksgiving Day, Sister Gazelle came again, and with her was a stranger.

"As Rab came toward them, the stranger gave him a quick, keen glance from head to foot, and then placing both hands on Rab's shoulders, he said heartily:

"So I have found you at last! You are Dr. Jack's boy, and no mistake! I am your uncle."

"When the first surprise of their joyful meeting was over they all sat down, while the smiling Sister told Rab how she had found his uncle by advertising in the newspapers of the North, asking the brother of Dr. Jack Bunny to send her his address.

"The brother had seen the advertisement, and the kind uncle had come to take him to his own home in the country, several hundred miles farther north than Rab had ever been.

"The next day all the arrangements were made for Cadet Bunny to begin a new life with his own kindred.

"On the evening before Thanksgiving Day, after a long ride in the cars, Rab and his uncle arrived at his new home, where for ten happy years he found enough to make him glad and thankful every day of his life."

"Where is Rab now, and what was his uncle's name?" asked Bunnyboy, with a wise expression.

Cousin Jack replied slowly, "I thought you had guessed my secret by this time, but if you have not, I can say only that the last I knew of Rab, he was living with his good friends at Run-wild Terrace, spending a great deal of time telling stories to a lot of good-natured Bunnies; and that his uncle's name was Deacon Bunny."

"I thought so, a long time ago," said Pink-eyes, "but I did not dare to say it, because your name is not Rab."

"Rab was only a nickname," said Cousin Jack, "which was changed to Jack, my real name, when I came to live with my uncle and aunt, just ten years ago to-night."

Then the Bunnies were so noisy, talking to and hugging Cousin Jack, that the Deacon and Mother Bunny came into the library.

"Where is Sister Gazelle now?" asked Pink-eyes.

"Your mother had a letter from her to-day, and perhaps she will tell us," replied Cousin Jack.

"Sister Gazelle is still wearing the Red Cross," said Mother Bunny.

Then she added, "I have a surprise for you, too; for Sister Gazelle is coming to-morrow to visit us, and I have invited Miss Silva Fox to meet her and dine with us."

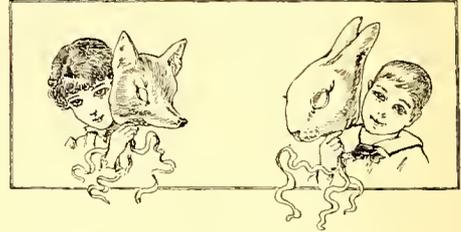
The Bunnies were doubly surprised and pleased with this news, and Pinkeyes said, "How strange it is that Sister Gazelle found our Cousin Jack for us, and Cousin Jack found our Cuddledown."

"That is just what I was thinking about," said Bunnyboy; "for if it had not been for her kindness we might not have had either Cuddledown or Cousin Jack with us now."

Then the Deacon looked at his watch and said, "Come, the story is done, and it is time all you Bunnies were asleep, for to-morrow will

be a busy day if we are as thankful as we should be for the blessings we enjoy."

And now, while they say "good-night," we will say "good-bye," and join in wishing the Bunny family many years in which to share their happiness with others, and many glad re-unions on "Thanksgiving Day."



THE END.

## SOME SPRING COSTUMES.

BY ROSE MUELLER SPRAGUE.

IN our suggestions for spring costumes, we show a design for a child of six, one for a girl between twelve and fourteen years, and one for a young girl of fifteen. For the costume of the latter, fawn-colored camel's-hair is an excellent material. The yoke and the trimming upon the sleeves are of velvet, a trifle darker in shade, but of the same color as the gown. The velvet can be embroidered with slender gold threads in delicate arabesques. The back of the gown is in one piece, extending from the neck to the lowest hem of the skirt, in polonaise form. The hat is of tan-colored straw, faced with the same velvet as that in the yoke, omitting, of course, the embroidery. The crown of the hat is surmounted by small, white flowers, with a hint of green leaves threaded through them.

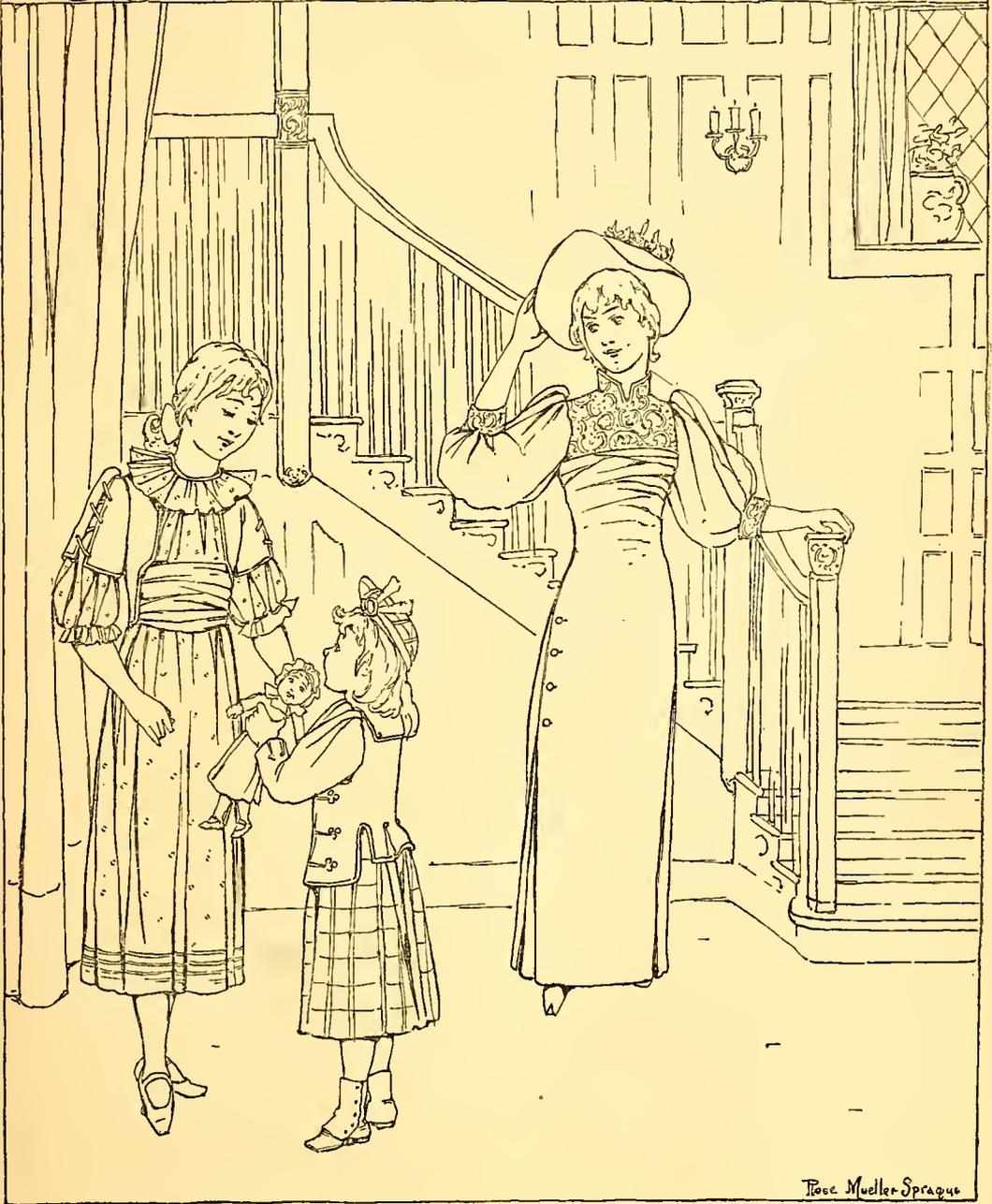
For the girl of twelve years, it is suggested that in the main part of the dress goblin blue India silk be used; with, perhaps, a small figure in a deeper shade of the blue, or in black. The broad, crinkled belt is of blue velvet; and

the little jacket, which finishes at the back in a straight, close line at the waist, is of the same material. The short, cap-like sleeves are of velvet, laced with a blue cord. A similar cord edges the jacket. The frill collar around the neck is of the finely pleated India silk.

The under-sleeves are made of the same silk, "accordion pleated," and finished with a pleated frill. The full skirt is gathered at the waist-line, and again at the neck between the two jacket-fronts. The hem of the skirt is trimmed with four or five rows of narrow ribbon velvet, of the same shade as the velvet used in the belt and the short sleeves.

For the child's costume, dark green-and-blue wool plaid may be used for the skirt and for the crown of the Scotch cap. The little jacket of black velvet is trimmed with frogs of black silk cord, and plain silk cord edging the jacket and collar. Around the crown of the cap is a roll of the velvet, finished with a silver ornament fastening the two square-tipped black feathers.

# Spring \* Costumes.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

WELL, now, this is delightful! Here comes May, the most promising month of all the twelve, smiling through the waking branches, and stirring the very floor of my meadow; and here are you, my sunny rioters, eager to go a-Maying in any pleasant way that presents itself. Skipping, laughing, blossom-hunting, wreath-making, feeling glad and grateful, through and through — this it is to go a-Maying! Ah, if not only young folk but old folk, busy folk and sorry folk, all could go a-Maying, what a blessed thing it would be! Let us unite, therefore, in singing this bright spring carol, which my birds have just brought in from your friend Emma C. Dowd:

Oh, that will be a merry time,  
When all the world goes Maying!  
From every tower, in every clime,  
The bells will ring, the bells will chime,  
When all the world goes Maying!

Then sorrowing folk will all grow gay,  
And care will go a-straying;  
And busy folks will stop to play,  
And wrong will cease for one sweet day,  
When all the world goes Maying!

Weakness will walk in strength's own guise,  
And time will make delaying,  
And love will shine from out all eyes,  
And wisdom will have grown more wise,  
When all the world goes Maying!

Then prison doors will widely swing,  
Pain will go roundelaying,  
Banners will wave, and anthems ring,  
And every voice will laugh and sing,  
When all the world goes Maying!

## HOW MONEY WAS FIRST MADE.

A SHREWD boy named Joseph lately startled the fellows in the Red School-house by announcing that before school-time the next morning he would confidentially tell any boy who brought him a good apple the surest and easiest way to make a dollar.

Well, before nine the next morning, that lad, as you may well believe, was well supplied with apples — and six boys' heads were not quite as empty as they had been before. For Joseph had whispered to each in turn that to make a dollar, a fellow had only to take one a, two l's and a d, an r and an o, and, by putting them together properly, he would have made a dollar in less than no time.

I suppose, in the same spirit, Joseph would be quite charmed to learn from Laura G. L.—'s instructive little letter, which you shall now see, how money was first made:

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You asked us if we could add some words to the dear Little Schoolma'am's list of interesting derivations of popular words, so I have found a few for you.

Money is from the temple of Juno Moneta, in which money was first coined by the ancients.

Pecuniary is from pecus, a flock; flocks and herds of animals being originally equivalent to money or things constituting wealth.

Cash, in commerce, signifies ready money, or actual coin paid on the instant, and it comes from the French word *caisse*, a coffer or chest in which money is kept.

Groat was a name given to a silver piece equal to four pennies in value, coined by Edward III. The word (groat) is a corruption of *grosses*, or great pieces, in contradistinction to the small coins or pennies.

Shilling and penny are both Saxon words; the penny was first coined in silver, and is originally derived from the word *pand*, to pawn, with the diminutive suffix "ing"; the next shape the word took was *pennig*; and then followed our penny.

Of course our word *cent* is from *centum*, a hundred, for the *cent* is a hundredth part of a dollar.

Dollar has a curious derivation. The first step back makes it *thaler*, then *thal*, a valley; but *thal* originally meant a deal or division; so the gold or silver was dealt or divided into pieces worth a *thaler*, the German form, or *dollar*, the American.

But I must close this very monetary letter.

Your admiring reader, LAURA G. L.—.

## A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

## HOW TO SEE THE WIND.

CLINTON A. MONTGOMERY sends you, all the way from Michigan, directions for making a very pretty and interesting experiment.

First of all, he says, you must choose a windy day for the trial; whether it is clear or cloudy, cold or hot, makes no difference; but it must not be rainy or murky weather.

Now, take a polished metal surface of two feet or more in length, with a straight edge (a large hand-saw, Mr. Montgomery says, will answer the purpose). Hold this metallic surface at right-angles to the direction of the wind. For instance, if the wind comes from the west, then hold the metallic surface north and south. But, instead of

holding it perpendicular, you must incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon, so that the wind, in striking it, will glance upward and flow over the edge of the metal, as water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge of the metal at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind pouring over the edge in graceful curves. Of course, you understand that wind is nothing more nor less than air in motion. You will hardly ever fail in the experiment if you make your observations carefully.

#### A LIVELY WAY OF SETTING.

"DEAR JACK," writes Angus E. Orr of Georgia, "Mr. Holder wrote in the ST. NICHOLAS many months ago about 'How Some Birds Are Cared For,' and now I should like to tell you how some eggs are cared for. Away off in the Antarctic Ocean there is a bird called a penguin, which cannot fly, but which swims like a duck. It swims better than a duck, in fact, and dives well, too. Now, the penguins are fishers by trade, and they have to work like beavers, so to speak,—harder than beavers, indeed, to make a decent living. So hard do they have to work that they have no time to set on their eggs as a hen does. And they can't run off like the ostrich and leave the sun to be mother to their eggs, because the sun only looks sideways on the penguin's part of the map, and it is likely to snow there any time, even in August. So, how in the world *do* they hatch? Well, the mother penguin has a pocket in her skin like the one in which a possum carries her babies. And when she lays an egg, she simply puts it in her pocket and quits laying till that one hatches. Yes, she puts it in her pocket and goes fishing. She never intrusts the egg to any one but herself, and then she knows just when the little bird will break its shell and open its mouth for a meal. Now, that is what I call a lively way of 'setting.'"

So far, so good. And now that you have given your polite attention to scientific matters, here is a legend which Jessie E. Ringwalt has written out for you. She says it was told to a missionary by a native of the island where the legend grew:

#### THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

THAT there is a man in the moon has been told in the tales and songs of many countries, but it is known only to the wild islanders of the Pacific Ocean that he is so fortunate as to have a wife. The savages of Mangaia call him Marama, a name that seems very appropriate to the soft and gentle moonlight. According to their legend, he, many years ago, used to gaze down upon a certain fair and industrious young girl who lived upon that island, and finally he begged her to be his wife. The maiden was as prudent as she was pretty, and at first objected that he lived at an inconvenient distance; but Marama speedily built a bright new moonbon from the island to his home, and over this shining

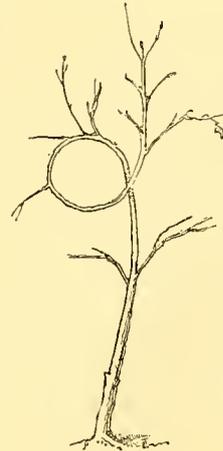
bridge the lovely Ina traveled safely to her new abode. She has lived there in great happiness ever since, and she still keeps her love of industry. The spots upon the moon, which are sometimes foolishly fancied to be the eyes, nose, and mouth of a broad, shining face, are, in fact, but the great heaps of coconuts which she diligently stores up for family food.

Like the women of her native island, Ina has great skill in the manufacture of cloth, and is anxious to make it very smooth and white. Enjoying such unusual advantages of space, she stretches her broad sheets out against the sky to bleach, and these are what the people of other nations call white clouds. To render the fabric perfectly smooth, she beats it with stones, just as she did on earth, and she is so zealous in her work that these stones often crash together and make the sound which by us is called thunder. To learn that these stories are true, it is only necessary to watch the sky on a warm evening, as the twilight is settling down, and see the quick flashes of light that quiver through the air as the busy Woman in the Moon hastily gathers up her sheets of cloth, and shakes them vigorously before folding them away.

#### A QUEER TREE-TWIST.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the February ST. NICHOLAS I read what you said about the shrub which tied a knot in itself, so I thought I would write and tell you about a twist in a eucalyptus tree in front of our house. Here is a diagram of it. The trunk grows straight for a little way, then bends over parallel with the ground, makes a circle of itself, and then turns and shoots upwards.



The twist is 25 feet above ground, and how it got there I don't know. It has been there as long as I have lived here, which is four years. It has attracted much attention from tourists and others; and one day I even saw a heathen Chinese stop and look and laugh at it. We call it "the saddle tree," because my young brothers climb to the twist and play horse there.

Your constant admirer,  
WM. P. G.—.

COULD the tree, when a pliant sapling, have been twisted and perhaps tied so as to grow in the way W. P. G. describes? The deacon says he has heard somewhere that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Some one may have bent this eucalyptus.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to know that Helen Keller, the blind little girl of whom they read in the number for September, 1889, has written a story which will appear in the magazine before long. Meanwhile, we print with pleasure this letter which she has sent to the Letter-box:

SOUTH BOSTON, March, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very happy because you are going to print my little story. I hope the little boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS will like it. I wonder if any of them have read a sad, sweet story called "Little Jakey." I am very sure they would like it, for Jakey is the dearest little fellow you can imagine. His life was not so full of brightness as "Little Lord Fauntleroy's," because he was poor and blind; but I love them both, and call them my dear little friends. This is the way Jakey tells of his blindness:

"Ven Gott make my eyes, my moder say he not put ze light in zem."

I used to think when I was a very small child, before I had learned to read, that everybody was always happy; and at first I was grieved to know about pain and great sorrows, but now I understand that if it were not for these things people would never learn to be brave and patient and loving. One bright Sunday, a little while ago, I went to see a very kind and gentle poet. I will tell you the name of one of his beautiful poems, and you will then be able to guess his name. "The Opening of the Piano" is the poem. I knew it and several others by heart, and I had learned to love the sweet poet long before I ever thought I should put my arms around his neck and tell him how much pleasure he had given me and all of the little blind children, for we have his poems in raised letters. The poet was sitting in his library by a cheerful fire, with his much-loved books all about him. I sat in his great easy-chair, and examined the pretty things, and asked Dr. Holmes questions about people in his poems. Teacher told me about the beautiful river that flows beneath the library window. I think our gentle poet is very happy when he writes in this room, with so many wise friends near him.

Please give my love to all of your little readers.

From your loving friend, HELEN A. KELLER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a dog. There is a provision store across the street, where they keep two large bulldogs. Not long ago, one rainy morning, when the gates of the back yard were opened to take out the business wagon, one of the dogs rushed out into the back alley, and brought in a miserable little puppy. He was about as large as you could grasp in your hand, all drenched with rain, and shivering with cold, and the bulldog took the puppy into his own kennel with him.

When one of the girls of the family heard of it, and went out to see them, the bulldog jumped around in a very excited manner, and would hardly let her come near the little stranger. But, at last, he took her into

his confidence, and let her take the puppy into the house to be warmed and dried by the fire; but the big dog followed them in and insisted on doing his share to make the little fellow comfortable, lying down by the fire, and taking him between his big paws.

I think it was very strange—don't you?—that a savage bulldog should take any interest in a miserable little stranger like that.

I suppose he heard him crying through the night, and felt sorry for him. I think the ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, and that "Crowded out o' Crofield" is just "a daisy." Your little reader, GEORGE M. R.—.

ALGIERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know whether you ever had a letter before from Algiers or not. If you never had a letter before from Algiers, this will be the first one; if you have had one letter before from Algiers this will be the second one; if you have had two letters before from Algiers, this will be the third one.

Algiers is where the Soldier of the Legion lay a-dying in. It contains French persons, Arabs, donkeys, and English residents. The English residents come here on account of the climate, which is very bad in winter. They like a bad climate.

I have no pony, or dog, or donkey; but in Spain I had fleas, and now I have a cold. I was in an Arab shop a few days ago, where there was an Arabian cat. The Arabian cat sat on a cane-seat chair, and when I scratched my fingers under the chair the Arabian cat would play with them. There are many other strange animals in this country.

Everybody reads ST. NICHOLAS in our family, even the children. We like you very much. My favorite piece is a poem called "A Valentine," published several years ago. I think that was perfectly splendid. I wish you would have a serial poem, by the same author, to run for two or three years.

I was thirty-four years old last October. That is all I can think of about Algiers.

WILLIE W. E.—.

GOSPORT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read the account of the "Great Storm at Samoa," in your February number, and we want to tell you how deeply interested in it we were.

We saw H. M. S. "Calliope" launched five and a half years ago in Portsmouth harbor; and, besides having two brothers in the Royal Navy, we are, of course, interested in anything concerning "ships at sea."

I can well remember the thrill of horror with which I listened to the first accounts of the dreadful hurricane at Samoa, and the thankfulness which filled our hearts to learn that our own ship, the Calliope, had escaped.

It does one good to read of all the heroism displayed, both by the Americans and Samoans, though it is so unspeakably sad to think of the numbers of lives that were lost. I can not bear to think of the relatives of all those brave men. Words fail one in speaking of their terrible sorrow.

Yours very truly,

K. R. O.—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet dove I have. His name is "Ramond," but I call him "Ramie" for short. To-day he made me cry of laughing—he was so funny. I set him on my bureau before the looking-glass. At first he did nothing, but he soon found the dove in the glass. His feathers stood straight up in the air, and he dashed at the glass, which gave his head a sounding bump. He immediately jumped back a few yards, eying his opponent for a few minutes, and then walked away, utterly disgusted. As he walked, of course the one in the glass walked, too. He looked around again; the dove in the glass was by his side. His feathers went up again, and he made another spring at the glass, but not so hard as the first one. When he got by the glass he began to coo, then to neigh like a horse, and jump up and down, and going around in a circle, the dove in the glass doing the same thing all the time. At last, he got so exasperated that I took him away, all the time jumping about in my hand as if crazy.

I have taken you for three years, and hope to take you for fifty more.

I remain your loving reader, CHAS. N—.

FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl, and love it more than I can tell.

In your January number, a little friend of yours said it was so very funny to ride in an ambulance with four mules. I ride in one every morning to school, and it keeps us very warm and comfortable.

My father goes out on the range (target-grounds) every summer, and when we lived in the South he was gone over a month from us, because the range was over three hundred miles off.

If you had room to print it, I would tell you the wonders of Great Salt Lake.

I hope to see this letter in print, as I never have seen one from Utah before.

Your loving reader, MARGUERITE R—.

ANTWERP.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has always been my ambition to write you a letter, but I have never thought that I had anything interesting enough to tell about. Just now I am in Antwerp, Belgium, on my way to school in Germany. There are some things here that might interest some of the readers who have not happened to hear about them. Antwerp, as every one knows, is a very ancient town. It has a beautiful Gothic cathedral, with a chime of about one hundred bells, which ring out sweetly every half hour of day and night.

This place is, perhaps, best known for being the birth-place of Rubens, the great painter. On my first visit to the "Museum of Ancient Paintings," I saw the Belgian artist who was born without arms. You will wonder how he can paint if he has no arms; it is because he has managed to teach his toes to act as fingers, and with them does wonderful work. When he visits a shop and wishes to pay for anything, he nimbly draws the money from his shoe, and puts it on the counter with his toes. The Belgian trades-people are very funny. There is always great fighting over prices with them. One market-day I saw a woman, after much squabbling, put down a reasonable price, seize her article, and run off, followed by the scolding market-woman, who soon got discouraged and gave up the chase.

ST. NICHOLAS seems like a dear old friend, as it follows me across the ocean. I have taken you since I was

three years old, and am now eleven. I am happy to see "Jack" in his old place again, and hope he will never leave it. My Mamma and I enjoy the picture puzzles in the "Riddle-box," and, together, we have guessed them all. A loving reader of your magazine,

HARRIETT B. S—.

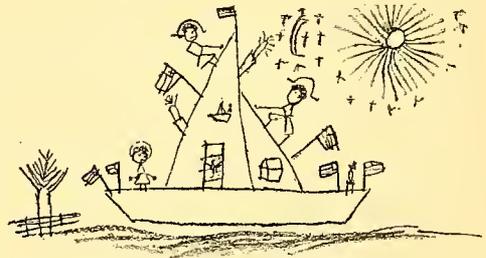
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The reproduction in your February number of the drawings of Master Clement Scott



tempts me to fulfill a desire I have had for several months, to send you the inclosed "efforts" of my little daughter of six years.

The most spirited, "Marching to Georgia," was sug-



gested by the favorite song, freely indulged in by members of the family. The ship, full-flagged, rather than full-rigged, and coming in to port, was an effort wholly of the imagination. The fact of the sun, moon, and stars shining simultaneously may suggest an inconsistency in the minds of even your youngest readers, as well as the presence of petticoats on the deck of a "man-of-war." Very truly,

AN ADMIRER OF YOUR MAGAZINE.

MEDFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number, I read an acknowledgment from a "Young Mother," who expresses her delight in still reading ST. NICHOLAS. I wish to do likewise, and will add that my people "at home" still read you with much interest, as they have since '76—"Grandpa and Grandma" still perusing your delightful pages.

I have two boys, the older being a little over two years of age, and he now teases to look at ST. NICHOLAS, call-

ing one of last year's numbers "the doggee book," from the illustrations of dogs which it contained.

Wishing you all success, and hoping that 1900 will find you with undiminished prosperity, I remain, as ever, your devoted friend and reader,  
MRS. H. C. S.—

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't believe I ever have seen a letter from Louisville on your pages, and have often wondered why some Kentucky girl or boy did not write a letter to represent our own State. I, however, will take advantage of their failure to do so, and write and tell you something that will not only surprise many other Southerners, but will, doubtless, disappoint them as much as it disappointed me. I read it the other day, and this is what it was:

"The real truth is, that 'Dixie' is an indigenous Northern negro refrain, as common to the writer as the lamp-posts in New York City seventy or seventy-five years ago. And no one ever heard of Dixie's Land being other than Manhattan Island, until recently [this was printed in 1865], when it has been supposed to refer to the South, from its connection with pathetic negro allegory. When slavery existed in New York, one Dixy owned a large tract of land on Manhattan Island and a large number of slaves. The increase of the slaves, and the increase of the abolition sentiment, caused an emigration of the slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections; and the negroes who were thus sent off naturally looked back to their old homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, as they could not imagine any place like Dixy's. Hence, it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combining ease, comfort, and happiness of every description. In those days negro singing was in its infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a ballad was eagerly picked up. This was the case with 'Dixie.' It originated in New York, and in its travels it has been enlarged and has 'gathered more moss.' It has picked up a 'note' here and there. A 'chorus' has been added to it; and, from an indistinct 'chant' of two or three notes, it has become an elaborate melody. But the fact that it is not a Southern song can not be rubbed out. The fallacy is so popular to the contrary, that I have thus been at pains to state the real origin of it."

I almost hope it did give him some pains to write about it; but even if it is true, we Southerners won't relax our claims on "Dixie" any more than Americans will give up "My Country, 't is of Thee." My letter is much longer than I intended to write, and I should love to see it printed. Remember, it is from a devoted reader, who prides herself on being

A SOUTHERN, KENTUCKY GIRL.

REDLANDS, SAN BERNARDINO CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the last June ST. NICHOLAS I saw a letter from Fannie H. B.—, Phoenix, Arizona. Phoenix is my home. I have lived there six years. I am in Redlands, Cal., now, with my grandmother and grandfather. About a year ago I saw a letter from a little girl from some fort in Arizona.

I have a brother who was born on the 8th of February, 1877, and I was born on the 8th of February, 1876. So I am just one year older than he is. I am very fond of hunting and fishing. So is my brother. My brother got a shotgun for a present last year, so he gave me his rifle.

My grandfather has a large orange-grove here. And he has two greyhounds to keep the rabbits off. Their names are "Lion" and "Tiger." I was very much

interested in that story you published in November, "Coursing with Greyhounds in Southern California." I remain, your admiring reader, ALMA C. H. M.—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. My papa is an army officer, so I have traveled a great deal, but I have managed to get the ST. NICHOLAS, which has pleased me very much. "Juan and Juanita" was the first story I ever understood, and I liked it very much, because the last name is my mamma's, and I have given it to Dolly who came on Christmas. I will tell you all about her another time, if you will let me. Last week I went to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy" played, and as my mamma had read it to me I understood it.

Your interested reader,  
ZOE A. D.—.

HERE are two interesting letters received several months ago at the publication office of ST. NICHOLAS.

UNION CLUB, BOSTON, Jan. 16, 1890.

THE CENTURY CO.:

DEAR SIRS: The inclosed note speaks for itself. I threw off the train, last August, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, and asked the finder, if a child, to send to you and order the magazine for one year. To-day this reply is received, and I write to ask you to send ST. NICHOLAS for one year to MARY BEATRICE BRIEN, CLOUGH JUNCTION STATION, MONTANA.

Kindly send bill to me and I will remit.

Yours truly,  
EDWARDS ROBERTS.

CLOUGH JUNCTION STATION, MONTANA,

12 — 19, 1889.

EDWARDS ROBERTS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Whilst looking over the ST. NICHOLAS which you so kindly threw off the train a few miles west of Helena, a few months ago, I discovered on the fly-leaf a note desiring that the little one who found that magazine might benefit by it for a year, and send the bill to you. As it is near Christmas, I will be very happy to accept it as a Christmas gift.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, Very truly yours,  
MARY BEATRICE BRIEN,  
Nine years old.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Hallie H., Ethel D., Marjorie B., Merritt C. B., D. E. J., L. S. C., Mayne J. F., Edith M. B., Lucile E. T., Edna K. G., Bessie H., Catherine D. C., Ethel, Eric McC., May H., Ella C. D., Elsa C., Lulu C., Mamie L. T., G. M., Harold M., Edith K., Ada W. B., Charles G., Lindsay M., E. N., D. N., M. M., Elizabeth A., Marian L., Alice and Ellen, Harry G. W., T. F., Jo. C. S., Adèle H., "Daisy and Buttercup," Bertha N., Percy M., Genevra and Margaret, Julie McC., Heloise, Fanchon DeP., "Fiddle," Maud H., C. M. B., Lizzie R. J., Mollie G. K., Florence G. G., Sam K. M., Frederick H., Beulah G., A. L. I., Otto G. H., Grace A. L., M. W. V., "Jex," Helen R. M., Carrie and Fred N., Helen L. S., Frank P. G., "Stars and Stripes," Kate S., Mabel E. F., Robert S. H., Charles C. R., Marion C. B., R. H. W., E. S., Allyn F. W., Rita P., Miriam C., Sara C. B., Belle L. R., Eugenia, A., Elsa C., M. and E. Allen, Frank H. T., Ethel Y. C., Lizzie W. F., Ruth O., N. H., C. W. M., Louis H. H., L. D., "H. H. G. R. R.," Lalite L., "Dancie," Genevieve and Dorothy, Sallie S. and Mary R., Josephine G., Nannie B. J., A. E. J., Kathleen H.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

A FRENCH ZIGZAG. Poisson d'Avril. 1. Païen. 2. Court. 3. Moine. 4. Lisse. 5. Frais. 6. Sabot. 7. Génére. 8. Adieu. 9. Asile. 10. Eveil. 11. Perte. 12. Lacin. 13. Senil.

WORD DWINdle. 1. Fragments. 2. Garments. 3. Magnets. 4. Gasmen. 5. Games. 6. Game. 7. Gem. 8. Em. 9. M.

TWO ESCUTCHEONS. I. Centrals, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Transepts. 2. Perchance. 3. Chaos. 4. Hakot. 5. Creel. 6. Testy. 7. Repel. 8. Steve. 9. Snack. 10. Orb. 11. E. II. Centrals, Saint George. Cross-words: 1. Intestate. 2. Disparity. 3. Trice. 4. Tenet. 5. Vital. 6. Vigil. 7. Press. 8. Dross. 9. Horal. 10. Aga. 11. E.

MUSICAL ACROSTIC. Normann Neruda. Cross-words: 1. Rondo. 2. Spohr. 3. Largo. 4. Gamut. 5. Chant. 6. Canto. 7. Minim. 8. Tonic. 9. Theme. 10. Verdi. 11. Gluck. 12. Pedal. 13. Shake.

PI. Through hedge-row leaves, in drifted heaps  
Left by the stormy blast,  
The little hopeful blossom peeps,  
And tells of Winter past;  
A few leaves flutter from the woods,  
That hung the season through,  
Leaving their place for swelling buds  
To spread their leaves anew.

ABSENT VOWELS. Easter. 1. The more haste, the less speed. 2. Be it ever so humble there's no place like home. 3. The greatest strokes make not the sweetest music. 4. Who touches pitch will be defiled. 5. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 6. You may lead a horse to water, but you can not make him drink.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "M., Aunt M., and S."—Maud E. Palmer—Zach Brogan, Jr.—Emma Sydney—Pearl F. Stevens—Maxie and Jackspar—Bessie Lasher—William H. Beers—A. L. W. L.—"Solomon Quill"—A. Fiske and Co.—Russell—Charlie Dignan—Jo and I.—E. M. G.—F. and N. S.—J. B. Swann—A Family Affair—Jamie and Mamma—F. Gerhard—"The Wise Five, minus One"—Helen C. McCleary—"S. S. S."—"Miss Flint"—Ernest Woollard—Maud Taylor—A. and O. Warburg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Paul Reese, 8—Carrie Thacher, 3—June Jacquith, 2—King Richard, 1—Anna K. Himes, 3—I. and W. Swan, 1—Charles Beaufort, 6—"Three Owls," 3—Alice D., 1—Lucia and Rowena R., 1—E. and G. Shirley, 1—"Mrs. Malaprop," 1—C. U. B., 1—Katie Van Zandt, 4—M. Cassels, 1—Clara and Emma, 6—M. E. Woodhull, 6—"John and Jennie," 7—N. M. Eldridge, 1—H. H. Herrick, 1—E. M. Cassels, 1—"Nodge," 8—L. S. Hachnlen, 1—Carrie Rosenbaum, 3—M. S., 1—Mortimer Wilber, 1—Walter G. Himes, 1—M. R. Berolzheimer, 1—Gertrude and Lester, 1—J. B. B., Jr., 2—M. Selina Lesser, 2—Josephine Sherwood, 8—Lindsey Morris, 5—M. L. Crowell, 1—E. W. Ayres, 1—Anon, 1—R. H. C., B. C., and M. B. C., 2—Maude Wilson, 3—Capt. White, 3—"May and 79," 7—"Dictionary," 4—L. Anthony, 1—E. Adams, 1—"Misses McClees," 1—Catharine C. C., 1—Oliva L. and Sadie N., 1—A. W. B., 5—Honora Swartz, 2—W. E. Eckert, 1—Louie and Elfe, 2—J. Augur, 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 6—"Infantry," 8—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—"Instantaneous and Grandpa," 4—"Flordelene," 2—Carita, 2—Bessie Eads, 1—B. A. Stead, 1—W. Everett Verplanck, 1—"Dr. Sarah," 7—Ernest Serrell, 7—Charles L. and Reta Sharp, 6—F. H. Shakespeare, 1—"Tivoli," 8—"The Owls," 7—"The Lancer," 4—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Nellie and Reggie, 8—F. D. Woolsey, 7—H. C. Skinner and B. H. Shannon, 1—Carolus, 4—C. M. Carr, 4—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 7—Grace Olcott, 8—Mamma and Arthur, 3—Anna E. Wells, 7—Maud Huebener, 8—"Hagerstown," 6—M. D. and C. M., 6—C. F. W., 2—Annie and Mary, 3—James and Charles Collins, 7—Ida C. Thallon, 8—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Lovers of St. N., 6—"Polly Flip," 5—No Name, Balto., 1—Mamma and Marion, 5—J. and D. White, 6—H. C. Skinner, 2—Grace, Gladys, Victorine and Isabel, 3—Kendrick Family, 2—A. P. C. and A. W. Ashhurst, 3—Adele Walton, 7—"Dame Durden," 6—J. B. and R. C. Hartich, 6—"E. and Gabriel," 1—Mattie E. Beale, 7—Evelyn Halden, 3—C., 1—E. N. Johnston, 2.

## ANAGRAM.

1. TRANSPose the following letters and make a name beloved by all Americans.

ENJOIN THE RIGHT: FLEE WAR.

been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order in which they are numbered, the initials will spell the name of a famous general who died on May 5th. The final letters will spell the name of an island always associated with him.

C. B.

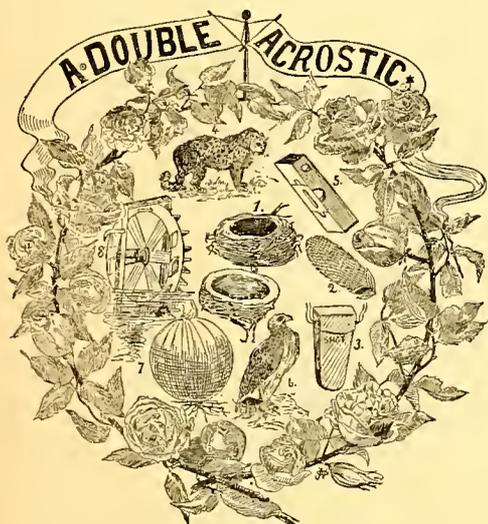
## STEP PUZZLE.

••	1	12
••	2	13
••	3	14
••	4	15
••	5	16
••	6	17
••	7	18
••	8	19
••	9	20
••	10	21
••	11	22

FROM 1 to 12, a familiar abbreviation; from 2 to 13, before; from 3 to 14, a measure of weight which, in France and Holland, was equal to eight ounces; from 4 to 15, expenditure; from 5 to 16, a noisy talker; from 6 to 17, indisposition to move; from 7 to 18, to purloin; from 8 to 19, the name given to molluscous animals which form holes in solid rocks in which to lodge themselves; from 9 to 20, a musical term which means a gradual decrease in tone; from 10 to 21, aerial navigation; from 11 to 22, the quality of being youthful.

From 1 to 11, a certain holiday; from 12 to 22, articles in use on this day.

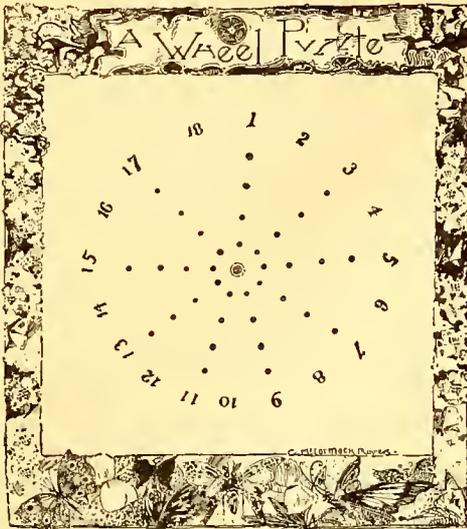
F. S. F.



IN the accompanying illustration eight objects are shown. All of these may be described by words containing the same number of letters. When these have

**DIAGONAL PUZZLE.**

1. A QUESTION. 2. A small bag for money. 3. To pass along smoothly. 4. To upset. 5. A wallet. Diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, a hideous dwarf who figures in one of Dickens's works. A. P. C. A.



FROM 1 to center (six letters), an ecstasy; from 3 to center, a series of arches; from 5 to center, leaving no balance; from 7 to center, often made with soapsuds; from 9 to center, to come down suddenly and violently; from 11 to center, indigenous; from 13 to center, to fix on a stake; from 15 to center, a scuffle; from 17 to center, a bird allied to the thrush.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 18) spells a long word, meaning a change into another substance. H. A. G.

**A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.**

1 . . . . . 2 . . . . . 3
4 . . . . . 5 . . . . . 6
7 . . . . . 8 . . . . . 9
10 . . . . . 11 . . . . . 12
13 . . . . . 14 . . . . . 15
16 . . . . . 17 . . . . . 18
19 . . . . . 20 . . . . . 21
22 . . . . . 23 . . . . . 24
25 . . . . . 26 . . . . . 27
28 . . . . . 29 . . . . . 30
31 . . . . . 32 . . . . . 33
34 . . . . . 35 . . . . . 36
37 . . . . . 38 . . . . . 39

FROM 1 to 2, a priest of an ancient religion in Great Britain; from 2 to 3, pertaining to Holland; from 4 to 5, a feminine name; from 5 to 6, the American aloe; from 7 to 8, a monkey-like animal found in Madagascar; from 8 to 9, a city of France; from 10 to 11, the Christian name of a famous angler; from 11 to 12, a Scriptural name found in Genesis xxv: 13; from 13 to 14, a kind of nut which grows in India; from 14 to 15, a confection of sugar; from 16 to 17, a Territory of the United States;

from 17 to 18, a pernicious drug; from 19 to 20, the month of the Jewish calendar answering to April; from 20 to 21, snug little homes; from 22 to 23, to bestow; from 23 to 24, a city of Austria in which a famous council held its sittings in the sixteenth century; from 25 to 26, a wilderness mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus; from 26 to 27, a country of Southern Asia; from 28 to 29, a city of Northern Italy; from 29 to 30, the town of France in which Calvin was born; from 31 to 32, the tree which is the emblem of peace; from 32 to 33, a frame to support a picture; 34 to 35, the father of Galen; from 35 to 36, a relative; from 37 to 38, a French word meaning applause; from 38 to 39, fretful.

From 1 to 37, an explorer; from 3 to 39, his successor in investigating the place named by the figures from 2 to 38. JAMES, DELLEN, AND MAMMA.

**PI.**

COEM, wiht eht sewpona ta rouy alcl,  
 Thiw metkus keip, ro finek;  
 Eh swedil het sledidate labed fo lal  
 How ghiltest shold shi file.  
 Eth mar hatt sevird tis ohbuntug swolb  
 Tiwh lal a sitopart crons,  
 Gimth nabir a tarnty thiw a sore,  
 Ro bats mih tiwh a thron.

**OMITTED CONSONANTS.**

- . A Y . O . E .
- A . E . . E .
- Y E . I . E
- . I . O
- O . . O
- . E E
- E .
- .

1. MAY-DAY necessities. 2. Turned aside. 3. A mineral which was named in commemoration of the battle of Jena. 4. A musical term for the first or leading part. 5. A masculine name. 6. A sheltered place. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. A letter from Paris.

ROBIN HOOD.

**RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.**

ONE of the Holy Twelve my *first* is named;  
 A legal word that means "avail," my *second*;  
 Of things both long and round my *third* is framed;  
 A carriage good in man, my *fourth* is reckoned;  
 My last, and *fifth*, will make the square complete —  
 A word with thoughts of labor done replete.  
 "ROCHESTER."

**WORD BUILDING.**

BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word at each move.

EXAMPLE: A vowel; a verb; a texture of straw or other material; horses or oxen harnessed together; water in a gaseous state; a director. Answer, a, am, mat, team, steam, master.

I. 1. A vowel. 2. An article. 3. Hastened. 4. Adjacent. 5. Wrath. 6. Jeopardy. 7. A military contrivance for destroying life. 8. Retrieved. 9. Making more beloved. 10. Flowing round.

II. 1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A kind of liquor. 4. To resound. 5. The angular curve made by the intersection of two arches. 6. One of the earliest and most learned of the Greek fathers. 7. Alien. 8. Proffering. CHARLES P. W.





"IN THE EARLY SUMMER DAWN."

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1890.

NO. 8.

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

## IN THE EARLY SUMMER DAWN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

WHEN the summer morning broke,  
Faintly flushing all the sky,  
Happy little Lisel woke,  
Rose to greet it joyfully.

In the dewy hush she heard  
Far and near a music sweet  
From the throat of many a bird;  
Heard her little kid's low bleat;

Hastened forth and sought his shed,  
Loosed him frisking in his mirth,  
While the glory overhead  
Bathed in beauty heaven and earth.

Heavy lay the morning dew,  
Cool and soft the morning mist,  
High above them in the blue  
Roses all the cloud flocks kissed.

Little kid so lightly pranced!  
Little maid so patiently  
Led him while he leaped and danced!  
"Wait," she said, "now quiet be,

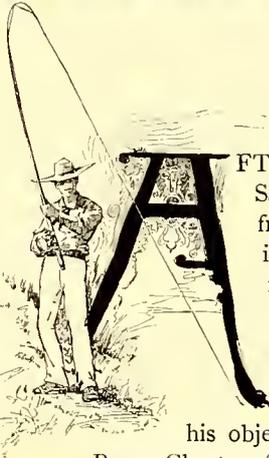
"While the stake into the ground  
Firm I push, to hold you, dear;  
Don't go skipping round and round —  
Wait, my pretty, don't you hear?"

Happy, happy summer dawn!  
Happy pet and happy child!  
Far from the world's din withdrawn,  
In the mountain pasture wild!

Freedom, innocence, and health,  
Simple duties, quiet bliss,—  
In their lowly life such wealth!  
Kings might envy peace like this.

## WITH STICK AND THREAD.

BY L. CLARKE DAVIS.



**A**FTER breakfast Dick Saunders arose slowly from the table, went into the hall, took from the stand his hat and books, and then—sat down on the stairs; which, considering that his objective point was the Penn Charter School, and that it was full time he was on his way, might appear to be the most inconsequent thing he could have done.

His father, looking up from his newspaper, saw Dick sitting there, his eyes half closed, his hand pressing his forehead, his complexion sallow, his face peaked and pained.

“What is the matter, my boy?” he asked, sympathetically.

“Don’t know, Father,” Dick answered. “I feel awfully rattled. I don’t want to stand, and I don’t want to sit. I want to lie down and stretch myself out full length on the floor—on the pavement—anywhere I happen to be. Besides, my head throbs and aches, and I’m afraid, Father, I’m about knocked out.”

Whereupon his father, with anxious face, ordered Master Dick to go to the library, and there indulge his inclination to lie down, till the doctor came. Of course he protested. “Oh, hang the doctor!” he said; “I’d rather stand out and go to school than be dosed.” But he put away his books, and made himself comfortable on the lounge until the doctor, who had been hurriedly summoned, arrived.

The day was damp and chill, with a penetrating northeast wind blowing sharply. Though Doctor Thompson and Dick were old friends, the

doctor walked past his patient to the fire, scrutinizing him closely from that ground of vantage.

“Sick—eh, Dick?”

“Not very sick, Doctor; only a bit rattled; here ’s my pulse and here ’s my tongue; are n’t you going to examine them?” the lad asked good-humoredly.

“No, Dick; not this time. Your trouble is plain enough without that. There is a gymnasium at the Penn Charter School as well as a curriculum, I think?”

“Yes, Doctor, there is; but I’m lazy when it comes to gymnastics. I cut ’em.”

“Of course you do,” said the doctor; “similarity of course, you get your liver out of order with all books and slate and no horizontal-bar; and the consequence is, here you are—as you say—‘awfully rattled.’ What you need is more exercise and less study. Now I’m going to give you the choice of two prescriptions: you shall decide whether you will give a half hour, twice a day, to the horizontal-bar, or—”

“Go a-fishing!” Dick broke in suddenly. “I decide at once for the fishing.” He laughed as he said it, and looked up longingly and lovingly at his rods lying in their rack, where they had been resting in inglorious ease since September of the preceding year.

The good old doctor did not answer at once, being disposed to feel that his professional dignity had been offended, but looking into the boy’s laughing, pleading face, in which there was no sign of disrespect, he turned his eyes from Dick’s to the blazing logs upon the hearth, and slowly answered, as if considering a case of life and death: “Well, my lad, then my prescription is, ‘Fishing, *quantum sufficit*.’”

“When, Doctor?” Dick asked, fairly gasping with surprise and delight.

"When? Why, right away; the sooner the better," the doctor said.

Dick was on his feet in an instant, shaking the hand of his dear old friend, who was, the boy said over and over again, the best and dearest friend he ever had, and then appealed to his father to know if he was not; but Mr. Saunders said only: "I know he helps you to play pranks upon us."

But the lad did n't care what was said, so long as he could fish. He mounted a chair, had his rods down in almost no time, and was tearing at the strings of their bags to get at them. His father looked on, a smile coming into his eyes, for he too was a fisherman, sympathizing with the lad's enthusiasm, which the mere prospect of the sport had evoked.

Dick looked rather grave as he drew from the bags one rod after another. Soon he said:

"But they're in an awful condition. See how that tip is bent; it never got the better of the bout it had with that shark in Squan Inlet, last summer. Just look at this joint, now, all out of kilter. You could n't cure a bad joint of this kind, could you, Doctor? No, of course you could n't; nor could any one else, and that's the worst of it. The only good thing you can do with a bad rod-joint is to pitch the whole thing into the fire. Hello, this one's all right! It needs a coat of varnish, but it can go for a while without that, and is n't it a beauty? Look at the spring of it, Father. Doctor, catch the tip there, and see the beautiful curve of it! Is n't it a grand rod? Why, I could catch a whale on it, Father. There it is,—lancewood from butt to tip, nine feet long, and weighs twelve ounces."

"Is it any better, Dick, for being lancewood than Bethabara-wood, for instance, and is it not worse for not being split-bamboo?" his father asked, teasingly, knowing very well what the boy's answer would be.

"Now, see here, Father," Dick vehemently said, "what is the use of our talking about rods? You know what a good rod is when you see it, and so do I."

Dick was sixteen, his father forty-five, and all that he knew about fishing his father had taught him; giving always, when asked what he was teaching his son, the reply which the great

Scotchman made long ago in answer to a similar question, "To fish and to tell the truth."

"You know, Father," Dick impetuously ran on, "that we have tried all sorts of rods, of all kinds of wood, of all sizes and all weights, and that for any fish that swims, from a ten-ounce kingfish to a fifty-pound striped-bass, there is nothing so good as one of well-chosen lancewood. Did n't we give the Bethabara-wood a fair trial in the Inlet, last year, and did n't three wretched barbs break as many of our tips in a single day? Did n't we break two more by merely casting with three-ounce sinkers? As for split-bamboo, why, everybody knows that it is far and away the best rod made for fresh-water, for catching bass, trout, salmon, or the like, but for steady sea-fishing it's no good. The air by the sea is too damp for bamboo rods; it softens the varnish first, and then it attacks the glue which makes the pieces as one. After a while they lose their elasticity, and become as limp as willow switches from the second joint out. No, this lancewood is the ideal rod for sea, tide, and lead fishing, and I'm going to take this and the other one, with the bent tip. You will come along, won't you, Father?"

"No, Dick," his father said, "one of us must work if the other is to play, in May. It is not quite holiday time yet. But where do you mean to go?"

"To go? Why, I'll go to our island, of course. I got a letter, and a jolly one it was, too, from Old Matt, who said the sea-trout would be along by the tenth,—this is the sixth,—and that the snipe were already there. So, you see, Doctor, I'm just in time. I'll start to-night, and get to the island to-morrow morning. I'll telegraph Matt to meet me at the landing, with his boat, bait, and luncheon all ready."

"Do you think, Dick," the doctor asked, with peculiar slowness and gravity of speech, "that Matt's jolly letter had any ill effects upon your health?"

"No,—honor bright, Doctor! No, honor bright, it had n't. It was only a coincidence."

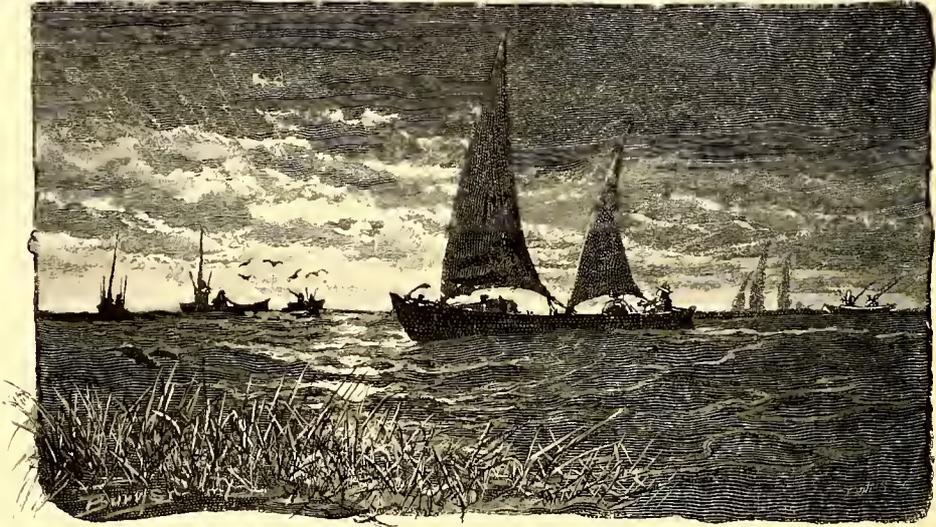
"It seems a peculiar one," the doctor added drily. "But," he asked, "where is this famous island where birds and fish do so abound?"

"Have you never heard of our island, Doctor?" Mr. Saunders asked. "Not," he con-

scientifically explained, "that it is ours, of course, though we do own a little wooded corner of it. It was discovered and bought by our mutual friend, Farley. It is part of Northampton County, Virginia, twenty-two miles north of

"Matt says in his letter that the sea-trout are nearly due."

Dick's impatience to reach the island made him less careful regarding his tackle than he should have been. He knew that he should



AN EARLY START FOR THE FISHING-GROUNDS.

Cape Charles. It lies ten miles from the main, between Broadwater Bay, which is ten miles wide, and the sea. At either end there is an inlet, separating it north and south from other islands. On the map it is still called Hog Island, though Farley has rechristened it Broadwater; on the earlier surveys it is set down as Teach Island, in honor of the late Edward Teach, mariner, better known as Blackbeard the Pirate, who, it is said, made it his headquarters when not engaged in scuttling ships and cutting throats. It is an old man's tale that he buried his booty in its sand-dunes, but the natives deny that he did so, as they have probed and dug to find them over every inch of likely ground."

"I've never fished there," Dick interrupted; "but last fall I shot over it with Matt, and we had grand sport. We got forty-two sedge-hens, on a high tide. It's a queer place, Doctor; the cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs all run wild there winter and summer, and there are only sixty-five people living on it. And there never was another such place for game-birds and fish."

"What kind of fish do you expect to get at this season, Dick?" asked the doctor.

have thoroughly overhauled it, and assured himself that it was all in good order; that he had all the variety of lines, leaders, snoods, hooks, and sinkers likely to be needed. Matt had told him that the trout often weighed as much as six pounds, and consequently he was aware that everything should be strong and in order. His lines were last year's, and he feared that their strength had been impaired by the salt water, and he found when he took up his reels that they were disposed to be jerky, and required to be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned and oiled. But he determined he would go on that night, and, as there would not be time to do all that was desirable, he contented himself by saying it would be all right when he got to the island.

Both Dick and his father had all they could carry as they climbed up the steps of the sleeping-car that night at the railway station. The travel was light at the time, and Dick, having an entire section to himself, piled his valises, rod and gun cases, wraps, and rubber boots in the upper berth, and, after saying good-bye to his father in his hearty, effusive fashion, crept into the lower one and soon went to sleep.

He arrived at Exmore early in the morning. The sun was shining gloriously out of a clear blue sky, and the wind had shifted around to the south. He had two miles to ride in a buggy to Willis's Landing, and then ten miles to sail to the island. But when he got down to the wharf, which was made of a few unhewn logs thrown roughly together, there was Matt, who had come over to the main the night before, to meet him in answer to his telegram; the leg-of-mutton sails were set forward and aft on his broad-bottomed boat, and a welcoming smile lighted up his rugged, bronzed face as he put out his hand to the lad to help him aboard.

"Are they biting yet, Matt?" Dick eagerly asked, as he sprang into the boat. Matt told him that the trout began biting on Saturday.

"And this is Tuesday. Why, Matt, they should bite savagely with this southerly wind. Where are you going to try for 'em to-day?"

"In the main channel, just below here," the skipper replied.

After a brisk run down along the main, of less than an hour, Matt let go his anchor and furled his sails. When he had made everything fast and snug, he went aft, and noticed that Dick took his fishing-rod from its bag and began to put it together.

"What are you going to do with it?" Matt inquired, the smile broadening to a grin, and not one of assuring confidence in Dick's skill as a fisherman.

"It?" queried Dick. "What do you mean by 'it'?"

"I mean that stick, Mister Dick," the skipper said.

"Oh, you do? Now, see here, Matt, I'm going to civilize you. That is not a 'stick'; that is a rod, and I'm going to put this reel and line on it. Then I'm going to tie the line to one end of a double-swivel sinker—a four-ounce one, if the tide is swift and the water deep; to the other end of the sinker I'm going to fasten, by a running noose, this treble-gut leader, on which you see there are two hooks, No. 13 Carlisle."

"Which," said Matt, in the tone of one who was not to be put down by sixteen-year-old civilization, "are n't half big enough. Master Dick, them hooks would n't hang a 'spot,' to say nothing of a six-pound trout."

"Pardon me, Matt," Dick went on with good-humored irony. "I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that to the leader are attached two hooks on treble-twisted gut, which hooks are placed, say, a foot apart, the upper one being about eighteen inches from the lead. The sea-trout, as you very well know, Matt, swim well above the bottom, upon which the sinker lies, while the force of the tide carries the hooks out straight in about the depth of water the fish best like. Now, Matt, having jointed my rod and rigged it all right, I'm going to make a cast, as soon as you drop the anchor and give me some of that bait—which, by the way, would be a great deal more tempting to the trout if it were a 'shedder' or 'buster' instead of a hard-shell crab."

Matt laughed at all this, as one who is assuredly learned laughs at the folly of too-confident ignorance.

"You won't catch trout with that rig, Mister Dick." Then he grew grave, and became in turn the teacher. "I tell you that a trout is n't a fish that comes right aboard as if he wanted to make your acquaintance and could n't wait to be introduced,—like a flounder or a plaice. He does n't lie on the bottom like a mean, sneaking skate, waiting for the bait to drift or drop into his mouth. He does n't nibble at your bait, nor toy with it, nor walk off with it while he makes up his mind whether he'll swallow it or not. He strikes, and he goes; that's what a trout does; and if one of them should strike that rig o' yours and go, he would n't leave you so much as the handle of it,—not to mention that bit o' thread."

"What do you mean by 'that bit o' thread,' Matt?" Dick asked, not at all alarmed by the skipper's predictions.

"Why, I mean that line, of course. That is not a line for trout. That's a line for little 'spots,' that is. Now, this," said Matt, leaning forward and drawing from under the seat a great coil of cord nearly as thick as a lead pencil, to which were attached huge hooks and a tremendous weight of lead, "now, this is a trout-line, and these is trout-hooks."

Dick looked at it wonderingly. "I thought," he said, in pretended surprise, "it was a clothes-line, and those things pot-hangers. You don't really fish with *that*, Matt?"

"To be sure we do; and it's what you ought to use, and what you'll have to use, if you want to get a trout over the side."

"How do you fish with a thing like *that*, Matt?" Dick asked, in apparent sincerity of ignorance, and with the manner of one really seeking information.

"Why," said Matt, surprised at the lad's dullness, "we just haul him in hand over hand till we get him to the top of the water; then we jerk him in."

"And you call that fishing, Matt?"

"To be sure I do, Mister Dick."

Dick was silent for a moment, looking gravely



GAFFING THE RED DRUM. (SEE PAGE 647.)

"How? Why, we just throw it over the side of the boat, and let it sink to the bottom; the fish grabs it, we 'hang' him, and then—we land him."

"You mean, Matt, if you don't lose him?"

"Yes," the skipper slowly replied. "Yes, of course; if we don't lose him."

"And, Matt, you do lose about as many as you land, eh?"

"Well, yes, just about," Matt rather ungraciously admitted.

"But you have n't told me how you get the fish in the boat after you have hung him."

reflective. "Matt," he said, "I think you could improve upon that way of fishing."

The skipper was unsophisticated, and not used to the beguiling chaff of the Penn Charter boys. "How?" he innocently asked.

"By setting up a good, stanch capstan in the bow there. You could bend the line carefully around it, and you could let it run by the lead until it reached bottom; then wait for a bite, and, when you get one, just 'turn the capstan round,' and so haul the trout aboard. You could, or you should, in that way be able to land a whale if you only hung him." Dick

laughed pleasantly in his turn, like one who in superior wisdom laughs at folly.

Matt slowly returned the coil of cord, the big hooks, the heavy weight of lead, to their place under the seat. "Mister Dick," he asked, "were you making game?"

"I 'm afraid I was, Matt, though no offense was intended. I only meant to say that I don't believe in your rope and pot-hangers any more than you believe in my thread and small hooks. But here we are among the boats, and if you 'll let go the anchor we 'll see which is best, your hand-over-hand line, or my rod, reel, and fifteen-strand Irish linen bass-line."

Apparently Matt was in no hurry to begin the test. He was a long time getting the cable coiled away, the sails furled, and the boat made snug. Having done all that with a slowness which was distressing to Dick, he lingered over the choice of crabs for bait, furtively watching Dick as he made one long sweeping cast after another against the swift-running tide. He fairly leaped into the stern when he heard for the first time in his life the sharp whirl of the reel and whiz of the fast-disappearing line as the trout that Dick had hung made a dash for liberty, gaining fifty yards or more. The moment the fish struck, which it did as if it meant to shatter the entire tackle,—and it would have done so, too, had not the lad given it all the line it wanted,—it dashed ahead with the tide at such a great pace as to burn Dick's thumbs, which were without protecting stalls, as they pressed hard down on the reel after putting on the drag.

"Well," Matt said, recovering from his astonishment, "you 've hung him, sure enough. But it 's easier to let him run with a seven-knot tide than to haul him ag'in it, with that thing, especially as he does n't seem to want to come aboard."

Dick was what he would have called "rattled" when the trout first struck. He had often with that same rod and line caught weakfish weighing from three to five pounds, and though they were good fighters, as wary and as strong, he soon found that their brother or sister, the sea-trout,—for they are of the same family, *Cynoscion regalis*, the first being known as the squeteague and the latter as the spotted sque-

teague,—was a much more determined and vigorous antagonist. But, as he recovered from the surprise of the first quick, strong rush of the fish, his head was as cool and his hand as steady as if he were at his book and slate at home. He knew "the tricks and manners" of the trout, and, by experience, he knew that if it got an inch or a half inch of slack line, it could, and probably would, "throw" the hook and go about its business. He knew, too, from fishermen's stories, that there are few fish more tricky, or fuller of devices for defeating the angler, than the sea-trout. But he had soon grown so cool and confident as to feel that, though both his line and leader were the worse for age and wear, and his reel was inclined to be jerky, he would in good time land his fish, which had already begun to slacken its speed southward. The moment it showed signs of fatigue, Dick began slowly to wind in the line. The motion was at first so slow and steady that the trout seemed more disposed to follow than to lead; and though during the next few minutes, with the skipper looking on in a puzzled fashion, the fish again and again made a dash for liberty, and got plenty of line, it never once got the slack which it needed, and, after a further brief trial of its strength against the boy's skill, Dick slowly drew it to the boat's side and raised its head out of the water.

Matt said, as he deftly netted the prize: "Well, you got him, and with that thing, too, though he is a good six-pounder."

Yet it was plain that Matt's admiration and respect for the rod and reel had not been perceptibly increased by what he had witnessed. Broadwater prejudices lie deep, and are hard to remove. Dick said to himself, as he watched the skipper unhooking the fish, "He thinks it was a fluke." And Dick was right; for that was precisely what Matt did think as he felt the weight of the trout.

It was not a good time for fishing; it was nearly slack-water when they had cast anchor, and now it was close upon the ebb. Dick got no more fish that showed fight, those he hung being small and inactive. Matt said that they might as well hoist sail and go home, as the trout would not bite, on the ebb. As he went forward to raise the anchor, a boat from the

main pulled alongside, the fishermen wanting to borrow hooks. In the bottom of their sloop lay a magnificent fish, beautiful in form and color, the upper half of its body from head to tail being of all shades of gold or of burnished copper, and the lower half of the most exquisite tints of silver. Its weight, Dick saw, could not be less than twenty-five pounds.

"What kind of a fish is that you have there?" he asked.

"A drum—a red drum," the fisherman replied.

"Are there different kinds of them?"

"Yes, there's the black drum and the red drum. They 're both good, but the red is the best. He 's best to catch and best to eat. Besides, he 's prettier to look at; he 's long and slender, while the black one is short and thick."

"Why best to catch?" asked Dick.

"Because he 's a fighter, is the red 'un. You don't get him into a boat unless he can't help it. Most times he *can* help it. He 'll break your hook seven times in ten if he can't break your line, and he 's pretty sure to do one or the other."

"How about the black drum? Is he a fighter?" Dick asked.

"Well, yes; he 'll fight, too, but not like the red 'un. He 's sluggish, logy-like, generally, and drowns sooner and easier. The red 's spryer and travels. He can get away with forty or fifty fathoms of line before you quite know he 's hung, and he can get rid of a hook or break a line with any fish as swims." The skipper of the sloop looked at Dick, at his tapering rod and thin line, and then said, suggestively, "It takes a fisherman to land a red drum."

"*You* landed that one?"

"Yes—I did;" and he looked first at the fish and then at the water, as if still wondering how he happened to do it.

"Where?" Dick asked.

"Up in the mouth of the North Inlet, off Hodge's Narrows."

"Flood or ebb?" queried the lad.

"Flood; you can't depend on 'em on the ebb, nohow. No offense," the man said apologetically, "but are you going to try for one?"

"Yes," Dick slowly and thoughtfully replied. "Yes; I think I shall."

"With that thing?" pointing with his long bony finger to the rod.

Dick saw that Matt was looking at him, and that his face was a fine study just then for a picture of "Knowledge pitying Ignorance." In his reply he took in the captains of both the boats. "Yes, with this thing"; and the lad's hand ran along the polished slender rod and rested half caressingly on the reel.

The skippers did not mean to be impolite, but they laughed derisively—not at the boy, but at his rod. Both of them had known a pretty stoutish man to be jerked half out of his boat by holding on too tightly to a line when the red drum that he had hooked made its first sudden rush; and it was only the other day, as they recollected, that young Baker, a lad as big and stout as Dick, having hung one, was obliged to pass the line to a man, the boy being unable to handle the fish.

"Why, Mister Dick," Matt said, "you could n't do it. Why, you would have no hook, no sinker, no line, no pole, no nothing, if you unfortunately happened to hang a drum, red or black. Look at that fish. He 's as strong as a bull-calf when he 's in twelve or fifteen fathoms of water, and with a rushing tide to run with. Yet he does n't weigh more than twenty-five pounds, and I 've seen one that weighed eighty pounds."

Dick looked at his rod, gave the reel a twirl, fingered his line, and seemed to gain confidence from doing it.

"I 'll try it," he said; then he added, "Matt, we will not come here to-morrow for trout, as we agreed to do. We will go up to Hodge's Narrows and try for a drum."

"All right, Mister Dick," Matt said in the tone of one who was tired of arguing with obstinacy. "You 're boss, you know!"

The boats parted company. Matt hoisted sail, and after a sharp run of an hour or so they were at the island landing. Dick did not leap ashore very alertly. They had been becalmed for a while, and he had insisted upon taking the oars to help the heavy boat along. Every long-unused muscle of his body which he had forced into unaccustomed service that day in casting, rowing, and sailing made its presence felt by its own particular ache or soreness. Wind and sun had burned his face and hands to

a fiery red, and the pain of them was all that he could bear without complaining. How tired, hungry, and sleepy the boy was! But he had no headache, no languor. He ate a hearty supper at the club-house, where a room was prepared for him, went early to bed, and slept soundly, as a weary child sleeps after a day of wholesome play.

"To-morrow," he said, before closing his eyes, "to-morrow, a drum."

He was up before five o'clock the next morning, having promised Matt he would be at the landing shortly after that hour. The flood-tide began to flow early that day, and the best fishing would be during the last two-thirds of it. They had ten miles of water to cover to get to Hodge's Narrows.

When Dick arrived at the wharf, he found all the able-bodied men and boys of the island already there, preparing to go off to their oyster-beds, some to plant and some to dredge. The business of every stranger who visits Broadwater is the business of every islander. Matt, who had come down before Dick, to put his boat in order, had told the bystanders that Dick was going to fish for drum, and with that "pine stick and linen thread of his"; for so did it please Matt to designate the lad's tackle.

As Dick came among them, cheery and confident of bearing, with his rod already jointed, with reel, line; leader, hooks, and sinker all in trim for service, one after another of the men good-naturedly shot their little arrows of contemptuous doubt at his tackle, the like of which few of them had ever before seen. They all liked Dick, whose acquaintance they had made the previous fall, when he had been there shooting sedge-hens and snipe with them, for they had found him a hearty, breezy sort of fellow, kindly, simple, and sympathetic, and disposed to make friends with everybody. But they could not conquer their prejudices in a moment; they and their fathers and grandfathers before them had fished with good, stout hand-lines and big, thick-wired hooks, most of which latter they had themselves hammered, tempered, and filed into shape and sharpness, and they were naturally intolerant of Dick's new-fangled gear. Besides, they did not fish for sport, but for the pot; and that made them sincere

fishermen. To them Dick's dainty tackle seemed insincere.

When Dick jumped aboard, and Matt was ready, two or three islanders waded into the water to shove off the clumsy boat on which the lad and his fortunes were embarked, and as it shot out into deep water they one and all begged him to bring them a mess of the drum he caught. Dick's buoyant spirits were momentarily brought to the ground by this universal expression of unbelief in his rod and line, for he remembered then that both were all the worse for their last summer's service. He had a horrible fear come over him that snoods, leader, and line were not so strong as they should be; but he took heart of grace, set his jaws hard, kept silent, and quietly resolved, as the storm of sarcastic requests swept over him, to return that day with a drum.

The weather was magnificent, the wind strong and fair, the sky blue, the air sweet, as, scaring from their nests the belated curlew and the sedge-hens, they swept through the water by the sedges, both sails set, the sheets drawn taut and the spray dashing over the bow. Full ninety minutes must pass, Dick knew, before they could make the narrows; so he lay down on the forecastle, and, drawing the broad brim of his hat over his eyes, went fast asleep, dreaming, of nothing, until he was awakened by the noise and jar of the cable as the anchor dragged it through the cleat.

Matt furled the sails snugly about the masts and made his bait ready. But when he went to put equal parts of clam and crab on the hooks he stopped resolutely. "Mister Dick," he said, "there is n't any use to put these things into the water. You can't catch drum with them hooks."

"Why not, Matt?" the lad asked quietly.

"Why, because they're too small. Here's the sort of hook you want."

Thereupon Matt held up one which from the point of the barb to the shank opposite was not less than an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the wire of which was scarcely less than an eighth of an inch thick.

Dick looked perplexed. He thought that Matt should know better than he; Matt had caught drum often, he never. But he was disposed withal to be obstinate, in spite of reason-

ing wisely regarding the skipper's knowledge and experience.

"Matt," he said doggedly, "I won't use that hook: it is big enough to land a ten-foot shark; but I'll try this one"; and he substituted for one of his own small ones a hook half the size of that which Matt had offered him.

The hooks were baited and a cast made, but the sinker was too light, and the swift-running tide caught the outgoing line and carried it along on the surface of the water until it was nearly all spent. The lad saw that he must have more lead, and he added three or four more sinkers. Even with their aggregate weight, which was all the strain he was willing to put upon his rod, the line did not lie upon the bottom, where the fish lie, until but a few fathoms remained on the reel. For the first time, Dick recognized the folly of doing any serious thing unprepared. In his eagerness to go fishing he had left home poorly equipped for the sport he had in view, and he knew that if a drum were to strike and run there would be too little line left to give it play. But he was at the mercy of his own rash haste — and his rod, which had never failed him. The boy was somewhat chagrined, but he said quietly, "I'll risk it on the rod."

He did not have long to wait. He was fishing in fifteen fathoms of water; the tide ran like a mill-race, at a rate of not less than seven or eight miles an hour; and on the end of his line there was a pound or more of lead, on which the current kept a heavy, steady drag. He felt the line quiver between his fingers; it was softly pulled forward, then it dropped back.

"Matt," he asked, guarding his line with look and touch, every nerve in his body on a sharp strain — "Matt, do the red drum always seize the bait sharply and run, or do they sometimes pick it up and drop it again, as if they were not quite sure but that it might have a hook concealed somewhere under it?"

"Well," Matt said, without looking up, and giving his attention to the bait he was preparing, "they generally grab it and run with it, but sometimes they fool with it. If you feel anything fooling with your bait it's most likely a thieving crab, which steals bait as fast as you can put it on — a crab or a 'drum-nurse.'"

"What's that, Matt?" Dick asked, slowly get-

ting up from his seat, setting both feet securely, tightening his left hand about the rod, and placing the thumb of his right hand softly on the reel.

"A drum-nurse," said the skipper, "is a fish that is the chum of the drum, and follows it wherever it goes. It looks so like a shark that you would say it was one, but it is n't a shark at all; it's just a drum-nurse, and it bites in the way you say."

Dick had not heard the end of Matt's description. As Matt was concluding, Dick steadied himself from his toes to the top of his head, shut his lips tightly, raised his rod to an angle of seventy-five degrees without moving the line an inch, pressed his thumb hard down on the reel, then gave to the rod a quick, vicious jerk backward, until everything rattled again. He was as quiet and self-possessed as if he were at home doing nothing in particular, as he said, "Matt, I've hung it, whether it's drum or drum-nurse!"

Matt became immediately and intensely interested, but humorous too. He dropped the clam he was opening, stood up, and said: "If you've got either on that thing, you're a good deal like the man who was so lucky as to catch a bear. But — maybe he'll leave you the boat."

The fish, meanwhile, was tugging savagely at the line to get away, having all the force of the deep water and the swift-running tide to help it, and poor Dick had but twenty or thirty yards of line to give it. But he saw from the frequently repeated sharp rushes that the fish made and its subsequent retreats that the yielding of the rod to its movements puzzled it. To strike a hard, effective blow, the boy had learned, there must be something solid, unyielding, to strike at. When the fish made a sudden, mad dash, which was its blow, the rod bent in a magnificent curve from butt to tip. The fish did not once get a chance to put its great strength against the lesser strength of the line; it could only exert it against the rod, which, as the fish struck, gave way before it. Not daring to trust wholly to the flexibility and stanchness of the rod, Dick was obliged to play off more and more of his line, until he had but a yard or two left unreeled. The fish had stopped making its wild rushes for a moment to consider this new sort of fishing-gear, with which it and all its kind in those

waters were unfamiliar. Having considered the matter, the fish resolved that it was necessary in order to gain its freedom to make a long, steady, continuous pull, and that is what it proceeded to do.

Dick was quick to understand the newly adopted tactics of the fish. He saw and felt the danger of them; saw that he would be beaten, that his line would be made a useless string, his rod reduced to splinters; saw and heard the derisive shrugs and sneers with which he would be greeted when he returned defeated to the island. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. His rod was now at the safest angle of eighty-five or ninety degrees, but he could feel as well as see that it was so far bent by the strain as to almost reach the limitations of its flexibility, and, these being once reached, the tension would be transferred to the line, against which the entire strength of the fish would be brought. If that occurred the line would be snapped as if it were indeed a thread.

Dick looked at the skipper, who sat watching him with anxious eyes. Then there came to him an inspiration. "Quick! Matt," he said. "Up with your anchor, and pull with the tide after the fish!"

The lad saw that Matt could not be too quick; the pliant rod bent closer and closer to that point beyond which it could bend no more without putting the strain on the line. The skipper had long ago become concerned, deeply anxious, even, that the boy should succeed. He leaped to the bow, seized the cable and jerked the anchor loose, dragged it on deck, and, picking up the sculls, put the boat head on to the tide.

"All right, now; thanks, old fellow. I'll land it yet!" Dick said.

As the boat was swept along by the tide and sculls in the wake of the fish, the tension on the line decreased, though Dick held it taut in order to keep the fish's mouth open, that he might the sooner drown it. As the strain lessened, Dick ventured for the first time to use the reel. His touch was light and firm, and the movement cautiously slow, but the handle had not made a half dozen revolutions when the fish made a dash ahead, and more line was lost than had been gained.

"Whatever it is, we have had it at least five minutes," said Dick to the skipper. "See what is the time now."

"He 's a drum, sure, Master Dick," Matt replied. "I know him by his play. It is just half-past ten."

Dick had been convinced from the first that his strike was a drum, but he was glad to have this confirmation; and he had a great deal of pleasure, besides, in perceiving, from Matt's anxious face and the admirable manner in which the boat was being handled, that the skipper was as anxious as himself that the rod and reel should not be beaten.

"It 's a drum, and a red drum, too," said Matt again, after carefully watching the fish's jerks and runs.

"But how do you know, Matt?" Dick asked.

"Why, don't you hear it drumming? And see the way it rushes. A black drum is too sluggish to do that."

Dick was delighted with this assurance of his good fortune, but it seemed as if an hour had passed since the strike. It had really been ten minutes. He stood up in the bow, trying always to gain a little line on his opponent, and was grateful and pleased if he gained but a single foot. Sometimes he recovered yards, and again lost twice as many. But he kept the drag on, kept well up the tip of the rod, which curved beautifully and so relieved the strain on the line.

Presently the tension was wholly relaxed. The line lay slack upon the water. Both thought they knew what that meant. Dick looked aghast and Matt sorrowful. "I've lost it, old fellow!" said Dick.

I think if Dick, stout-hearted as he was, had been where nobody could have seen him at that moment, he would have let the big tears come, instead of forcing them back. He had wished, with the natural desire of a fisherman, to land a large, powerful, and gamey fish on his slender rod and line, to prove that his skill was greater than the brute force of his antagonist; but what for the instant made his defeat so bitter was the foretaste he had of the half-malicious sympathy which he would be certain to have meted out to him by the islanders on his return. "We told you so," he knew would be the burden of their

welcoming song. So thinking, he began mechanically to reel in his line, and continued until there were but a few fathoms of it left, when suddenly, with a mighty rush and swirl, the fish that both he and Matt had thought lost carried the line from the reel till it grew so hot under his thumb as to render further pressure almost unbearable. But the lad would have let it burn the flesh from the bone now, rather than have lost a single chance by letting go. In an instant his excitement was gone, and he was as cool and wary as the oldest fisherman of them all could be. The fish had tricked him by merely doubling on him, seeking in that way to throw the hook, but Dick felt very confident that the drum could not play the trick again.

From that point the battle began all over again, for when the fish doubled back upon the boat, slacking the line, it had the opportunity it needed to close its mouth, and so get rid of the perilous water which pressed upon its respiratory organs and was suffocating it. It had an opportunity to breathe again. Dick saw his blunder in not promptly detecting so common a trick, but he went to work once more to tire the fish out or to drown it, as if nothing had happened to interrupt. It was a long, hard fight the drum made. Dick's wrist began to grow strained and sore. The muscles stood out on his forearm like whipcords, and pained intensely. But after a while he felt that the fish, too, was growing tired, and was evidently suffering. He could hear it make its peculiar drumming sound whenever the strain on the rod was greatest and the fish was brought nearer to the boat.

As the contest went on, Dick perceived that the drum became disposed to content itself with less frequent tugs and rushes, and to be willing to lie quite still for moments together on the bottom, not, however, to sulk, as the salmon does, but to rest itself. "I think the fish is not so tired as I am," Dick said to Matt, as he again asked to be told the time.

"It is just 10:54 now, Master Dick; and he must be pretty nearly done for, judging from the way he is acting. Keep up your steady play, and you'll beat him yet," Matt said.

I have no doubt that the boy would have kept on as long as he could have stood or held the

rod, but in a few minutes more he had the delight of feeling the fish yield readily to the revolutions of the reel, and then, after more turns, to see at the boat's side, its head out of the water, a magnificent drum, its scales flashing like gold and silver as its tail lashed the spray over them.

"Now, then, look sharp, Matt! Drop your oars, and give it the gaff—and don't miss it!" Dick cried.

Matt threw the sculls aside, seized the gaff, and, standing by the side, midway from stem to stern, struck a hurried, left-handed blow at the head of the fish. He struck too quickly; he was too far off; his aim was bad; and the gaff fell, with a glancing blow, broadside on the body of the drum, which, stung to fury, made a lightning-like rush directly under the boat, and was reeling off fathom after fathom of line before Dick could recover his lost control of the reel; and when he did get it in hand again, the tip of the rod was within three feet of the water, and so close to the boat as to render it impossible to raise the rod farther from the surface.

"Let him run!" Matt shouted, not seeing, in his excitement, that Dick could not prevent the fish running where and as fast as it pleased it to run. But in an incredibly short time the skipper had reshipped his oars and thrown the boat's head around, thus freeing the rapidly vanishing line, and allowing Dick to get a safe elevation for his rod. At this moment both noticed that the overstrained rod had yielded at the second joint.

The boy looked ruefully at it. "I made a mistake after all, in my stupid hurry to get away. I brought the rod with the bad joint." And so he had. His line was almost reeled out as Dick made this discovery, there being but four or five fathoms left. "I must risk it again, though, bad as it is," he said, almost despairing, as he pressed his thumb hard down on the reel, determined not to lose another yard of line if it was possible to save it. But would the rod bear the strain in its crippled condition? It had wholly lost its noble curve; its form was no longer that of a part of a perfect circle; it more nearly resembled the two sides at the apex of a triangle. He looked at it, and as the fish tugged, he waited breathlessly for the crash he felt was coming; but at the moment

of his greatest fear the rod shot straight out from butt to tip, the strain on the line was relaxed, and the drum rested quietly on the bottom again.

Matt had kept silent while Dick's anxiety lasted. He knew that he had struck at the fish from a bad position, and too hastily. The truth was that he had grown so interested in the boy's hard fight against such great odds—the fish's vast strength of body and staying power and Dick's frail rod and slender thread of line—as to cause him to lose his head at the very instant when he should have been the coolest, for the lad's work was done, and all that remained to secure the victory was that he should drive the gaff surely home and pull the fish aboard. He knew that he had not chosen the best place and time to strike, and that, after he had chosen the worst, he had struck wildly and with unsteady hand. But now, perceiving that the line had lost its tension, he came to Dick's help with cheering words, for he noticed that the boy's lips were white, his hands trembling, his whole body shaken by the long-continued excitement of the fierce struggle.

"He 's as good as done for, Mister Dick. Only hold him at that, and when you see a chance, reel up on him," Matt said.

Dick thought he saw the desired chance, and began to slowly reel in the line. The rod bent to its new triangular form, but did not break. The fish made a feeble dash, but for a few yards only. Then Dick tried the reel again. "It 's coming, Matt. Get ready;—not there, in the bow. And don't get rattled again, old man!"

Slowly, but surely, though with occasional weak sallies and spurts, the fish was drawn closer to the boat and nearer to the surface of the water, until its golden and silvery scales flashed beautiful in the sun.

"Now then, Matt!" Dick drew a long breath and shut his eyes as he heard the gaff swish through the air. When he opened them, an instant after, the red drum, a noble thirty-pounder, lay panting in the bottom of the boat. Matt stood opposite, a broad grin on his face. Without a word being spoken, Dick put out his hand to the skipper; and the man took the boy's trembling hand and pressed it warmly.

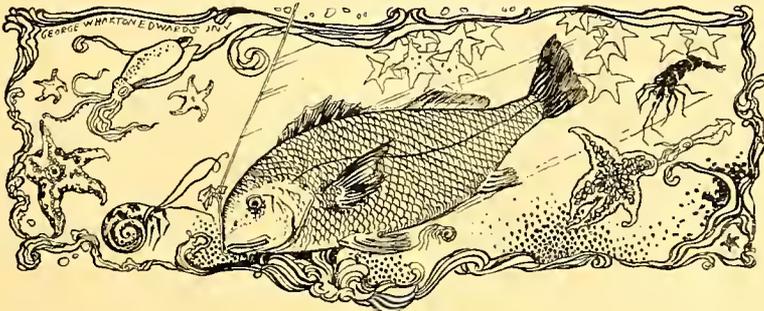
Dick had to say it, and did say it: "But you were rattled, Matt, you know, that time you missed him."

"So I was, Mister Dick, but on your account, not on mine. Are you going to cast again?"

"No, Matt. My father says that no true sportsman ever kills more than one salmon a day—'One is sport, but more is murder.' I'm going to count this drum as equal to a salmon; and if you 're willing, we 'll go home. How long did I have it hung, Matt?"

Matt looked at his watch. "Just sixty-five minutes; and a good hour and five minutes work it was!"

So Dick thought, then; and he thought so again when they landed, and, after considerable trouble in the way of removing obstinate doubts, succeeded in convincing the entire population of the island that Dick had really caught a red drum with a polished stick and a linen thread.



## SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

### THIRD PAPER.

My presence and the work I was doing attracted visitors from villages for miles around Lukolela. The station was crowded all day with strangers who came to investigate everything, ask innumerable questions, and impede the work in progress by examining tools and workmanship until their curiosity regarding them was satisfied. To avoid the wearying task of incessantly answering the simple yet puzzling questions of childlike ignorance, and to escape from all the noise and tumult of strange voices round my house, I would plunge into the forest which covered all the country to the south of my station. My little servant Mabruki was my only companion on these occasions; he would follow close at my heels, carrying my cartridge-belt slung across his shoulder.

I always carried a gun with me on these excursions, as birds and small game were very plentiful, and a brace or two of pigeons or guinea-fowl would often repay my forest tramp.

But the great forest itself, with its undisturbed solitudes and its dim green recesses, always brought such relief and quiet restfulness to me, when wearied and fagged in mind and body, that I needed no excuse for my aimless wanderings. All sounds of voices or work died away, and we left all traces of human life on the verge of the woods. We had to make our way as best we could, pushing aside or cutting away the tangled mass of brushwood undergrowth that spread thickly round the roots of the lofty trees of teak and mahogany; and overhead luxuriant creepers trailed from branch to branch, or hung in great bunches from the topmost boughs, almost shutting out the light of day and the blue noon-day sky.

As we forced our way still deeper into the heart of the forest, the gloom and stillness increased, and we crossed many a hidden glade

known only to the hunter, where the deathlike silence was unbroken save for the cry of savage beast or call of passing bird.

These woods abounded in all kinds of game. Here the elephant had made a path for himself, uprooting and flinging to the ground the tree that barred his way, plowing through matted undergrowth, snapping vine and twig, and crushing down the slender spear-grass beneath his ponderous foot, leaving behind him a broad trail of wrecked tree and shrub. Numberless herds of buffalo, filing down to the river for their morning drink, had worn deeply furrowed tracks in the loamy soil; and the broken ground beneath the spreading wild-plum tree told of the frequent visits of the bush-pig in search of fallen fruits. Here and there we could discover faint imprints made by the stealthy leopard, or the delicate impression of the antelope's hoof.

Troops of monkeys of all sizes set the tree-tops swinging as they scrambled from bough to bough, searching through the wood for the acid "*itobé*" (fruit of the india-rubber vine).

The African deems roast monkey a delicacy, and keen observation of the habits of animals has taught the native hunter many curious devices in traps and lures. A hole in a tree near some spot frequented by these animals is found, and a noose is cunningly concealed with small branches so as to encircle the mouth of the cavity; a cord attached to this noose leads down to the place that the hunter has selected as a hiding-place; some palm-nuts or other fruits are then placed in the hole; and when the monkey, in order to obtain them, thrusts in an arm, the cord is pulled, and the animal is held firmly by the noose until dispatched by spear or arrow. The monkey is gifted with a degree of intelligence which the word instinct hardly expresses. The trap into which he is enticed must be very artfully constructed, and the bait of the most inviting kind, before he is successfully deceived.

Another favorite mode of hunting monkeys is this: A crowd of natives surrounds a troop of these animals on three sides, and then, with sticks and stones, drives them until they arrive at the edge of the forest, when the poor, frightened creatures, in endeavoring to escape from their pursuers, jump to the ground, where they are stabbed before they can get away.

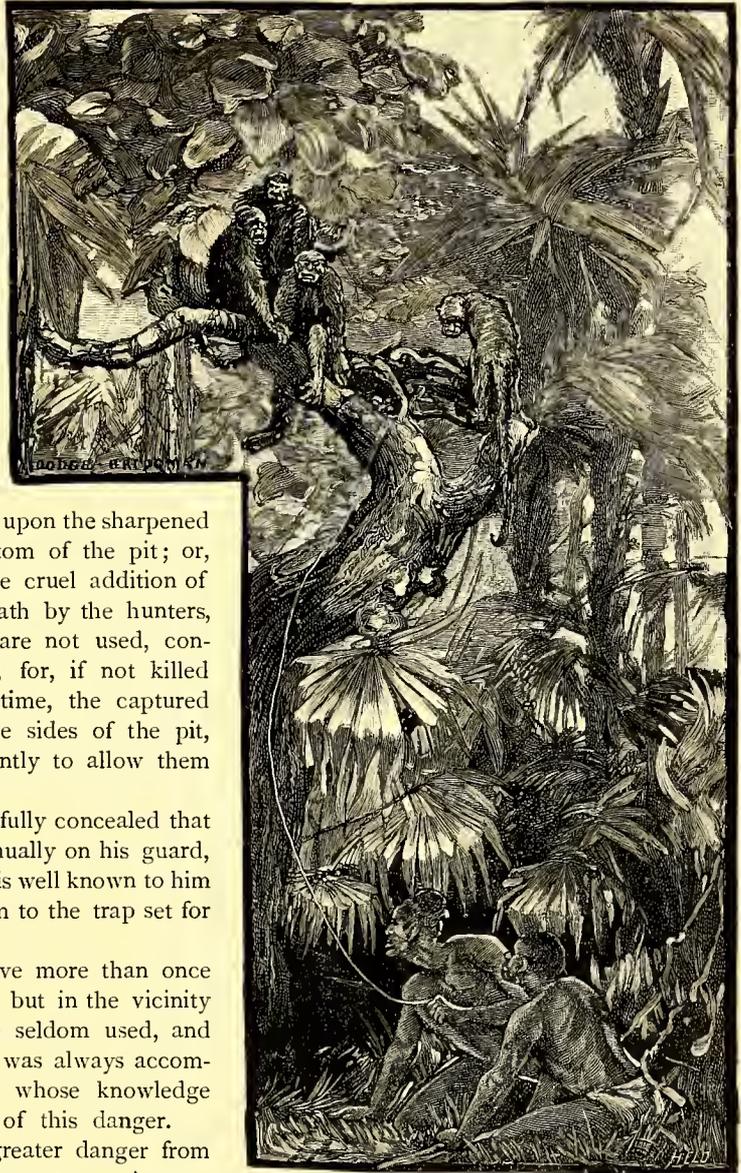
The buffalo, hippopotamus, and elephant are not safe from the snare of the African hunter. Pitfalls are dug, twenty feet deep, and covered so cunningly with small sticks and leaves that the rogue-elephant, or wandering buffalo, roaming through the forest, breaks through the fragile covering, and falls headlong upon the sharpened stakes driven into the bottom of the pit; or, when the trap is without the cruel addition of spikes, he is speared to death by the hunters, who must, if such spikes are not used, continually visit their pitfalls; for, if not killed and if left any length of time, the captured animals will tear down the sides of the pit, and fill up the hole sufficiently to allow them to escape.

These pitfalls are so skillfully concealed that the hunter has to be continually on his guard, as unless their whereabouts is well known to him he may possibly fall a victim to the trap set for the game he is stalking.

I myself, when alone, have more than once stumbled into these holes; but in the vicinity of a settlement spikes are seldom used, and when venturing far afield, I was always accompanied by a local hunter whose knowledge enabled us to steer clear of this danger.

Big game are in even greater danger from the deadly "*likongo*" or spear-trap. A massive barbed spear-head is let into a heavy beam of wood, and this weapon is suspended thirty or forty feet from the ground over some well-worn animal trail. Tied between two trees, its deadly blade pointing directly to the trail, it is kept in

position by a cord which is carried to the base of the tree, and then, concealed among branches of trees, is drawn across the path. The unwary elephant, buffalo, or hippopotamus severs the



AN AFRICAN MONKEY-TRAP.

frail string and releases the ponderous weapon, which falls crashing into the poor brute's back. As a rule an animal wounded in this way is unable to move far, as the distance through

which the heavily weighted spear falls, drives the barb deep into the body.

When an animal is killed, the meat is cut up, placed over fires, and smoked until it is dry, in which condition it will keep for several months, so long as it is not allowed to become damp.



ELEPHANTS APPROACHING A SPEAR-TRAP.

The natives' ordinary list of food is very limited, the staple being boiled manioc root and fish. Manioc is a vegetable resembling the potato in substance, but coarse and stringy. The African prepares it by soaking it in water for five days, during which it ferments, becoming soft and pulpy; the fibrous threads are then extracted, and it is kneaded into a dough-like paste, which is boiled before use. In the Congo household, this is called *binguelé*, or *chiquanga*, and is a very nutritious food.

Some dishes, though appreciated by the native, are obtained with so much difficulty that they must be considered as luxuries. It is not every day that even the greatest chiefs can partake of boiled hippopotamus-leg, roast elephant-trunk, or grilled buffalo-steak. The dishes I have named will not, perhaps, seem very palatable; but it would be easy to name others much less appetizing to the taste of Europeans. The African eats three times a day: at nine o'clock, lightly, and at noon and six in the evening as largely as the state of his larder will permit. Vegetables are invariably boiled, but meat is roasted on spits, over a wood fire.

Knives, forks, spoons, napkins, and plates are not necessities at a "Congo dinner." In fact, any native who has been fortunate enough to obtain those luxuries, a fork and spoon, punches a hole in the handle of each, and hangs them by a string from the roof-tree of his house, as proofs of his importance, and of the advance of civilization. Manioc, fish, and meat, when cooked, are cut up and placed in large earthen jars by the women, who cook and prepare all food. Then groups of ten and twelve squat down round a jar and eat with their fingers from the common dish, sopping up the peppered palm-oil gravy with their *chiquanga*, or manioc bread.

The civilized wielder of a fork and spoon would be sadly handicapped at a Central African banquet.

The Congo man does not always limit himself to three meals a day; he is a glutton by nature. When he has a quantity of meat he gorges while the savory morsels last. Even if the meat is tainted and the odor of it is so strong as almost to overpower the passer-by, it is not rejected on that account; and any disgust I ever expressed on seeing the natives eat hippopotamus-meat, the odor of which would have been intolerable to a European, was met by the retort: "*Bisu ku-ola niama, tu-kuola ncholu té!*" (We eat the meat, but we don't eat the smell!)—a subtle distinction.

My rather monotonous routine of life was repeatedly relieved by some unusual activity in the villages.

One day, amid the heavy booming of drums and the hubbub of a hundred excited voices all

talking at a time, and each one trying to make itself heard above the general tumult, a large fleet of war-canoes started away, manned by natives of Lukolela and the district. They were about to punish the common enemy, a tribe on the other side of the river, for some cause real or imaginary. As the flotilla passed my Station beach, they struck up their boastful war-songs, rattled their drums and bells, and exhibited, for my edification, all the accomplishments which they intended to bring to bear on the enemy.

Their faces smeared with charcoal gave the natives a truly formidable appearance, as they flourished their bright-bladed knives and keen,

The body, round which lengths of cloth were wrapped, resembled a colossal chrysalis. Since the return of the canoes, guns had been repeatedly discharged to announce the death; but at the moment when the body of the young chief was lowered into the grave dug for its reception in the chief's own house, the reports of the old flint-locks culminated in a veritable salvo of musketry.

The usual accompaniment to such ceremonies, in the Lukolela district, is a strange mixture of mirth and sorrow, for little clusters of merry dancers mingle with the groups of mourners whose energetic lamentation is shown by stream-



WAR-CANOES SETTING OUT ON AN EXPEDITION.

glistening spears, in fierce anticipation of the planned attack.

Three days afterward, the flotilla returned. As they paddled slowly past my station, their dejected and crestfallen demeanor plainly showed that their common enemy still remained unpunished. The blackened faces and glistening weapons had failed to frighten the enemy. The arrival of the canoes at the village landing was the signal for a general wailing, as one of the young Lukolela chiefs had been killed. The next day I witnessed the burial.

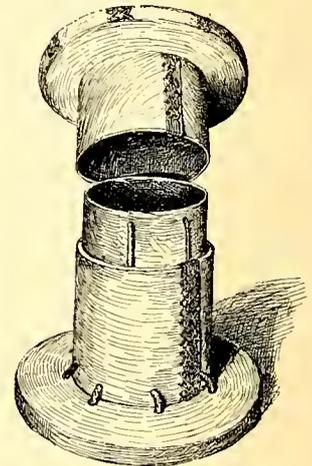
ing eyes and the tear-stained cheeks. But little real grief is felt, however; the tear is a tribute demanded by native custom, which sorrow, unaided, can seldom produce. A woman will suddenly cease her weeping, throwing aside all signs of woe, to enjoy a pipe or perhaps to sell a bunch of bananas or a fowl; but upon the completion of the bargain she will again step back into the circle of mourners and abruptly resume her moans and tears, and, with complete command of the emotions, will weep or laugh at will. Sometimes, at the death of an important chief,

all the women will be engaged for days in shedding tears over the departed. During the time of mourning, native custom denies them the privilege of washing, and the continual streams from their eyes wear deep ruts on their begrimed faces and bodies. When the body has been placed in the grave, the friends of the dead chief dry their tears and resume their ordinary habits of dress and demeanor; but the slaves and relatives of the dead man must for three months after the interment still maintain an appearance of great dejection, and refrain from smearing the body with the customary red powder, or even from removing the objectionable eyelashes or trimming the nails. They must also wear very old cloth, and leave their woolly heads unplaited and uncared-for. At the expiration of the three months, the *ngula* (red wood-powder) again colors their bodies, new costumes are produced, and the unkempt wool is neatly plaited in wisps and tails. Too often the cessation of mourning is signalized by the execution of a slave. In this instance the brother of the young chief had bought a slave for that purpose. But I forbade the ceremony, and in order to protect the poor, unfortunate fellow from all harm, I redeemed him by paying to the captor the price of his purchase. The poor emaciated creature, whose name was Mpsa, had for six days been bound hand and foot by cords, with barely enough food to allow him to exist. It was a great disappointment to the expectant villagers that I would not allow the sacrifice to be carried out, as they had invited a troupe of Ekuala musicians, an inland tribe on the opposite bank of the river, to take part in their festivities. Having heard a great deal about the ability of the dusky orchestra, I invited them to visit my Station, and I was greatly struck with the harmony of sound produced from unpromising material. Some of the troupe rattled on their drums; others fingered rough string-instruments; and round pieces of flat iron, pierced and strung loosely together, formed excellent castanets. The music was wild, but performed in such excellent time that the result was decidedly pleasing. To the accompaniment of this Central African musical band, the Ekuala dancers, wearing wild-cat skins around their waists, gave an exhibition of their skill, which consisted in successions of rapid and

graceful movements of the body. The majority of the villagers were slaves; their varied tattoo marks plainly proclaimed the widespread raids of the slaver. The Lolo, from the banks of the Ikelemba, Lulungu, and Malinga rivers; the Ngombé, from the far interior; and the natives of the Ubangi, were all represented in the ranks of the Lukolela households — women as wives, and the men as recruits to the number of warriors. The slave, having survived misery, starvation, and the many murderous phases of the slave-trade, finds himself at a village like Lukolela in a position of comparative security, until some horrible native custom, or the superstitious edict of the Fetishman, demands his death.

The tastes of Congo tribes vary considerably. Here at Lukolela the general ambition of the headmen was to own as many slaves as possible, so that they might insult their neighbors with impunity and destroy those who resented it. Besides this ambitious desire, they have a great love of metal ornaments. The Lukolela chief points with a great deal of pride to his brass anklets, and will boast of the massive *molua* (woman's large brass neck-ring) round his wife's neck. The Ba-Teke, of Stanley Pool, engage largely in the ivory trade, buying from the upper river native traders, and exchange their tusks with the white merchants on the coast for cloth, guns, and powder.

The merchant, becoming a man of property, will wear a little of the cloth, from the store he has accumulated during his lifetime, tied round his waist, with one end dragging in the mud three yards behind him, to exemplify to his admiring neighbors his intense contempt for such paltry wealth. The bulk of his cloth is stored to satisfy his craving for a pompous funeral, and at his death it will be bound around

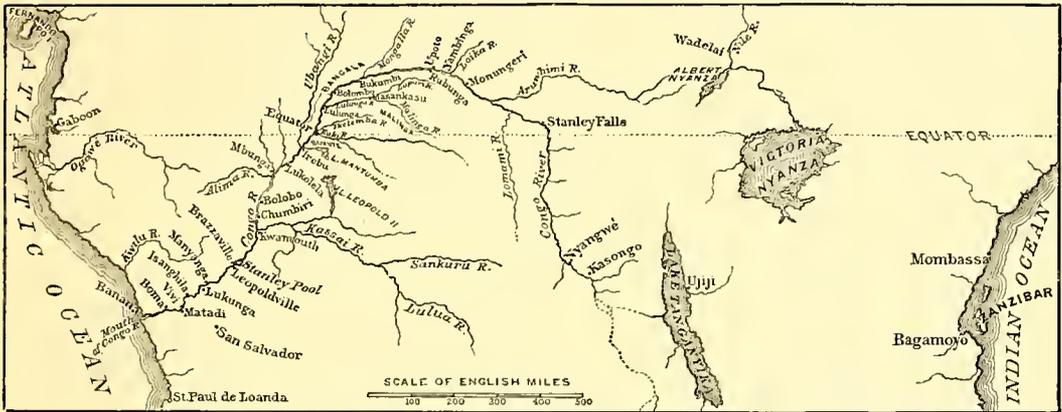


AN AFRICAN TRUNK.

him preparatory to his being smoked before burial, and the powder and guns of the departed will be used in firing salutes suitable to such an important occasion.

My own favorite recreation was the chasc,

worked through the different well-known hunting patches, when, passing through a little stretch of long grass, a small black-and-white bird, which always accompanies buffalo herds, flew up just in front of me. Instinctively arresting my foot-



OUTLINE MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL STATIONS ALONG THE CONGO.

which always delighted me; but we were now in the midst of the season of winds, when the river is very dangerous, as tornadoes were constantly sweeping across the stream, lashing into fury the quiet waters of a few minutes before, rendering the crossing of the Congo in a native canoe a hazardous undertaking.

As one of the steel lighters, which could face any weather, had arrived at my place on its way up-river with fresh supplies, I borrowed the use of this boat in order to cross the river and have a day's hunting. Upon arriving on the other side, we passed through a small channel and entered a large lake-like lagoon in the midst of an extensive plain. We had a favorable wind, and had not put out an oar. The rough square-sail bellied out before us as we tore through the water. Upon a little tongue of sand, two buffaloes were taking their morning drink, and so noiselessly had our bark sped on its way, that the animals were evidently unconscious of our presence until the report of my long Martini rifle brought one to the ground and warned the other of his danger. When I ran my boat in-shore, I found the one I had shot to be quite dead, the ball having passed behind the shoulder through to the heart. Leaving some of the crew in charge of the boat, I struck into the grass in search of other game. We had

steps, I strained forward and, peering in the direction whence the bird arose, saw at my feet a big bull-buffalo lying in the grass, with his head toward me. Quick as thought, I raised my rifle and fired a snap shot; fortunately for myself and trackers, the bullet took instant effect, and after two or three spasmodic efforts to scramble to his feet, the buffalo sank back dead on the grass. I shudder to think what the result might have been had I only wounded him. I could never understand the bull's presence there, for it is not often that buffaloes are caught napping in that way. Having skinned the animal, my men carried the meat to the boat. They were walking just ahead of me, when suddenly I saw each man throw down his load and start back with a terrible fright. The cry of "*Mosémé! Mosémé!*" (Snake! Snake!) explained the situation. Approaching, I saw coiled around a small tree, with head defiantly erect, a large python. The reptile had gorged itself, and did not seem to be capable of any great activity. I shot it through the head, and my men carried it to the boat. Its skin subsequently made a handsome trophy.

The report of my rifle, when I fired at the snake, had started a small herd of buffalo. I heard them galloping through the swamp ahead of us. Taking my hunter, Bongo Nsanda, with

me, I got within shot, fired and hit one of the herd; and, not bringing the animal down, I had to follow the tracks through swamp and plain, and push my way through tangled grass and into the depths of the boggy forest, before I came up to my game. The poor wounded brute was standing in a pool of water, and he allowed me to approach unobserved and bowl him over.

In all my hunts I was accompanied by Bongo Nsanda, who stood ready at hand, and often with his heavy spear, which he preferred to a rifle, he gave the *coup-de-grâce*, and ended the dying struggle of the animal that I had shot.

Hippopotami, when guarding their young, are excessively spiteful, and attack the natives'

hippo, with his great bony jaws, seized the stern of the frail canoe with a terrible crunch. Fortunately, the fisherman kept his balance, and was shot out of his canoe a distance of several feet and landed high and dry on the bank. The hippo, baffled in his attempt to overtake the native, smashed and trampled to pieces the little dug-out, as if to show the trembling native, who had sought shelter in a tree-top, the kind of treatment he would have received if good fortune had not befriended him. This piece of information was held out to me as an inducement to rid mankind of so formidable a foe.

"*Yo ku-buma ye te, Makula?*" (Won't you kill him, Makula?) asked Bongo Nsanda,



SHOOTING A PYTHON. (SEE PAGE 653.)

canoes, very often upsetting them and killing the occupants. "*Ngubu mbi akujala ùsi ùna*" (There is a very bad hippopotamus on the other side of the river), said Bongo Nsanda to me. Then he told me that early that morning a fisherman, while in his canoe attending to his nets, was chased by this animal. The frightened fisherman paddled with all his might to avoid his fierce pursuer, and had just touched the bank with the nose of his canoe when the furious old

using my native name. I felt now, with my experience, I could safely pit my Martini rifle against any hippo on the river, no matter how terrible his reputation might be. So I crossed the river in my large canoe, fearing to use my small one, lest the ill-conditioned old fellow might pitch me in the air, and perhaps select a locality which had not the advantage of presenting soft sand or grass on which to break my fall. Besides, in case he should charge, I



"THE FISHERMAN WAS SHOT OUT OF HIS CANOE A DISTANCE OF SEVERAL FEET."

felt sure that my present canoe would stand sound and steady.

When I reached the other side, there was our enemy on guard over a little bay. I put my canoe in-shore, just below the creek where he was swimming with his head hardly above water; then, creeping silently along the edge of the grass, arrived in a position where I could get a good shot at him. I fired, and struck him in the head; my ball hit the skull where the bone was thickest, and only maddened the brute. He charged about in the shallow water near the bank, snorting, and churning up the muddy stream. Bongo Nsanda stood ready with his heavy, loaded spear, and as the hippo came forward endeavoring to find the hiding-place of the enemy who had wounded him, Bongo Nsanda hurled his spear in behind the brute's shoulder, the keen blade piercing the body to the heart. The fishermen, attracted by the gunshot, were delighted to see their old enemy killed, and a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped from the fisherman who but the day before had been compelled by the hippopotamus to make such an undignified landing from his canoe.

Bongo Nsanda was a renowned hunter and trapper. He had caught a great many hippopotami in his pitfall-traps, and many a

"tusker" and buffalo had become victims to his weighted spear, cunningly suspended from the branches of the towering forest trees. Passing through a wood one day, following up the new track of a buffalo, Bongo Nsanda called my attention to an old and unused pitfall which he had made, a few yards from the river bank, in the trail of a hippopotamus. Having left it unwatched for several days while he was on a trading trip, one morning, upon paying it a visit, he was much astonished to see that it was full. During his absence, a hippo had fallen in and died, and a crocodile, attracted by the scent, had climbed up the bank and got into the pit, where he gorged himself upon the hippo, and was unable to get out again, but was still alive. As a large trading-canoe was passing at the time, Bongo Nsanda thought it best to sell the contents of his trap as it stood, thereby saving himself the bother of killing the reptile. So he hailed the canoe, and, having made a satisfactory bargain, the purchasers proceeded to kill the crocodile by spearing it. One man, however, losing his footing, fell in, and was caught by the crocodile. Fortunately he was rescued alive, though severely wounded.

Bongo Nsanda, like all natives, was very superstitious, and thought this trap, which had

been the cause of so much bloodshed, had better be left alone. He had a foreboding that he himself might in some way be the next victim if he used it again.

Rivalries and fights are by no means confined to human beings; the cries of the savage animals of African jungles engaged in deadly combat often break the silence of those wild regions. The unwieldy hippopotamus, strolling

proof that the fight had been fierce and protracted. The ground was broken and torn up in every direction; saplings, grass, and bushes were crushed and stamped into the muddy ground.

In the upper reaches of the Congo, when the wet season, or "*Mpila*," is prolonged, the river rises to a great height, flooding huge tracts of bush and plain, and compelling the different



BONGO NSANDA SPEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

along a buffalo path, is charged unawares by one of those ill-tempered animals. The dispute culminates in a duel between the hippo's keen, gleaming tusks and the sharp-pointed horns of the buffalo bull.

The result of such an encounter depends usually upon the advantage given by the lay of the land to one of the combatants; as, should the buffalo have an unimpeded rush at his enemy, the hippo would receive such a blow as would render his ultimate dispatch a very easy matter. But should the slower moving but heavier hippopotamus have any opportunity to use his formidable tusks, the buffalo would have no chance at all. I remember hearing such an encounter; I did not actually witness the fray, but a visit to the scene of it after the battle was a sufficient

wild animals to assume for the time an amphibious nature, as they must swim from place to place in search of food.

During the continuance of such a season the natives are enabled to kill off a great many buffaloes. They will surround a small herd that happens to be swimming together. Then they throw long wooden poles in the water all around the animals to prevent their progress and exhaust them. A buffalo, under these conditions, is a very harmless creature, and easily approached and killed by the natives with their spears.

It is not unusual to see an elephant swimming across the river; and this monster is as helpless as any when away from terra firma. He has very little power when in deep water, as, to breathe, he must keep his trunk raised above

the surface of the water, and is thus deprived of a formidable weapon.

Great strides had been made on the Congo since I first arrived, in '83. The natives of the wild regions of the Congo Basin, who had never seen a white man until '77, when Stanley passed through their country on his marvelous journey "Through the Dark Continent," having placed themselves under the protection of Stanley's expedition, "L'Association Internationale Africaine," had by treaties ceded their territory to this society. In 1885, this territory was recognized by all the civilized powers as *L'État Indépendant du Congo* (The Congo Free State).

In 1885 the Berlin Conference distinctly defined the limits of this new State, and this part of equatorial Africa was then exempt from European disputes. Better transport on the lower river was being organized, and constantly new steamers were being built and launched on the Upper Congo. The State had added "Le Stanley," a stern-wheeler seventy feet long, to their fleet, the Livingstone Inland Mission had built and floated their steamer the "Henry Reed," and, besides these, the Baptist Mission twin-screw steamer "Peace" was already navigating the river.

This increased service of boats greatly improved the means of communication between the Stations. Letters were now received every three or four months. Only those who have traveled far away from home and dear friends can understand the pleasure a letter gives to one surrounded by wild and ignorant people, with whom, no matter how friendly, he has no thought or feeling in common.

At times when one feels indeed isolated and cut off, the arrival of home letters puts him again in touch with the dear ones at home. If disappointed in receiving a mail, we try to account for the failure by gloomy suggestions, or think, Why have I not received a letter? — perhaps because of severe illness or even death! A steamer will sometimes arrive without letters. Intense is the suspense of a disappointed man, until the next arrival of a steamer. Friends are utterly unable to imagine the amount of pleasure they convey to the wanderer in distant climes, by a thought-

ful little note of kindness from home. The postal service, in wild, far-away countries, is erratic and unreliable. Sometimes six months will elapse without an opportunity of sending letters up into the interior. But the little packet of letters is all the more heartily welcomed after months of anxious waiting.

For my own part I shall ever remember how, when I was deep in the heart of Africa, away from friends and countrymen, and with none of my own color within hundreds of miles of me, the home letter, with its messages of affectionate remembrance, refreshed me, and how the arrival of the tattered envelope, well worn and covered with strange postmarks, with its assurance that I was not forgotten, formed a bright event in my lonely travels.

My Station at Lukolela had been founded in order to secure rights to a certain territory by occupation of it, but now the limits of the Congo Free State and of French and Portuguese possessions in this part of Africa had been definitely settled, several posts founded for similar reasons were to be abandoned. It was a great blow for me to know that Lukolela was among the doomed. I received orders from headquarters that I was to proceed one hundred miles down-river to Bolobo, with my garrison and all its belongings. It was further intimated that a small steel boat would be placed at my disposal for the transportation. The natives of Lukolela and the surrounding country, with all of whom I was on the best of terms, gathered together and protested most strongly against my leaving them; they offered me all kinds of inducements to stay. Ivory, goats, sheep, fowls, bananas, were to be mine, *ad libitum*, if only I would remain. But although I regretted leaving a people who showed so many proofs of affection for me, the orders were imperative and therefore had to be obeyed.

We exchanged parting gifts. Iuka, Mungaba, Mpuké, Manjimba, all brought their goats and sheep, and Bongo Nsanda, the childish but courageous and faithful old hunter, who had many a time occupied a dangerous corner with me in the tangled grass or the dark jungles of the neighboring forest, gave me his long cherished spear as a keepsake.

Our departure from Lukolela was as grotesque as it was sad. The natives crowded along the river bank, all with sorrowful countenances, and exchanged parting words with us as we dropped down-stream. The means I had at my disposal for the removal of my garrison were one steel whale-boat, twenty-five feet long, and one large dug-out canoe; and in these were to be conveyed twenty men, goats, sheep, fowls, ducks, furniture, my own belongings, and those of my men. We looked like an itinerant menagerie or troupe of tumblers. Men, tables, chairs, goats, ducks, boxes, mats, etc., were all mixed up so indescribably that the superstitious natives along the banks of the river above Bolobo fled in dismay as the tangled mass of men, animals, and freight piled into two small boats floated past their villages.

It required most careful management on the part of the men to get in and out among the animals and furniture. The flotilla was not one likely to command respect, but I was most heartily welcomed, when at last I arrived at my destination, by my old friend Lieutenant Liebrechts, a Belgian artillery officer, who was in command of Bolobo Station. I was right glad again to shake hands with Liebrechts; we were very old friends, having occupied the same quarters together at Leopoldville in 1883. What a change in this Station at Bolobo since I first saw it in 1883! There had been much trouble between whites and natives then, and the Station houses had been burned to the ground; even now the grounds were encircled by a high, stout palisade. Nice, well-kept houses and stores had been built. There were also flocks of goats and sheep, good poultry-yards full of fowls and ducks, and immense plantations of sweet potatoes, maize, and peanuts, and gardens of vegetables. What was more important still, the relations with the formerly unfriendly and hostile natives were now of a most satisfactory nature in every way.

The villagers of all the surrounding country were constantly visiting the Station and exchanging presents.

Markets had been re-established for the sale of food, pottery, and native produce, and longstanding feuds between the different tribes were amicably settled by the happy intervention of

Liebrechts. It is such as he who are required to gain the confidence of the African savage, men with a keen sense of justice, and the will to enforce it. My life at Bolobo was a happy one. Liebrechts and I spent our time in visiting the different chiefs, superintending Station matters, and making little excursions into the interior in search of guinea-fowl, partridges, ducks, or the more formidable buffalo of the plain. I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure our strolls amidst the banana and palm-groves of these Central African villages, our more extended tramps through swamp and forest in search of the buffalo, and the pleasant chats we had over the sentry-fires of the Station.

At Bolobo, in former days, the buffalo used to come even into the Station. On one occasion there were three white men living there, and news was brought in that a herd of buffalo were just outside. They immediately equipped themselves for the chase and started out, following the tracker. They had gone about twenty yards only, when they could see the herd two hundred yards off. Before catching sight of the brutes they had been eager for the sport; but the nearer they approached their game the more did their stock of valor decrease; so much so, that when they got well within shot, and saw an old buffalo turn his head in their direction, prick up his ears, and assume a very inquiring attitude, one of these hunters discovered that he had not got the right boots on for hunting. His companions most generously offered to escort him back to the Station and assist him in making the necessary alterations. They started to walk back, but with every step the matter appeared more urgent. They broke from a jog-trot into a regular racing pace. Arrived at the Station, breath recovered, and boots found, it was decided not to renew the chase, as the delay caused by this unfortunate oversight had put them completely out of the vein for shooting!

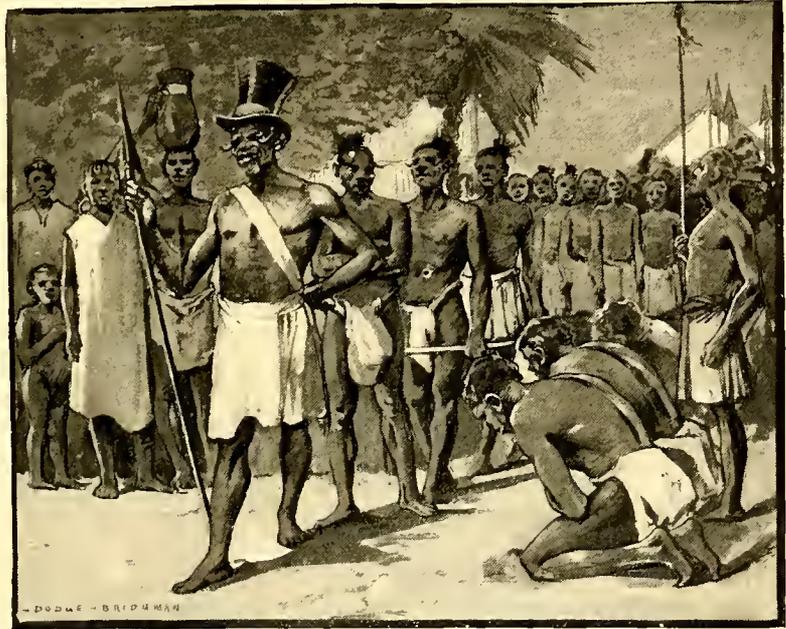
Formerly, Ibaka was the most powerful chief of Bolobo district. His name was mentioned by the natives of the surrounding villages with a great deal of reverential awe. But his village had become disunited; each of his sons was at enmity with him, and Manga, Gatula, Lingenji, Nkoé, Ngai Utsaka, the chiefs of the neighboring territory, being keen traders, had

obtained numbers of fighting men, and Ibaka's word, which at one time commanded instant obedience, was now but little regarded. His title of chief of Bolobo was of small value; he had lost all influence. During my stay at Bolobo many a time he applied to us for assistance against his neighbors, and on several occasions he arrived at our gates in full flight, chased by his own sons, armed with heavy sticks, who sought by this method of persuasion, to make their father agree to an immediate and complete division of the little wealth he still possessed, or to gain his consent to any other extortionate demand that might have suggested itself to their inventive minds.

Poor old Ibaka was a well-meaning fellow, and was very favorably disposed toward the white men. He was, indeed, anxious to be on a friendly footing with his white neighbors, but the other villagers were jealous of him, and talked him into some trifling but irritating acts of arrogance toward the Station, which resulted, a few months before my arrival, in a little war between Ibaka and Liebrechts, who was in command of the Station. As a punishment for his aggressiveness, Ibaka's town was burned to the ground.

There is an institution among these people which cannot be more correctly described than by terming it the "Order of the Tall Hat." There is in each district a chief who has proved by his warlike success that he, of all the chiefs, is the most powerful. A public acknowledgment is made of this fact, and the elected individual is carried around on men's shoulders through the different villages, the bearers proclaiming to all that he is the Mokunjé Monéné (Big Chief), and that in future all tribal disputes are to be submitted

to his judgment. Upon his return to the village, amidst dancing and singing and general feasting and joy, the Fetishman, or charm doctor, places on the chief's head a tall hat, resembling the "stovepipe" of civilized countries, but which is built with a brim at the crown, and not at the base. This hat is hereafter worn on all great occasions, and the wearer retains it until his death, when a new candidate is elected. In



KING IBAKA PARADING IN THE RED OPERA HAT.

times gone by Ibaka had received the honor of election to this proud order, but, unfortunately, during the trouble with Liebrechts the towering emblem of peculiar distinction was burned. A sympathizing white man, traveling through the country, heard of the old chief's hatless condition, and presented him with a red opera-hat of exaggerated construction, which had probably in years past formed a prominent feature in a pantomime or burlesque, or had been used with great effect by some comic singer or wandering minstrel.

The possession of this truly wonderful creation of the theatrical costumer made Ibaka a proud and happy man. His delight in his new decoration would have been unalloyed were it not for a haunting fear that some one might steal it. He kept it, when not in use, in our Sta-

tion house, and called for it only on state occasions and big public drinking-bouts. I insisted on his continual care of this valuable acquisition, and would place it on the side of his head for him, and impress upon him the necessity of wearing it in that position, as we white men were very particular about such details. Old Ibaka was intensely superstitious, and was constantly with the Fetishman, who was kept busy manufacturing new charms to protect him against imaginary evils. The poor old chief was easily gulled, and would accept from anybody anything that had the semblance of a charm.

One day Ibaka arrived back from some pro-

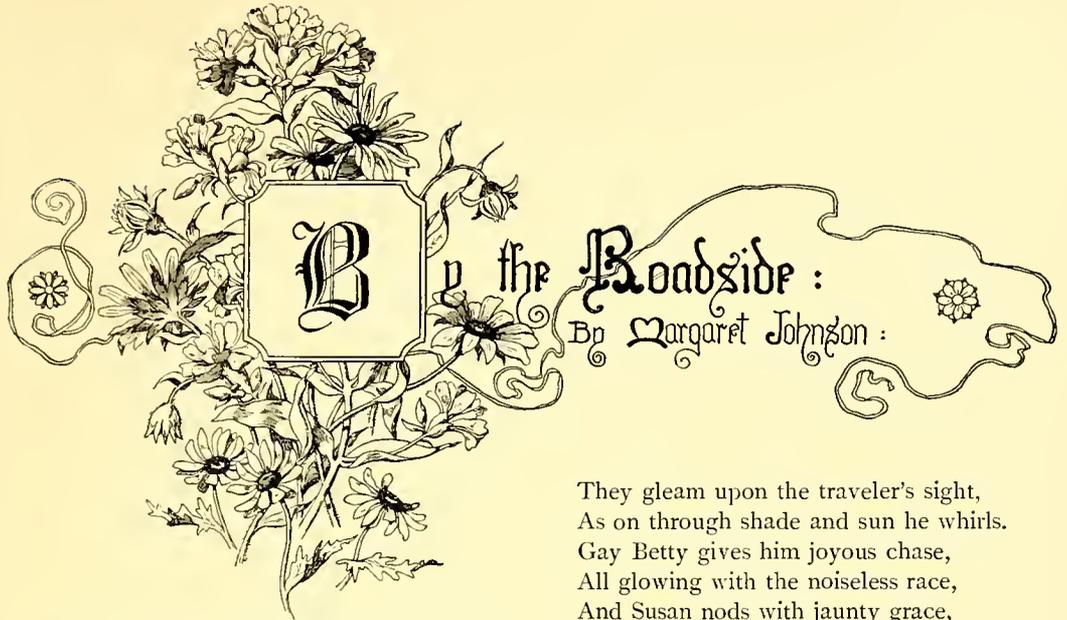
longed native festival. The old fellow bore evidence of having taken more than his share of the strong wine. He had worn the red opera-hat on this occasion, and he now brought it to the Station to see it returned to its place of safe-keeping. Upon closing it up I noticed a mysterious little package, and was informed that it was a *monkanda monganga* (fetish letter). It was, in fact, a Mohammedan prayer, given to him by one of our boat's crew, as a safeguard against all forms of death. It struck me that a red opera-hat with a Mohammedan prayer pinned in it was, indeed, a strange "find" in the wilds of Central Africa.

When I was a baby  
exceedingly young,  
I made up a number  
of very fine jokes;  
And I said, "If I had  
but the use of my tongue,  
What fun it would be  
to enlighten the folks!"



But now I'm a man and exceedingly old;  
I knew how to talk, and would gladly speak out,  
But things go so wrong and the world is so cold,  
I cannot recall what my jokes were about!

My Lost  
Jokes



ALONG the turnpike, white and broad,  
 That through the toll-gate leads to town,  
 From field and orchard round about,  
 Three pretty maids come blooming out  
 To greet the traveler riding down.  
 Comes Bouncing Betty, flushed and fair,  
 And Black-eyed Sue, with saucy stare,  
 And breezy flaunt of yellow hair,  
     And at their feet,  
     White Marguerite,  
 Still smiling from her morning prayer.

The warm wind blows across the road,  
 And lifts the dust in sudden swirls ;  
 Now here, now there, to left, to right,

They gleam upon the traveler's sight,  
 As on through shade and sun he whirls.  
 Gay Betty gives him joyous chase,  
 All glowing with the noiseless race,  
 And Susan nods with jaunty grace,  
     And at their feet,  
     Still Marguerite  
 Smiles purely up into his face.

They will not leave him till he turns  
 Into the staid and quiet town.  
 Then, looking backward, from between  
 Trim cottages and gardens green,  
 He sees the dusty distance brown ;  
 Sees Bouncing Betty, flushed and fair,  
 Pause by the bars with wistful air,  
 And Susan's eyes shine through her hair,  
     And at their feet,  
     White Marguerite  
 Droop softly to her evening prayer.



## ORIE.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

WHEN our dear bird died, last winter, he had lived in our family nearly sixteen years. How did we catch him at first? We did not catch him. He came to us as freely as if he had known us always, and wished us to adopt him.

It happened in this way. It was in the fall, when ordinary birds were scurrying south as fast as their wings could carry them; but as our farmer walked away from the kitchen door, there, clinging to the trunk of a beech

tightly and rode in state to the kitchen. There he seemed equally at home. The whole family assembled to look at him, and when the mother took him on her finger he did not offer to fly off—not even when she danced him to the rollicking ballad “Rory O’Moore.”

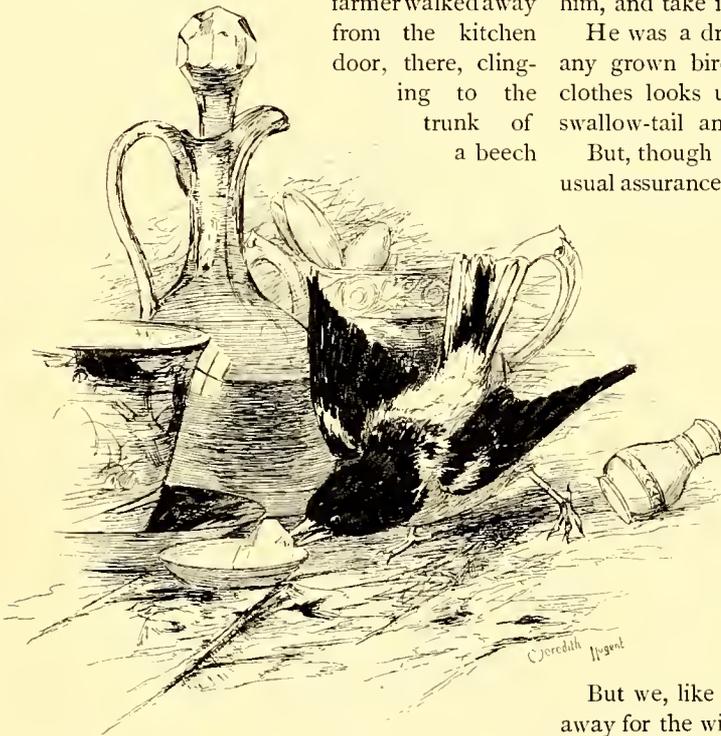
Indeed, he enjoyed this welcome so much he was quite willing to hop into the cage we brought him, and take it for his house and home.

He was a droll little waif, looking as unlike any grown bird we knew, as a baby in long clothes looks unlike his future self arrayed in swallow-tail and white tie.

But, though we guessed at his name with the usual assurance of ignorance, we expended most of our wonder over his friendliness,—for who ever heard of a bird who knew no better than to trust himself with people?—and over his presence in the country at that time of year.

Whatever the reason that he was left behind, the grudge he owed his kin lasted him all his life; for spring after spring when the orioles came back they tried to make friends, but even when they flew to the cage, he scorned them. Perhaps this feud made him more friendly with us.

But we, like the orioles, had planned to go away for the winter, and could not stay even on his account. We left him at the farmhouse, where he was sure of kind care, and read with great interest the bulletins sent about his health and growing accomplishments, together with the neighbors’ suggestions about his name. Some one announced that he was a golden robin, and when the family man of science set eyes on him, the next spring, we found that it was true; for is not Golden Robin a name for the Baltimore oriole? *Icterus Baltimore.* our sci-



ORIE AT BREAKFAST.

by the walk, he saw this bird looking for breakfast as calmly as if he had just stepped out of the house for a breath of fresh air.

Surprised at the sight of the stranger, the man in passing the tree put up his hand by the bird, when, instead of flying off in affright, he quietly hopped down on the proffered perch.

He saw nothing alarming in being asked into the house on a cold morning, and so held on

entific man gravely termed him. We were glad to know who he was, in good set terms; but with all respect to his *Icterus* ancestors, and to Lord Baltimore, to the colors of whose shield orioles are said to owe their family title, our lazy tongues preferred the nickname "Orie." So, for years Orie was a dear family name, and now it brings up many a pretty picture to recall happy memories of former years, and is linked with other dear names and family happenings.

The second year he was with us, we stayed at home in the country. Such a season! Snow lay in the woods, where it did not drift, at a depth of six feet. Our summer driveways were both hopelessly blockaded, and the road across the open fields, by which alone we could reach the main road, though plowed every morning, was often blown so full by noon that no trace of a road was left. We rarely went off the piazza except on snowshoes, and in our dependence upon indoor amusement let Orie fly about the house most of the time, and found him an entertaining member of the family.

One morning we heard a mysterious whistle, and were greatly perplexed to know where it could come from; but traced it at last to the family sitting-room. Whenever any one walked down the hall to the door, however, the whistling would abruptly cease, and a long silence would follow the intrusion. We suspected Orie, and tried to surprise him by creeping down the hall stairs and stealing a look into the room in that way; but he was too wary. We caught him at last only by tiptoeing along the hall and peeking through the door. He was learning to sing, and, unlike some beginners, was too modest to face an audience. It was amusing to hear his attempts, such queer little broken notes and quavers. He kept practicing, though, when we were out of sight, till he felt confident enough to sing a few notes before us. After that he improved rapidly, until he was ready to "talk" to us whenever he had anything to say, and soon took to the pretty way of calling out good-night to us as we filed up the stairs with our flickering candles.

We usually let him out of his cage in time for breakfast, and he would fly across the hall into the dining-room as eagerly as if we were depending on him to carve the steak or pour the coffee. We gave him a butter-plate, putting

it at one side of the table with whatever we thought good for his breakfast; but he had no idea of being limited in any way.

When very hungry, he would fly down to the table and run across the cloth, making out his



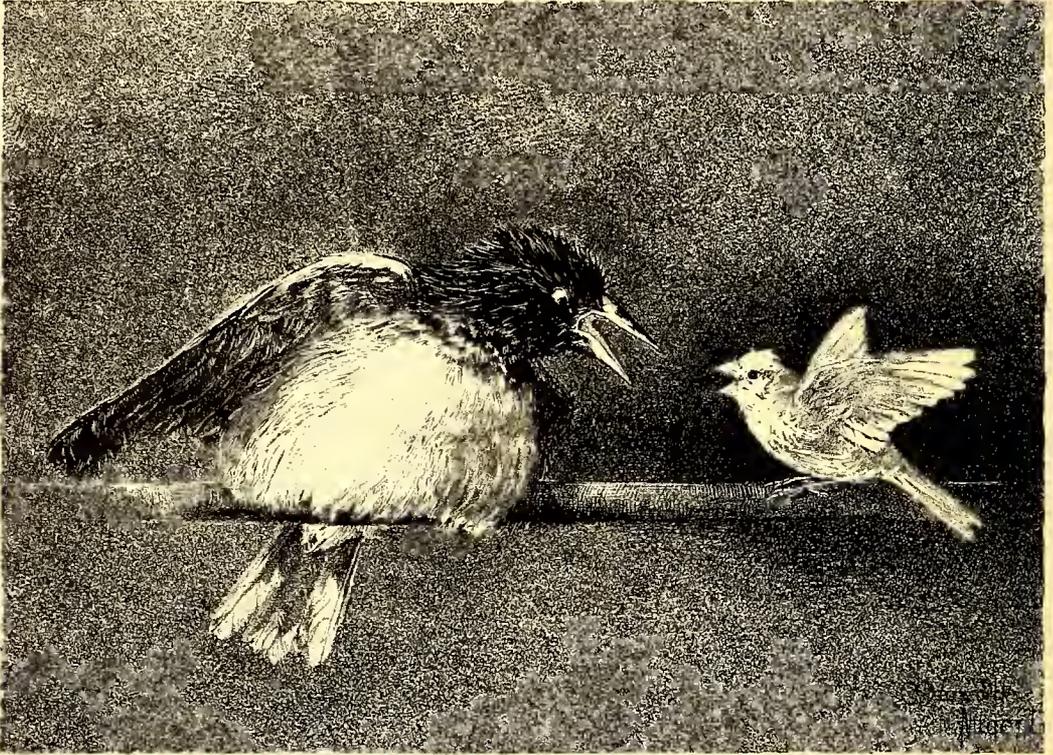
"HE WOULD PERCH UPON THE SHOULDER."

bill-of-fare as he went. The butter-dish and syrup-pitcher attracted him most strongly. He plunged his bill into the butter as if the Eskimos had taught him the proper food for a cold winter. The syrup-pitcher was too high for him, but by standing tiptoe on the saucer and stretching his neck he could take the drop in the spout.

One day the children very nearly lost him, by taking him into the woods for a bath. It was the prettiest spot in all the brook. Just a tiny pool with mossy banks, and ferns arching over the water. They could not rest till their dear Orie had bathed there! At home, he had a pleasant, roomy house, for the grandmother's garret had been ransacked, and he had been advanced from the small hanging brass cage to a spacious four-story mansion mounted on a high rolling standard that made it an easy matter to move the cage out of the wind or into the sun,

and raised it above the jump of a cat—the door being barely within reach of the mischievous three-year-old. This brought the top of the cage so high we could just reach up to hang a shawl over it. For Orie was well cared for. In cold weather he was kept in the hall or dining-room; in the milder days he was taken out on the piazza for the warm hours, and brought in at night; and

He had few fears, inside the house, though a pair of snowshoes always scared him, even when he saw us strap them on before starting for our walks; and he did not like big dogs to come too near the cage. People never alarmed him. In fact, if a stranger came to the cage and teasingly put his finger between the wires, Orie scolded indignantly, and often pecked so



"WHO CARES FOR YOU?"

"ONE LITTLE MITE OF A CANARY USED TO OPEN HIS BILL, RAISE HIS WINGS THREATENINGLY, AND DRIVE ORIE ALL OVER THE CAGE."

in summer he lived on the piazza, but shawls were carefully pinned over the cage every evening.

When we cleaned the cage, he often flew down and pecked at our hands; and when the slide was taken out, he plagued us by trying to creep through the crack into the room. When he got out, and we tried to catch him, he led us a chase, flying from the top of one picture-frame to another and then out from room to room; for he missed the freedom of the house, even in his big cage. At times he would fly from one end of the cage to the other from mere restlessness, but at others he would dash against the wires in terror at sight of something outside the window—probably a hawk.

hard at the taunting member that he drew blood from it.

He was as set in his likes and dislikes as any other old bachelor, from brown bread and oatmeal—both of which he detested—to the people he saw. In the family, he cared more for the mother than for any one else. After a long course of practice, he attained great finish as a musician, keeping the love-song of the wild orioles throughout the year. He never sang this to a gentleman, and it was a mark of peculiar favor if a lady admirer heard it. But the mother had only to speak to him in her loving, gentle tones, for him to begin bowing and sing-

ing in his sweetest way the tender, exquisite song we hear from the trees in spring.

Every morning when she came downstairs he sang to her—unless she passed through the room too hurriedly to speak to him, when he would scold in an aggrieved way. Whenever he spent the days in the house, if he heard her singing upstairs, he would break out in loud, ringing, joyous tones; and when the house was still, if he called and she answered him from upstairs, he would hold long conversations with her.

But, conciliate him as I might, I could never get him to sing to me. I had to act as housemaid, valet, and surgeon for him. He had to be kept in the cage when he wished to be out, and be put back when he got out; when he moulted—being a caged bird of sedentary habits—the long wing and tail feathers came out very hard, and I had to catch him, hold him no matter how he wriggled and writhed, and pull them out one by one. Worst of all, he once broke off one tip of his bill, and the other tip had to be cut to match before he could eat with his usual ease.

Such personal indignities he could not forgive. Whenever I came near the cage he began to scold, and if I offered him my finger for a perch I paid for the affront with my blood.

But, one morning before breakfast I came downstairs and through the hall to the piazza with a step so unusually light that he took me for the mother, and began singing the song reserved for her morning greeting. I was so surprised and delighted, I hurried to the cage; but the instant he saw who it was he stopped singing and scolded furiously—he had been cheated into singing to me! As he grew older, he became less chary of his music, and as he outgrew the need of the more humiliating attentions, he gradually forgave me, and now and then treated me to one of his sweet songs.

When any of the family had been out for a walk or drive, and he saw them coming up the road, he would call out, as if heartily glad to see them back. And when we came home after an absence of months, even if we came at night, when he was fluffed out into a round ball with his head tucked down in his feathers, the moment we went and spoke to him, he would wake up and sing out a hearty how-do-you-do to us.

But though Orie showed so much affection for us, he cared no more for the birds that shared the cage with him than he did for his oriole visitors. A weak, lame little nonpareil who was with him for a year or two was treated in a shameful way. The big autocrat would start off the perch, aiming straight for the spot where he sat, so that the poor nonpareil had to choose between being flown into or scrambling meekly out of the way. The result was that he wore a crushed, apologetic air, and always kept an eye on Orie, sometimes hiding in a dark corner of the bottom of the cage to escape being knocked off his perch in the old fellow's restless moods.

It must be confessed that our dear boy was selfish. There was a pine-grosbeak with him, who was the most peaceable, dignified of birds; but, though Orie had his foot on a favorite morsel, if we held something out to Pinicola, Orie would drop his food and fly up to take possession of Pinicola's, for fear it was better than his own.

At different times, a catbird, bluebird, pine-finch, and some orioles and goldfinches were with Orie, but the canaries were the only birds that ever dared to treat him to more than a taste of his own arrogance. One of them, little mite that he was, used to open his bill and raise his wings threateningly when on the perch beside Orie, and drove him all over the cage, hovering over the big fellow's head, in the kingbird and hawk style, and when out in the room the little fellow gave him no rest for the sole of his foot—altogether furnishing the old tyrant food for reflection.

But, in his long life, Orie survived all the other birds, and for several years before his death had the cage all to himself.

As with other caged birds, his plumage never reached the richness of coloring that the wild birds attain; but his pale orange was very pretty against his black head and back, we thought, and we loved him just as well.

He had the strong legs and claws and useful bill that mark his family. He was so fond of his swing, though it had a stiff, jerky motion that would have taxed weaker legs, and creaked on its wires alarmingly, that he often slept on it up in the warm top of his house.

If there was stiff, rattling paper on the bottom of the cage, or if for any other reason Orie

did not want to fly down, he would drop to the lowest perch, swing himself over till his body hung vertically, and, holding on tight with his claws, stretch out to his full length, snatch a billful of food from the saucer, and then swing himself back to an upright position.

He used his bill as a crowbar. His door swung out from the side of the cage, and, clinging to it, he would try to pry it away from the cage — he could open the door a little, why not enough to let himself out?

It was interesting to see the different ways in which Orie and Pinicola ate. Pinicola preferred to have his food in the saucer or between the wires, where he nibbled daintily at it. If forced to take it in his bill, he held it out "at arm's length," showing great skill in balancing it and eating at the same time. But the grasping, impetuous Orie insisted on taking the whole black-berry, or whatever it was, right into his long bill, and then, unable to hold it and eat at the same time, would put it under his foot, and, if it was a juicy fruit, thrust his bill deep into the center and drink up the juice.

Fruits of every kind, from strawberries and apples to bananas and raisins, he thought especially delectable. Beefsteak, cake, pies, sugar, ice-cream, he could enjoy. He preferred his potatoes mashed, but liked baked ones if they were buttered for him.

At meals we took him whatever we had, and when in the dining-room he flew round the cage anxiously till we brought him something. If he was in the hall, and heard us at the table, he would scold loudly till we gave him his meal.

For his natural food he kept a taste, too, eating flies if we caught them for him, and even chasing after a miller occasionally, if one strayed between the bars. Ants had a fascination for him. The way they affected him was amusing. The instant he got one firmly under his claw and saw its legs squirm, he was seized with the nervous feeling that it was crawling over his body, and while he stood on it would turn and hurriedly stroke first one wing and then the other, as if to brush it off. It always took him a long time to eat an ant, he had so much brushing to do.

He was as fond of chickweed as a canary, and

enjoyed picking locust-blossoms, violets, or other flowers, and eating the tender petals.

With all this variety of diet he never had dyspepsia — the more 's the wonder! At times he was a little ailing, had a slight cold or something of the kind, but a few red bird-peppers were almost sure to restore him. He was so fond of peppers that if he saw the bottle, he would fly against the wires for it as eagerly as he did for the syrup-pitcher.

When he felt ill, he acted quite like some other sick people. He was unusually gentle, and rather glad to be petted. At such times he fluffed his feathers about him and answered us in very mild, weak tones, and if we offered him a finger would sometimes alight on it and sit for several moments, pecking us gently the while. But, however ill he was, he would never submit to being stroked or taken in the hand — he liked his own free will too well for that.

We were away during the last year of his life.

He was very friendly with the family where we left him, and would take food from the chubby hand of the baby when she was held up to the cage.

The very day before he died, he was out among the plants, sang to the family as sweetly as ever, and seemed as well as usual when he went to bed; but the next morning they found him dead in his cage.

We never realized how dear our little pet was to us until we lost him. When we came into the house there was no sweet voice to sing out a welcome to us, the rooms seemed strangely empty without his cage, and we sadly missed his merry "talk."

For a long time we could not sit down to a meal without thinking of him, for there was a little plate that should be filled, and a leaf of tender lettuce or celery, a nut, or taste of jelly — some favorite morsel of his to be taken to him. If we went out in the fields, there was the sweet clover to bring back to him; if into the woods, it was a bit of bark or a lichen-covered twig that would please him — always something to remind us of the dear bird that for sixteen years had been a loved and loving member of our home circle.

# BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

## SECOND PAPER:

### FIELDING, THROWING, AND GENERAL PRACTICE.

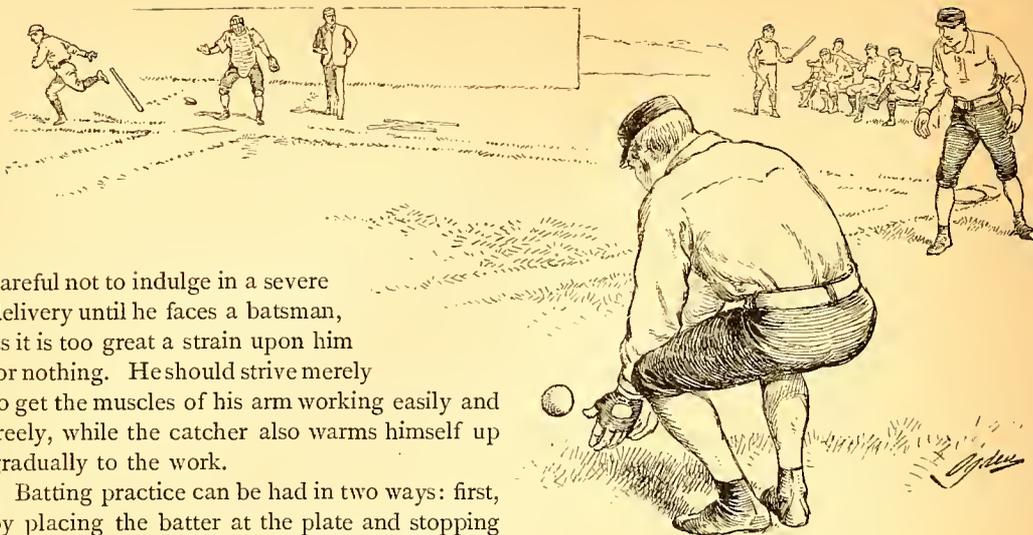
CANDIDATES for in-field positions are usually too numerous to admit of their all practicing together, as would-be out-fielders may do. On this account it is customary for them to take turns, in parties of perhaps four at a time. The others, who are obliged to wait their turn, make themselves useful as batsmen to the rest; or they may stand about half way between the out-fielders and the man batting to them, and thereby get an occasional ball, besides returning the ball to the batter for the out-fielders. To those who take the bases balls are sent in turn, or occasionally at random, which they field over to the first-base man. He usually practices throwing to third base. The batsman contrives to give each man a variety of balls, mostly grounders, such as each would be called upon to take in a game. An occasional short high fly is knocked, and once in a while a sharp liner. While the ball is sometimes batted directly at the fielder, the best practice for him is to have it sent frequently upon one side or the other of the place upon which he stands. Thus, in the case of the third-base man, whose position is a few feet inside the line to the home-plate and a little behind the line from second to third, balls should be batted not only along the front line occasionally, but very often several feet toward the short-stop. One of the best arrangements between a short-stop and a third-base man, is for the latter to take all slow hits coming where he can run in and handle them, while the short-stop plays what is known as a "deep field," that is considerably back of the base line, and takes whatever balls the third-base man cannot reach on account of their speed or direction. In this way much more ground can be satisfactorily covered by these two men. When men are practicing these plays, the batter should send some slow, bounding balls

directed toward the short-stop, and the third-base man should run in on them and handle them. Then a sharp drive should be sent, which the short-stop will receive, as the other could not reach it in time. It is not a difficult matter for two men to acquire this style of play, and when once it is learned it makes a very strong fielding combination.

The second-base man plays about on a line with his base, but away from it toward first some twenty feet or so. The batter should send the balls on both sides of him, extending his field as much as possible. In batting over the second-base bag, however, the batter should not drive the ball too fast, or it will be practically a base-hit, and too many such drives tend to discourage the player who zealously tries for each. A slow hit is one of the most difficult for a second-base man to handle, particularly if he plays well back in order to cover ground. It is not so much that he can not run up rapidly on it, but that it usually comes to him just about the spot most cut up by the base line, and where an irregular bound puts it out of the question for him to field it cleanly. On this account the batter should give the second-base man plenty of this very kind to take, in order that he may acquire the habit of rapid judgment as to how far in he should meet the ball. A fly should be occasionally batted almost over the first-base man's head, just a little too high for that player to reach. The second-base man can take many of these, and practice soon shows him that he can cover a deal of ground there.

In batting to the first-base man, balls should be knocked that force him to use good judgment as to whether he should go after them or let the second-base man take them. These and slow grounders along the base-line are the ones upon which he will need the most practice.

While the in-field and out-field are thus getting their general practice, the batteries are usually "limbering up," although the pitcher should be



SHORT-STOP TAKING A GROUNDER.

careful not to indulge in a severe delivery until he faces a batsman, as it is too great a strain upon him for nothing. He should strive merely to get the muscles of his arm working easily and freely, while the catcher also warms himself up gradually to the work.

Batting practice can be had in two ways: first, by placing the batter at the plate and stopping the ordinary practice in the in-field; second, by stationing him out to one side, where he will not materially interfere with the practice. The latter is preferable, as accomplishing more work in the same time.

The regular pitchers ought not to be obliged to do all the pitching for this batting practice. In fact, it is best to have them do only as much of it as they can do without getting at all tired or listless. Two or three men who throw well and have a moderate control of the curves should be brought out to do a greater part of this rather tedious work. Nothing is more demoralizing to a good pitcher than to keep him pitching for batting practice, until he becomes tired and careless. Each man should be given a certain number of hits, until all have had a turn. After this it is wise to select the most promising nine men, and, arranging them in their positions, to place a tenth man at the bat and one or two substitutes on the bases. Then let the playing be as if it were a regular game. This gives a new and added interest just at the time when the men are perhaps becoming a little tired. After fifteen minutes of this work, the captain, or (if he be not a successful batter for the practice) some other player, takes the bat and ball and, standing on the home-plate, knocks the ball to the in-field or out-field, as he chooses, calling out at the same time what play to make with the ball. In this he should give every man some difficult play to execute; such, for instance,

as stationing a runner on third with instructions to try to come in on a fly after the ball is caught, and then knocking a fly to the out-fielder and having him send the ball in to the plate to intercept the man. A few double plays in the in-field, some practice in catching a runner between bases, a little throwing to second by the catcher, and some fielding home by the in-field should complete the work of the day.

Now, a few words regarding the objects to be aimed at in this general practice. First, as regards throwing. Every one has what may be called a natural way of throwing the ball, but this so-called "natural way" usually means a perverted method acquired through carelessness, or attempts to throw too hard before the arm is sufficiently accustomed to the work. As a result of this, there are few boys or college men who may not learn a great deal in the matter of throwing by careful attention for a few weeks to one or two points. The first man to whom attention should be called is the man who takes a hop, skip, and jump before he lets the ball go. No man can run fast enough to beat a thrown ball, and consequently it takes longer to carry the ball part way and throw it the rest, than it does to throw it all the way. Therefore the first thing for the man who has acquired this trick to do, is to stand still when he gets the ball, and then throw it. The opposite fault to this, is that of

leaning away when throwing. A man gets a sharp grounder, and throws the ball before he has recovered his balance, and the force of his throw is thereby greatly diminished. While this is not nearly so common as the other fault, it is quite as difficult to correct. The happy medium between the two is the man who receives the ball and, quickly straightening himself, drives it while leaning forward; and, as it leaves his hand, takes his single step in the direction of his throw.

So much for the feet and body, now for the arm, hand, and wrist.

The best and most accurate throwers are those who continually practice what is called a "short-arm" throw. To get an idea of the first steps toward the acquisition of this method, let the player take the ball in his hand, and bringing it back just level with his ear, planting both feet firmly, attempt to throw the ball without using the legs or body. At first the throw is awkward and feeble, but constant practice speedily results in moderate speed and peculiar accuracy. After

steady practice at this until quite a pace is acquired, the man may be allowed to use his legs and body to increase the speed, still, however, sticking to

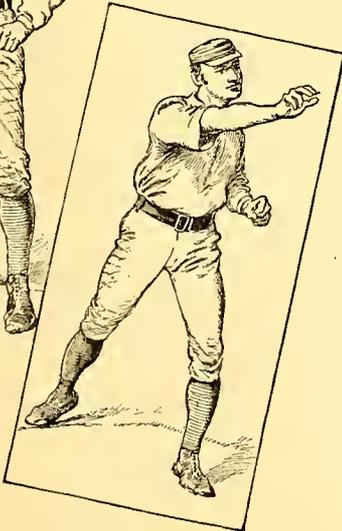


*Spencer*

the straight, forward motion of the hand, wrist, and the arm.

The secret of the throw

is, of course, keeping the hand in a line with the



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORT-ARM THROW.

arm and not swinging it out to the side and away from the head, where much of the accuracy and some of the quickness is lost. Certain catchers have brought this style of throw to such a pitch



FIRST-BASE MAN THROWING TO SECOND FOR A DOUBLE-PLAY.

of perfection as to get the ball away toward second almost on the instant it strikes the hands. They aid the throwing by a slight twist of the body.

The quickness of this method of throwing is, of course, due to the fact that there is no delay caused by drawing back the arm past the head or by turning the body around, which lose so much valuable time. Its accuracy is due to the fact that it is easier to aim at an object with a hand in front of the eyes than when it is out beyond the shoulder. One can easily ascertain this by comparing the ease of pointing the index finger at any object when the hand is in front of the face, with the difficulty of doing so when the arm is extended out sideways from the body. Still further, in the almost round-arm throwing, which many players use, the hand describes an arc, and the ball must be let go at the proper point to go true. If let go at any other point in the swing, the throw is certain to be wild. In the other method, that of straight-arm throwing, any variation is far more likely to be a variation in height only, and in that respect the variation may be greater without serious error. A straight-arm throw sends a ball much easier to handle than the side-arm style. The latter is likely to curve, bound irregularly, and be more inconvenient for the baseman.

In-field throwing should be on a line, as much as possible, and there are few distances to be covered there that require any "up and over" throwing. In getting a ball in from a deep out-field, the distance is sometimes so great that none but professionals or exceptionally strong throwers can drive the ball in except by giving it quite an upward direction; even then, however, one should be careful to keep the ball fairly well down, as it is far better to have it reach the catcher on the bound than to go sailing over his head. "Keep it down" is a cardinal rule when fielding to the home-plate from the field. If a low ball be thrown, it is easier for the catcher to touch the runner, who in a tight place will invariably slide as close to the ground as possible. A high throw gives the catcher almost no chance to recover and put the ball on the man, whereas a low throw brings his hands in the most advantageous position for touching the runner. The same is, of course, true in the case of the catcher's throws to the second or the other bases, to put out the runner.

The position of the fingers when throwing a ball is a point upon which there are individual differences of opinion; but the majority of the best throwers in the country use principally the fore-finger and middle-finger in giving direction to the ball. Further particulars regarding special throwing will be noted in a later article upon the individual positions.

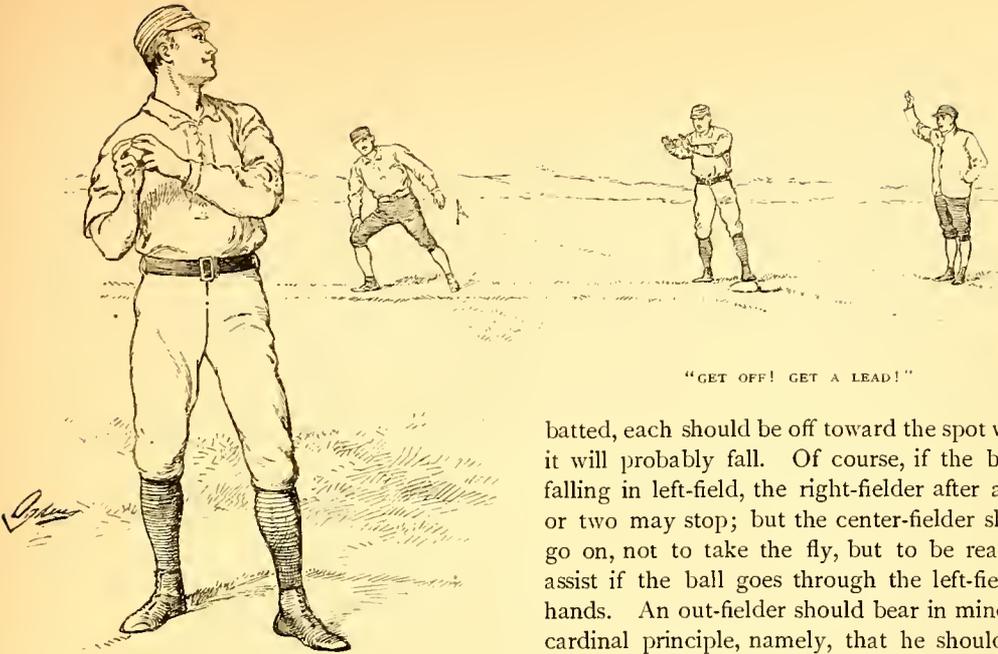
Handling the ball well is quite as important an element in the game as throwing. By the non-playing spectator there is little difference noted between the various ways of catching a fly or picking up a grounder. Muffs and fumbles are the only errors of this kind which excite their adverse comment; but, in point of fact, there are errors almost as serious which entirely escape their observation. A player may hang back from a slow hit so long that even though he pick it up well and throw it accurately the runner will nevertheless reach his base. Indeed, the scorer may give it as a base-hit, and the fielder escape a deserved error. Again, a fielder may, by not starting quickly enough, be obliged to turn and run with a fly so that he catches it while facing away from the plate, and is thus unable to field the ball in, in time to intercept a runner who starts from third after the catch. Sometimes it is

necessary to catch the ball in this way, but it should be the last resort; not only because it is very difficult, but also because this method makes it impossible to get a quick return of the ball when required. An in-fielder should always take the ball while coming forward if possible. This does not mean that he should dash madly into the ball, but that his weight should be moving in an advantageous direction when he takes it. It is best to bring the heels together just as the player stoops for the ball, if it be a low one, and hug the ground closely. The knees should bend, and the hands and arms, as they go down, will make, with the legs, an almost impassable barrier, so that even should the player fail to get the ball cleanly in his hands, he will stop it, and perhaps still have time to field it. The end to be aimed at is, of course, to always take the ball on a good bound; but no one can rely upon doing this invariably, as irregularities of the ground and the peculiarities of batting render exact results impossible. The fielder must also bear in mind the fact that he should take the ball



MAKING SURE OF A CATCH.  
LEFT-FIELDER CATCHING, CENTER-FIELDER BACKING HIM UP.

on the *earliest* good bound, and not, by waiting or backing away, make his throw necessarily a hurried one. There are times when good judg-



ON THE ALERT.

"GET OFF! GET A LEAD!"

ment leads a player to take the ball a little late; as, for instance, when he has an opportunity for a double-play with the ball coming directly at the base he wishes to cover. By a step backward he can take the ball while his foot is touching the bag, and then instantly throw to the other base; whereas by meeting the ball early, he would have to run back a step or two to touch the base before throwing.

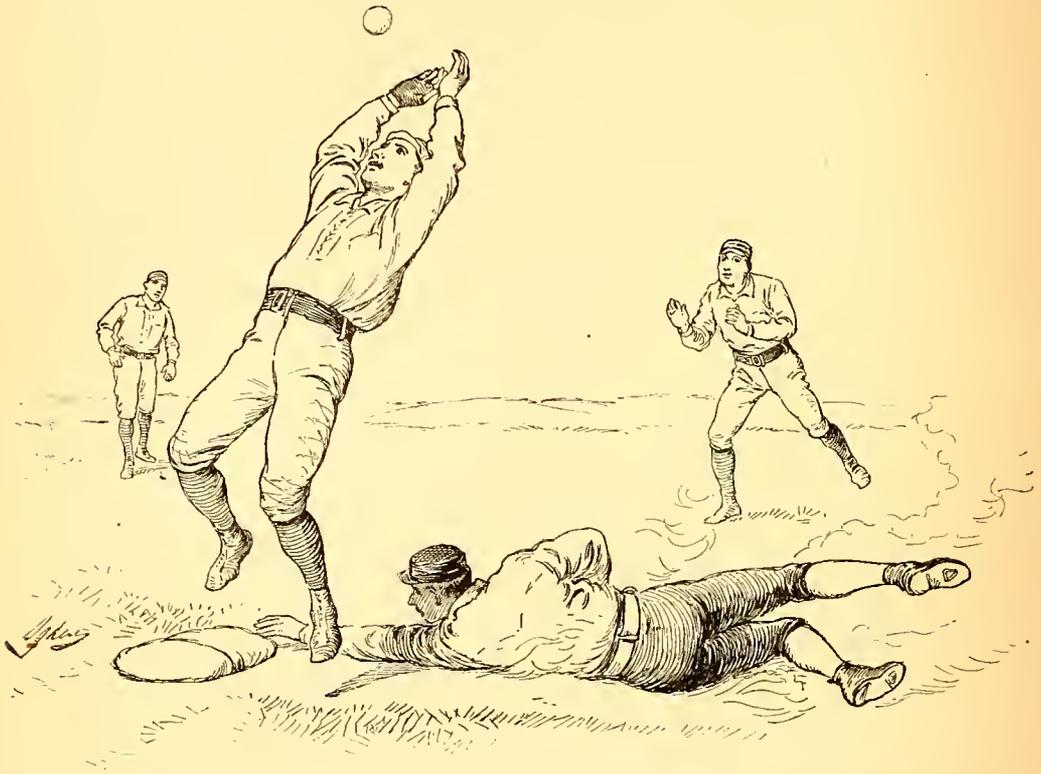
Rapidity of judgment is more valuable in base-ball than in almost any other sport, and it is only this quick thinking which will enable a player to take every advantage that offers. Wherever it is practicable, a fielder should endeavor to take the ball in the most convenient position for immediate throwing to the quarter where the ball is most needed. For instance, a right-handed player should, as far as possible, avoid taking the ball while turned to the left, when, by a little extra effort, he can bring himself squarely in front of it. The out-fielders will profit by the same advice as has been given for the in-fielders, and in addition they should remember that they have far more distance to cover. When a ball is pitched, every out-fielder should be ready for an instant start, and if a fly be

batted, each should be off toward the spot where it will probably fall. Of course, if the ball is falling in left-field, the right-fielder after a step or two may stop; but the center-fielder should go on, not to take the fly, but to be ready to assist if the ball goes through the left-fielder's hands. An out-fielder should bear in mind one cardinal principle, namely, that he should run as fast as possible until he nears the spot where the ball is coming. Then he can slow up, but his fast running should begin as he starts, and not after he has gone half way and finds that he is likely to be late. A moderate runner who starts instantly for the right spot makes a far better fielder than a more speedy man who gets off slowly, and whose judgment of the spot where the ball will probably land is not so good. A fly should always be handled in front of a man if possible, as he is then in a better position to throw it if caught, as well as to stop it and return it if a muff be made. In taking a grounder, an out-fielder should sacrifice rapidity of handling to security. A ground hit which goes by an out-fielder is so disastrous that no chance of missing it should be taken. He must stop it, even though, as the expression has it, he must "lie down before it." The out-field is usually rougher and more irregular than the in-field, and hence the player must be more careful to put himself directly in the pathway of the ball. In catching a fly, the hands should be used cup-fashion, the thumbs up and the lower edges of the hands brought close together. Line hits can not, of course, be handled in this way, but must be taken like thrown balls, with the little fingers in front and the thumbs forming the back of the

cup; a low ball, with the thumbs forward and the edges of the hands forming the back. It is occasionally necessary to take a ball directly over the head, owing to a sudden change in its direction due to the wind carrying it over the player. Such balls must be taken with the little fingers up and the thumbs making the bottom of the cup.

showing him how often it is that the ball beats the runner by the merest fraction of a second, he will appreciate the advantage to be gained, and will himself use all his energies toward the acquisition of this quick start.

Such points of play must be made habitual to the player by constant practice, because, no



A WILD THROW AND A SAFE SLIDE TO SECOND.

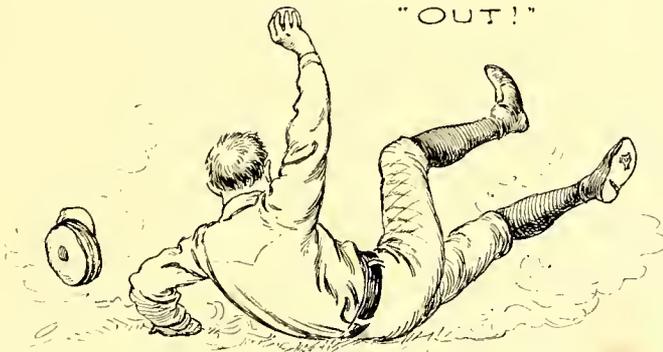
The base-running practice of a nine consists for the most part of quick starting and bold sliding. The gymnasium work will have added greatly to the abilities of the men in these directions, but they must be re-enforced by daily work on the field. The point most neglected, and yet the most vital to success, is a quick start for first after hitting the ball. Many a slow hit is turned into a base-hit by the speed and quickness of the runner. Many an error is saved an in-fielder by the slowness of the batter in getting under way. Every man should be made to practice this start until he springs toward first the instant the ball leaves his bat. If a player can be impressed with the importance of this, by

matter how much he may desire to make them at certain times, as, for instance, in the ninth inning with perhaps his single run required to win, he is not capable of doing so unless his former work has been directed toward acquiring them.

The next practice is in "stealing second." The battery should be placed in their places, and the runner on first-base. The pitcher should hold the runner as close to the base as he can by motions and an occasional throw, exactly as he would in a game, and the runner should be sent down when a good opportunity offers. He should be coached to take as great a lead as he can with security, always bearing in mind, however, that he should not lead off so far as to

make it necessary for him to be off his balance in the wrong direction, for a good start is worth two or three feet of lead. In taking his lead he should be willing to go far enough at times to make it necessary for him to go back for first with his hands if the pitcher throws to the bag, for by getting back in that way he is enabled to take a little longer lead. When he starts for second, it should be with his whole heart and as if his life depended upon it. Here again, if necessary, he must slide for it, going head first at the base, and taking it with his hand.

There are two cautions to be remembered in this play. One is to slide as far behind the base-man as it is possible to do, and yet catch the bag; the other, not to begin to slide so early as to lose the advantage of the last step or two of the run. This last caution is by no means a needless one, as men who are expert at sliding are very likely to fall into the habit of "sliding up to the bag"; beginning the slide so early as to lose headway and valuable speed, and thus be so slow as to be touched by the base-man before the hand reaches the bag.



## IF I WERE YOU.

BY GEORGE H. MURPHY.

If I were you, I often say  
To those who seem to need advice,  
I'd always look before I leaped;  
I'd always think it over twice.  
And then I heave a troubled sigh—  
For, after all, I'm only I.

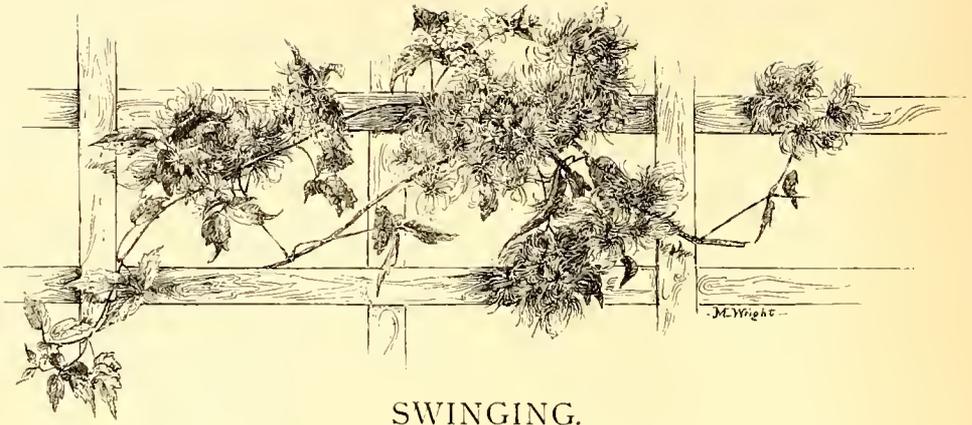
I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,  
The failings of my fellow-men;  
I'd think of all their virtues first,  
And scan my own shortcomings then.  
But though all this is good and true,  
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,  
Amidst my folly I would pause  
To see how dull and light a fool  
I was myself. I don't, because—  
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)  
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care  
Should chase my cheery smile away;  
I'd scatter round me love and hope;  
I'd do a kindness every day.  
But here again I find it true  
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick  
To take offense, if I were you;  
I would respect myself, at least,  
Whatever others say or do.  
Alas! can no one tell me why  
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you,  
And could forget that I was I;  
I think that little cherub wings  
Would sprout upon me, by and by.



## SWINGING.

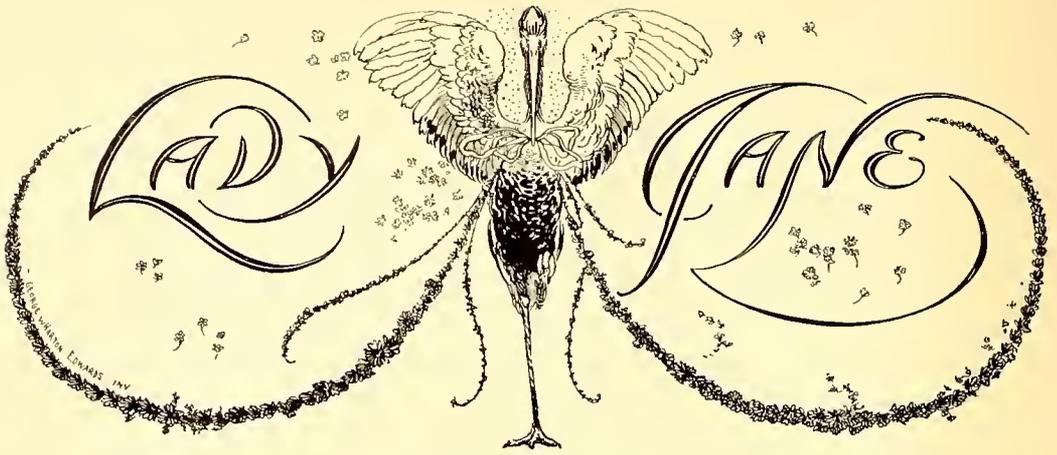
BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

HIGHER, higher, farther away,  
    Swing me — swing me — swing me!  
Up to the tree-top, up to the sky,  
So that none other hath swung so high!  
I will outfly the bees and the birds and the winds.  
    I will outsoar the song of the lark.  
I will reach to the clouds. I will shout in blue space.  
I will laugh in the shadowy, silver face  
    Of the moon as she sits in the dark!  
Oh, higher, oh, higher, oh, farther away,  
    Swing me — swing me — swing me!

See how I cleave the dim air in my flight,  
    Like a dart from an unseen bow.  
See how I leap through the gloom of the night,  
Like a vision of sudden and sweetest delight  
    Shot through a lifetime of woe!  
Upward, upward, upward away,  
Like a spirit set free from its prison of clay,  
That speeds through the ether, away and away,  
    To a world that none else of us know!  
Oh, higher, oh, higher, oh, farther away,  
    Swing me — swing me — swing me!

No higher? No higher? No higher?  
    Oh, swing me — swing me — swing me!  
Can I stop so far short of my nearest desire?  
Is it so childish, so vain to aspire?  
    Oh, swing me, and swing me, and swing me!  
I would soar far above me. Oh, help, if you love me!  
Oh, lend me the charm of love's powerful arm!  
Nay, faster and faster! Oh, farther, I pray!  
Can the dream end so soon? I was more than half way.  
    Oh, swing me! oh, swing me! oh, swing me!

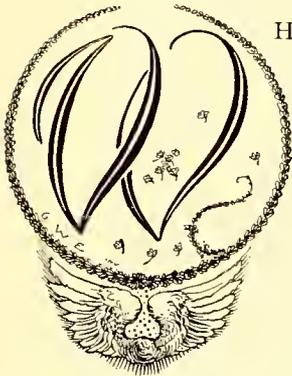




BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST VISIT TO PEPSIE.



WHEN Pepsie first looked at Lady Jane, standing before her and holding up the bird, with the light of the sunset on her yellow hair, and her lips parted in a smile that made even the solemn eyes bright, she felt as if she saw a visitor from another world. For a moment

she could only look at her; then she found voice to say:

"I was afraid you would n't come. Tite said you would n't. I've looked for you all day."

"I came to show Tony to you before I go to bed. I'll hold him so you can see him," and Lady Jane stretched up on the tips of her little white toes to raise the bird above the railing.

"Wait a moment; I'll have Tite open the door for you. Won't you come in?"

Tite, who heard Pepsie talking, was peeping through the kitchen door. In an instant she had pushed the bolt aside, and Lady Jane stood in the little room, and was looking around her with pleased surprise.

"Why, how nice!" she said, with a little sigh of content. "I'm glad I came. Have you got a kitty?"

"A kitty? You mean a little cat?" asked Pepsie, her face one broad smile over the child and bird. "No, I have n't one, and I'm sorry."

Lady Jane had dropped Tony on the floor, and she held him with a long string fastened to the leather band on his leg, while she looked over Pepsie's distorted little figure with mingled curiosity and pity.

In the mean time, Pepsie and Tite were watching the bird with the closest attention, while he hopped about, not very gracefully, picking grains of brick-dust from the cracks of the floor.

At last Tite, unable to control her wonder and admiration, broke forth:

"Miss Pep', jes look at he! Ain't he the cur'ousest bird y' ever seed?—an' he ain't no goslin', shore nuff—jes look at he tail-feaders, jes lak dem feaders on Mam'selle Marie's hat."

"And he knows when I speak to him," said Lady Jane, lifting her lovely eyes to Pepsie. "Now I'll call him, and you'll see him come."

Then she chirruped softly, and called, "Tony, Tony!" The bird turned his bright eyes on her, and, with a fluttering run, he hurried to her.

"Oh! oh!" cried Pepsie, quite overcome with surprise. "Is n't he knowing? I never saw such a bird. Is he a wild bird?"

"No, he's very tame, or he'd fly away,"

replied Lady Jane, looking at him fondly. "He's a blue heron; no one has a bird like him."

"A blue heron," repeated Pepsie, wonderingly. "I never heard of such a bird."

"Did n't I done tole yer dem chil'ren say he a herrin', an' he ain't no herrin'?" interrupted Tite, determined to support her assertion as to her knowledge of the difference between fish and fowl. "I tole yer, Miss Peps', how herrin' 's fish, an' he a bird, shore nuff," and, unable to repress her mirth at the absurdity of the name, she burst into a loud laugh of derision.

Lady Jane looked hurt and surprised, and stooping for Tony, she gathered him up, and turned toward the door.

"Oh, don't go; please don't," pleaded Pepsie. "Tite, stop laughing, and put a chair for the little girl; and then go to your work."

Tite obeyed reluctantly, with many a grin and backward look; and Lady Jane, after lingering a moment at the door, shy and undecided, put Tony down again, and climbed into the chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Now that darky 's gone," said Pepsie, with a gaiety that was reassuring, "we can talk sense. Do you understand me, everything I say? You know I don't speak English very well."

"Oh, yes!" answered Lady Jane. "I know what you say, and I like you."

"I'm glad of that," said Pepsie brightly, "because I've been just crazy to have you come over here. Now, tell me, is Madame Jozain your aunt or your grandma?"

"Why, she 's my Tante Pauline, that 's all," replied the child indifferently.

"Do you love her dearly?" asked Pepsie, who was something of a little diplomat.

"No, I don't love her," said Lady Jane decidedly.

"Oh, my! Why?—is n't she good to you?"

Lady Jane made no reply, but looked wistfully at Pepsie, as if she would rather not express her opinion on the subject.

"Well, never mind. I guess she's kind to you, only perhaps you miss your ma. Has she gone away?" and Pepsie lowered her voice and spoke very softly; she felt that she was treading on delicate ground, but she wanted to know all about the dear little thing—not so much from curiosity as from the interest she felt in her.

Lady Jane did not reply, and Pepsie again asked, very gently:

"Has your mamma gone away?"

"Tante Pauline says so," replied the child, as the woe-begone expression settled on her little face. "She says Mamma 's gone away, and that she 'll come back. I think she 's gone to heaven to see Papa. You know Papa went to heaven before we left the ranch, and Mamma was tired waiting for him to come back, and so she 's gone to see him; but I *wish* she 'd taken me with her. I want to see Papa, too; and I don't like to wait so long."

The soft, serious little voice fell to a sigh, and Lady Jane looked solemnly out of the window at the strip of sunset sky over Madame Jozain's house. Pepsie's great eyes filled with tears, and she turned away her head to hide them.

"Heaven 's up there, is n't it?" Lady Jane continued, pointing upward. "Every night when the stars come out, I watch to see if Papa and Mamma are looking at me. I think they like to stay up there, and don't want to come back. Perhaps they 've forgotten all about Lady Jane."

"'Lady Jane'? Is that your name? Why, how pretty," said Pepsie, trying to speak brightly; "and what a little darling you are! I don't think any one would ever forget you—surely not your papa and mamma. You need n't to be so lonesome—sitting there on the gallery every day alone. While your aunt 's busy with her customers you can come over here with your bird, and sit with me. I 'll show you how to shell pecans, and sugar them, and I 'll read some pretty stories to you. Now, tell me about your bird. Where did you get him?"

"A boy gave him to me—a nice boy. It was on the cars, and Mamma said I could have him; that was before Mamma's dear head ached so. It ached so she could not speak afterward."

"And have n't you a doll?" interrupted Pepsie, seeing that the child was approaching the dangerous topic.

"A doll? Oh, yes, I have ever so many at the ranch, but I have n't any here; Tante Pauline promised me one, but she has n't got it yet."

"Well, never mind, I 'll make you one. I make lovely dolls for my little cousins, the Paichoux. I must tell you about the Paichoux.

There is Uncle Paichoux, and Tante Modeste, and Marie, the eldest,—she has taken her first communion, and goes to balls,—and then there is Tiburce, a big boy, and Sophie, and Nanette, and a lot of little ones—all good, pleasant children, so healthy and so happy. Uncle Paichoux is a dairyman. They live on Frenchman Street, way, way down where it is like the country; and they have a big house, a great deal larger than any house in this neighborhood, with a garden, and figs and peaches, and lovely pomegranates that burst open when they are ripe; and Marie has roses, and crape-myrtle, and jasmine. It is lovely there—just lovely! I went there once, long ago, before my back hurt me so much.”

“Does your back hurt you now?” interrupted Lady Jane, diverted from the charming description of the Paichoux home by sudden sympathy for the speaker.

“Yes, sometimes. You see how crooked it is. It’s all grown out, and I can’t bear to be jolted. That’s why I never go anywhere; besides, I can’t walk,” added Pepsie, feeling a secret satisfaction in enumerating her ills; “but it’s my back—my back’s the worst.”

“What ails it?” said Lady Jane, with the deepest sympathy in her grave little voice.

“I’ve got a spine in my back, and the doctor says I’ll never get over it. It’s something when you once get it that you can’t be cured of, and it’s mighty bad; but I’ve got used to it now,” and she smiled at Lady Jane, a smile full of patience and resignation. “I was n’t always so, though,” she went on cheerfully, “before Papa died. You see Papa was a fireman, and he was killed in a fire when I was very small; but before that he used to take me out in his arms; and sometimes I used to go out in Tante Modeste’s milk-cart—such a pretty cart! painted red, and set upon two high wheels, and in front there are two great cans, as tall as you. They shine like silver, and little measures hang on the spouts where the milk comes out, and over the seat is a top just like a buggy-top, which they put up when the sun is too hot, or it rains. Oh, it’s just beautiful to sit up on that high seat, and go like the wind! I remember how it felt on my face,” Pepsie leaned back and closed her eyes in ecstasy; “and then the milk! When I was thirsty, Tante Modeste would give me a

cup of milk out of the big can, and it was so sweet and fresh! Some day, I’m sure, she’ll take you, and then you’ll know how it all was.”

“I used to ride on my pony with Papa,” began Lady Jane, her memory of the past awakened by the description of Pepsie’s drive. “My pony was named Sunflower, now I remember,” and her little face grew radiant, and her eyes sparkled with joy; “Papa used to put me on Sunflower, and Mamma was afraid I’d fall.” Then the brief glow faded from her face, for she heard Madame Jozain call across the street: “Lady! Lady! Come, child, come; it’s nearly dark, and time you were in bed.”

With touching docility, and without the least hesitation, she gathered up Tony, who was standing on one leg under her chair, and, holding up her face for Pepsie to kiss, she said good-bye.

“And you’ll come again in the morning,” cried Pepsie, hugging her fondly, “you’ll be sure to come in the morning?”

And Lady Jane said, “Yes.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LADY JANE FINDS OTHER FRIENDS.

THUS Lady Jane’s new life, in the quaint old Rue des Bons Enfants, began under quite pleasant auspices. From the moment that Pepsie, with a silent but not unrecorded vow, constituted herself the champion and guardian angel of the lonely little stranger, she was surrounded by friends, and hedged in with the most loyal affection.

Because Pepsie loved the child, the good Madelon loved her also; and although Madelon saw her but seldom, being obliged to leave home early and return late, she usually left for Lady Jane some substantial token of good-will, either cakes or pralines, or some odd little toy which she picked up on Bourbon Street, on her way to and from her stand.

Madelon was a pleasant-faced, handsome woman, always neat and always cheery. No matter how hard for her the day had been, whether hot or cold, rainy or dusty, she returned home at night as fresh and cheerful as when she went out in the morning. Pepsie adored her mother, and no two human beings were ever

happier than they when the day's work was over, and they sat down together to their little supper.

Then Pepsie recounted to her mother everything that had happened during the day, or, at least, everything that had come within her line of vision as she sat at her window; and Madelon, in turn, would tell her of all she had

home early, she always found Lady Jane with Pepsie, and the loving way in which the child would spring to meet her showed how gratefully she received the maternal affection lavished upon her.

At first Madame Jozain affected to be a little averse to such a close intimacy, and even went so far as to say to Madame Fernandez, the tobacconist's wife, that she did not like her niece to be so much with the lame girl opposite, whose mother was called "Bonne Praline." Perhaps they were honest people, and would do the child no harm; but a woman who was never called "Madame," and who sat all day on the Rue Bourbon, was likely to have the manners of the streets; and Lady Jane had never been thrown with such people, Madame Jozain declared.

Madame Fernandez agreed that Madelon was not over-refined, and that Pepsie lacked the accomplishments of a young lady. "But they are very honest," she said; "and the girl has a generous heart, and is so patient and cheerful! Besides, Madelon has a sister who is rich. Monsieur Paichoux, her sister's husband, is very well off, a

solid man, with a large dairy business; and their daughter Marie, who is just graduated at the 'Sacred Heart,' is very pretty, and is *fiancée* to a young man of superior family, a son of Judge Guiot — and you know who the Guiots are?"

Yes, Madame knew. Her father, Pierre Bergeron, and Judge Guiot had always been friends, and the families had visited in other days. If such was the case, the Paichoux must be very



MR. GEX AT THE DOOR OF HIS SHOP. (SEE PAGE 681.)

heard out in her world, the world of the Rue Bourbon. After the advent of Lady Jane the child was a constant theme of conversation between them. Her beauty, her intelligence, her pretty manners, her charming little ways, were a continual wonder to the simple woman and girl, who had seen little beyond their own sphere of life.

If Madelon was fortunate enough to come

respectable; and if "Bonne Praline" was the sister-in-law of a Paichoux, and prospective aunt-in-law to the son of the Judge, there was no reason why she should keep the child away; therefore she allowed her to go whenever she wished, which was from the time she was out of bed in the morning until it was quite dark at night.

Lady Jane shared Pepsie's meals, and sat at the table with her, learning to crack and shell pecans with such wonderful facility that Pep-

Creoles did, and she was not going to buy shoes for the child to knock out every day." Therefore, when Lady Jane's shoes were worn out, Madelon bought her a neat little pair on the Rue Bourbon; and Pepsie darned her stockings and sewed on buttons and strings with the most exemplary patience. When Madame complained that, with all the business she had to attend to, the white frocks were too much trouble and expense to keep clean, Tite Souris, who was a fair laundress, begged that

she might be allowed to wash them, which she did with such good will that Lady Jane was always neat and dainty.

Gradually, the sorrowful, neglected look disappeared from her small face, and she became rosy and dimpled again, and as contented and happy a child as ever was seen in Good Children Street. Every one in the neighborhood knew her; the gracious, beautiful little creature with her blue heron became one of the sights of the quarter.

She was a picture and a poem in one to the simple, good-natured Creoles, and everywhere she went she carried sunshine with her.

Little Gex, a tiny, shrunken, bent Frenchman, who kept a small fruit and vegetable stall just above Madelon's house, felt that the day had been dark indeed when Lady Jane's radiant little face did not illumine his dingy quarters. How his old, dull eyes would brighten when he heard her cheery voice! "Good-morning, Mr. Gex, Tante Pauline" (or Pepsie, as the case might be) "would like a nickel of apples, or onions, or carrots"; and the orange that was always given her for *lagniappe*\* was received with a charming

\* A gratuity given with each purchase, usually an orange, a few nuts, or a little candy.



TANTE MODESTE TAKES LADY JANE TO RIDE IN THE MILK-WAGON. (SEE PAGE 683.)

sie's task was accomplished so soon that she had plenty of time each day to devote to her little friend. And it was very amusing to witness Pepsie's motherly care for the child: she bathed her and brushed her long silken hair; she trimmed her bang to the most becoming length; she dressed her with the greatest taste, and tied her sash with the *chic* of a French milliner; she examined the little pink nails and pearls of teeth to see if they were perfectly clean; and she joined with Lady Jane in rebelling against Madame's decree that the child should go barefoot while the weather was warm—for, as Madame said, "all the little

smile, and a "Thank you," that went straight to the old, withered heart.

Gex was a quiet, polite little man, who seldom held any conversation with his customers beyond the simple requirements of his business; and children, as a general thing, he detested, for the reason that some ill-bred little imps in the neighborhood made him the butt of their mischievous ridicule, for his appearance was droll in the extreme: his small face was destitute of beard and as wrinkled as a withered apple, and he usually wore a red handkerchief tied over his bald head with the ends hanging under his chin; his dress consisted of rather short and very wide trousers, a little jacket, and an apron that reached nearly to his feet. Therefore, it was very seldom that a child entered his den; and such a thing as one receiving *lagniappe* was quite unheard of.

All day long, he sat on his small wooden chair behind the shelf across his window, on which were laid in neat piles, oranges, apples, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbages, and even the odorous garlic; his wares were always sound and clean, and for that reason, even if he did not give *lagniappes* to small customers, he had a fair trade in the neighborhood, and he was very neat and industrious. When he was not engaged in preparing his vegetables, he was always tinkering at something of interest to himself: he could mend china and glass, clocks and jewelry, shoes and shirts; he washed and patched his own wardrobe, and darned his own stockings.

Often, when a customer came in, he would push his spectacles up on his forehead, lay down his stocking and needle, and proceed to deal out his cabbages and carrots as unconcernedly as if he had been found engaged in a more manly occupation.

One day he delighted Lady Jane by asking her to sit down and eat her orange while he mended his jacket.

She declined to eat the orange, as she always shared it with Pepsie, but accepted the invitation to be seated. Placing Tony to forage on a basket of refuse vegetables, she climbed into a chair, placed her little heels on the topmost rung, smoothed down her short skirt, and, resting her elbows on her knees, leaned her rosy little cheeks on her palms, and set herself to

studying Gex seriously and critically. At length, her curiosity overcoming her diffidence, she said in a very polite tone, but with a little hesitation, "Mr. Gex, are you a man or a woman?"

Gex, for the moment, was fairly startled out of himself, and, perhaps for the first time in years, he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"*Bon! bon!*" 'T is good, 't is vairy good. Vhy, my leetle lady, sometime I don't know myself; 'cause, you see, I have to be both the man and the voman. But vhy in the world did you just ask me such a funny question?"

"Because, Mr. Gex," replied Lady Jane, very gravely, "I've thought about it often. Because men don't sew, and wear aprons—and—women don't wear trousers; so, you see, I could n't tell which *you* were."

"Oh, *ma foi*," and again Gex roared with laughter.

"I don't know why you laugh so," she said loftily, straightening up in her chair, and regarding Gex as if he had disappointed her. "I think it's very bad for you to have no one to mend your clothes, and—and to have to sew like a woman, if—if you 're a man."

"Vhy, bless your leetle heart, so it is; but, you see, I am just one poor lonely *creature*, and it don't make much difference vwhether I 'm one or t' other—nobody cares now."

"I do," returned Lady Jane brightly; "and I'm glad I know, because, when Pepsie teaches me to sew, *I'm* going to mend your clothes, Mr. Gex."

"Vell, you are one leetle angel," exclaimed Gex, quite overcome. "Here, take another orangc."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Lady Jane; "I have only bought one thing, and I can't take two *lagniappes*; that would be wrong. But I must go now."

And, jumping down, she took Tony from his comfortable nest among the cabbage-leaves, and with a polite good-by she darted out, leaving the dingy little shop darker for her going.

For a long time after she went Gex sat looking thoughtfully at his needlework. Then he sighed heavily, and muttered to himself: "If Marie had lived! If she 'd lived, I 'd been more of a man."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE VISIT TO THE PAICHOUX.

ONE bright morning in October, while Pepsie and Lady Jane were very busy over their pecans, there was a sudden rattling of wheels and jingling of cans, and Tante Modeste's milk-cart, gay in a fresh coat of red paint, with the shining cans, and smart little mule in a bright harness, drew up before the door, and Tante Modeste herself jumped briskly down from the high seat, and entered like a fresh breath of spring.

She and Madelon were twin sisters, and very much alike: having the same large, fair face, the same smooth, dark hair combed straight back from the forehead, and twisted in a glossy knot at the back. Like Madelon, she wore a stiffly starched, light calico gown finished at the neck with a muslin scarf tied in a large bow; her head was bare, and in her ears she wore large gold hoops, and around her neck was a heavy chain of the same precious metal.

When Pepsie saw her, she held out her arms, flushing with pleasure, and cried joyfully, "Oh, Tante Modeste, how glad I am! I thought you 'd forgotten to come for Lady Jane."

Tante Modeste embraced her niece warmly, and then caught Lady Jane to her heart just as Madelon did. "Forgotten her? Oh, no; I 've thought of her all the time since I was here; but I 've been so busy."

"What about, Tante Modeste?" asked Pepsie eagerly.

"Oh, you can't think how your cousin Marie is turning us topsy-turvy, since she decided to be a lady." Here Tante Modeste made a little grimace of disdain. "She must have our house changed, and her papa can't say no to her. I like it best as it was, but Marie must have paint and carpets — think of it, carpets! — but I draw the line at the parlor, the *salon*," and again Tante Modeste shrugged and laughed. "She wants a *salon*. Well, she shall have a *salon* just as she likes it; and I will have the other part of the house as I like it. Just imagine, your uncle has gone on Rue Royale and bought a mirror, a console, a cabinet, a sofa, and a carpet."

"Oh, oh, Tante Modeste, how lovely!" cried

Pepsie, clasping her hands in admiration. "I wish I could see the parlor just once."

"You shall, my dear; you shall, if you have to be brought on a bed. When there's a wedding,"—and she nodded brightly, as much as to say, "and there will be one soon," and went on—"you shall be brought there. I'll arrange it so you can come comfortably, my dear. Have patience, you shall come."

"How good you are, Tante Modeste," cried Pepsie, enraptured at the promise of such happiness.

"Now, *chérie*," she said, turning to Lady Jane, whose little face was expressing in pantomime her pleasure at Pepsie's delight, "I 've come for you this morning to take you for a ride in the cart, as I promised."

"Tante Pauline does n't know," began Lady Jane dutifully; "I must go home and ask her whether I can."

"I'll send Tite," cried Pepsie, eager to have the child enjoy what seemed to her the greatest pleasure on earth.

"Here, Tite," she said as the black visage appeared at the door. "Run quick across to Madame Jozain, and ask if Miss Lady can go to ride in the milk-cart with Madame Paichoux; and bring me a clean frock and her hat and sash."

Tite flew like the wind, her black legs making zigzag strokes across the street, while Pepsie brushed the child's beautiful hair until it shone like gold.

Madame Jozain did not object. Of course, a milk-cart was n't a carriage, but then Lady Jane was only a child, and it did n't matter.

While Pepsie was putting the finishing touches to Lady Jane's toilet, Tante Modeste and Tite Souris were busy bringing various packages from the milk-cart to the little room: butter, cream-cheese, sausage, a piece of pig, and a fine capon. When Tante Modeste came, she always left substantial tokens of her visit.

There was only one drawback to Lady Jane's joy, and that was the necessity of leaving Tony behind.

"You might take him," said Tante Modeste, good-naturedly, "but there are so many young ones home they 'd about pester the bird to death, and something might happen to him: he might get away, and then you 'd never forgive us."

"I know I must n't take him," said Lady Jane, with sweet resignation. "Dear Tony, be a good bird while I'm gone, and you shall have some bugs to-morrow." Tony was something of an epicure, and "bugs" (as Lady Jane called them) extracted from cabbage-leaves were a delight to him. Then she embraced him fondly, fastened him securely to Pepsie's chair, and went away with many good-byes and kisses for her friend, and not a few lingering glances for her pet.

It seemed a perfectly enchanting situation to Lady Jane, when she was mounted up on the high seat, close under Tante Modeste's sheltering wing, with her little feet on the cream-cheese box, and the two tall cans standing in front like sturdy tin footmen waiting for orders. Then Tante Modeste pulled the top up over their heads, and shook her lines at the fat little mule, and away they clattered down Good Children Street, with all the children and all the dogs running along behind.

It seemed a long and delightful drive to Lady Jane before they got out of town to where the cottages were scattered and set in broad fields, with trees and pretty gardens. At length they turned out of the beautiful esplanade, with its shady rows of trees, into Frenchman Street, and went along the river. They stopped before a large double cottage that stood well back from the street, surrounded by trees and flowers; a good-natured, healthy looking boy threw open the gate, and Tante Modeste clattered into the yard, calling out:

"Here, Tiburce, quick, my boy; unhitch the mule, and turn him out." The little animal understood perfectly well what she said, and, shaking his long ears, he nickered approvingly.

Lady Jane was lifted down from her high perch by Paichoux himself, who gave her a right cordial welcome, and in a moment she was surrounded by Tante Modeste's good-natured brood. At first she felt a little shy,

there were so many, and they were such noisy children; but they were so kind and friendly toward her that they soon won her confidence and affection.

That day was a "red-letter day" to Lady Jane; she was introduced to all the pets of the farm-yard: the poultry, the dogs, the kittens, the calves, the ponies and little colts, and the great, soft, motherly looking cows that stood quietly in rows to be milked; and afterward they played under the trees in the grass, while they gathered roses by the armful to carry to Pepsie, and filled a basket with pecans for Madelon.

At last, the milk-cart came around with its evening load of fresh milk for waiting customers, Lady Jane was lifted up again beside Tante Modeste, overloaded with presents, caresses, and good wishes—the happiest child, as well as the most tired one, that ever rode in a milk-cart.

Long before they reached the noisy city streets, Lady Jane became very silent, and Tante Modeste peeped under the broad hat to see whether she had fallen asleep. But no, the blue eyes were wide and wistful, and the little face had lost its glow of happiness.

"Are you tired, *chérie*?" asked Tante Modeste kindly.

"No, thank you," she replied with a soft sigh. "I was thinking of Sunflower, and of the ranch, and of Papa, and of dear Mamma. Oh, I wonder if she 'll come back soon!"

Tante Modeste made no reply, but she too fell to thinking. There was something strange about it all that she could not understand.

The child's remarks and Madame Jozain's stories did not agree. There was a mystery, and Tante Modeste meant to get to the bottom of it by some means.

And when Tante Modeste set out to accomplish a thing, she usually succeeded.

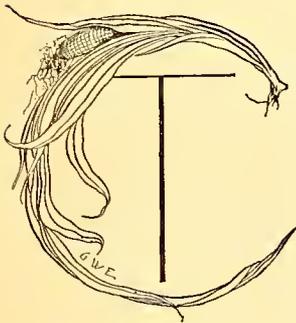
(To be continued.)



# A Divided Duty

(Founded on Fact.)

BY M. A. CASSIDY.



THE Magill residence was situated near the highways connecting Knoxville and Chattanooga. Encamping armies had burned every splinter of fencing, and so the cleared

space was thrown into one great field, encircled by a gigantic hedge of oak and pine. Near the center of the cleared land, on a little eminence, was a farm-house. It was a long, one-story building, running back some distance, its several additions having been constructed as the family required more room. A little to the right, and extending the full length of the house, was a row of negro cabins—there being a passway between the two as wide as an ordinary road. The yard sloped gently to the roadway and railroad; near the latter, another rise began, which extended back to the woodland and commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

One afternoon, early in the autumn of 1864, Mrs. Magill and her son Harry, a comely lad of thirteen, sat on the front veranda, and talked of what a happy reunion there would be when their loved ones should return from the war. And on this glorious autumnal afternoon the hearts of the widow and her son were happy in anticipation.

Mrs. Magill had two sons in the war. One wore the Blue, the other the Gray. John, the eldest of three boys, had enlisted in Wheeler's Confederate cavalry, in the second year of the war; and, a year later, Thomas had joined the Federals under General Burnside at Knoxville. Both were known as brave and dashing soldiers, and both had been promoted, for gallantry, to captaincies. This family division was a source of great grief to Mrs. Magill. Dearer to her than Union or Confederacy were her children; and from their youth she had trained them in the ways of peace. And now, in their manhood, two of them, under different flags, were arrayed against each other in a deadly and unnatural strife. She often heard from both her soldier boys, and their inquiries after the welfare of each

other were full of tenderness. Harry, as is usual with younger brothers, fairly worshiped both of them. He was no less troubled than his mother when they went away to fight on opposite sides. Their contrary action left him in doubt as to which side he should take. Every boy of his acquaintance was ardent in espousing one side or the other. But what could he do, since he had a brother in each army? Should he become a rebel, Thomas might be displeased; and he loved Tom too well to willfully incur his displeasure. Should he decide to remain loyal to the Union, John might resent it; and he could not think of offending one whom he held in such high esteem. "What shall I do?" he asked himself a great many times a day. The war spirit in him was becoming rampant, and must have scope. He at length took the perplexing question to his mother. She promptly advised him to remain neutral. But somehow Harry got it into his head that neutrality was something very different from manliness. So he made up his mind to be one thing or the other, or—happy thought!—why not be both? And, after puzzling over the question a long time, he settled on the novel idea of making himself half "Rebel" and half "Yankee." In pursuance of this plan, he persuaded his mother to make him a uniform, half of which should be blue, and the other half gray. She made it of a Federal and a Confederate overcoat; and Harry was a queer-looking little fellow as he went about the country, clad in his blue-gray uniform, the U. S. A. buttons on one side, and the C. S. A. on the other. The boys called him "a mongrel"; and neither the Federal nor Confederate commands of boy soldiery would allow him in their ranks. This was a source of great mortification to Harry; but he was seriously in earnest, and fully resolved to carry out his campaign of impartial affection. His being cut by the other boys, who could afford to take a decided stand because they did not have a brother on each side, reduced him to the necessity of playing "war" (about the only game indulged in by Southern boys at this time) alone. When he put up his lines of corn-stalk soldiers, to play battle, it was observed, by his mother, that both sides always won an equal number of victories. Harry was not sure that the war

could ever end at this even rate of fighting; but arrayed as he was, in the colors of both armies, his inclination was to be true to both. There were generally tears in his mother's eyes, when she saw that two of the corn-stalk soldiers, the tallest and straightest of them all, representing John and Thomas, were always left standing, even after the most furious of contests, in which all the others had fallen.

Harry had left off playing quite early, on the afternoon of which I write, and had joined his mother on the veranda. They had not been long together when something unusual attracted their attention.

A short distance down the railroad a body of cavalymen had dismounted, and soon they were as busy as ants, tearing up the track. One squad preceded the others and loosened the rails by drawing the spikes; then came another squad that placed the ties in great heaps; after this came a third that kindled fires beneath them. The ties were rotten and dry, and, in a very few moments, there were scores of bright, hot fires. Soon the rails were at a red heat near the center, the ends being comparatively cool. While in this state a number of men would take the rails and bend them around telegraph poles or any solid objects that were near. The soldiers twisted the rails into fantastic shapes; and when they were through with their work of destruction, they seemed perfectly satisfied that none of the old material could be used in reconstructing the road. Harry and his mother had observed the operations of these men with much interest for some time, when suddenly they saw one of them mount his horse, and ride toward the house.

"He is a rebel!" exclaimed Harry, who stood watching the approaching horseman.

"Surely you are mistaken, Harry. There can be no Confederates here," said Mrs. Magill, "the Federals are too near."

While yet the soldier was some distance from the house, the boy's face lighted up with joy, as he exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I do believe it 's John!"

"John? Where is he?" asked his mother, running to where the boy stood.

"Why, there, on the horse! He 's coming home! He 's coming home!" And thus ex-

claiming, Harry danced around the veranda like an Indian lad in a first war-dance. Then he ran to meet his brother in gray. Mrs. Magill was thrilled with sensations of joy and fear: joy, because she was about to see again her eldest son, after a painful separation of two years; fear, because of the nearness of the Federals. When within a short distance of his brother, Harry stopped and waited there, prepared to give the military salute due one of his brother's rank. But that salute was never given; for almost at the same instant that Harry stopped, Captain John Magill reined up his horse quite suddenly, drew a pistol from its holster, and looked suspiciously toward a clump of trees on the hill-top. Harry turned his eyes to learn what had startled his brother. He beheld a score or more of men in blue uniforms, partly concealed by the clump of trees; and it was evident that these were the vanguard of a larger body of Federals. Captain John Magill wheeled as suddenly as he had halted, and galloped back to the Confederates engaged in demolishing the railroad. As fast as he could run, Harry followed. Mrs. Magill comprehended the situation; and, spell-bound, she stood on the veranda, with arms outstretched, a statue of anguish and expectancy.

When Captain John Magill reached his comrades, he gave the alarm, and "there was mounting in hot haste." The two hundred raiders had time only to form an irregular line of battle, when twice as many Federals appeared on the hill-top. It was evident that there was going to be a lively skirmish. Harry singled out John, who rode up and down the line giving commands, and running to him, he clasped him around a leg with both arms, enthusiastically exclaiming:

"Howdy, John! Don't you know me?"

The young captain looked down at the joy-beaming face of his little brother, but, as he had never seen the little fellow in his fantastic uniform, for a moment failed to recognize him.

A shade of disappointment flitted over Harry's face as he said:

"I'm your little brother Harry; and I'm just as much Rebel as Yankee."

Captain John Magill laughed as he leaned over and grasped Harry's hand.

"Why, Harry! What on earth are you doing

here? Get up behind me, and I will gallop home with you before the firing begins," said John, evidently alarmed for the boy's safety. Placing his foot on that of his brother, Harry clambered up behind. By this time the lines were in range of each other, and a lively fusillade at once began. Harry behaved manfully under fire, and entreated his brother to allow him to stay until the fight was over. But the elder brother was intent on taking him to a place of safety, so putting spurs to his horse he rode swiftly toward the house. His plan was to return the boy to his mother, and then rejoin his comrades. But the Confederates did not know his intentions; and seeing their Captain making his way rapidly to the rear, with this strangely-clad boy behind him, they of course thought him retreating, and they followed, pell-mell.

Capt. John Magill saw the effect of his movement, and, halting, made an effort to rally his men. But the Confederates were thoroughly stampeded, and they dashed madly away. The shouting Federals were now at close range, and the bee-like song of the bullets could be heard on every side. Hastily placing Harry in front of him, to shield him as much as possible from the enemy's fire, he followed his men, now some distance in advance. When they reached the house, Mrs. Magill stood pale and motionless, expecting every moment to see her children fall. Glancing back, Captain John Magill saw that a moment's delay would make him a prisoner; so as he dashed past his mother he cried out, "Don't be uneasy. I'll take care of Harry"; and then he was gone like the wind, his pursuers not a hundred yards behind him. Then a complete change came over Mrs. Magill. Impelled by the great love of a mother, she ran into the yard, and stood calmly in the way of the advancing Federals, whose course lay between the cabins and the house — as if to stop, with her frail form, the impetuous charge.

On they came like a hurricane. The mother did not move. Her eyes were closed and her lips compressed. Very near her sounded the hoof-beats. A moment more and she expected to be trampled to death beneath those hurrying feet; but she hoped — yea, and prayed — that her death might somehow delay the Federals until her sons should escape.

"Halt! Halt!" The command was in thunder tones, and was echoed and re-echoed along the charging line. The soldiers pulled with all their might on the bits, and many a horse was thrown back on its haunches. Opening her eyes Mrs. Magill saw that the Federal captain, bending over her from his saddle, was her son Thomas.

"Oh, Thomas!—would you kill John and Harry!" she exclaimed, and then fell fainting in his arms. Laying her tenderly on the veranda, he directed a surgeon to attend her, and mounting his horse, rode rapidly in the direction taken by his brothers. Soon he saw them a quarter of a mile ahead. Taking a white handkerchief he held it aloft, and digging the spurs deep into his horse's flanks, he rode with increased speed, all the time hallooing at the top of his strong voice. John heard; but, thinking it a summons to surrender, he urged his horse forward, hoping to gain the sheltering wood. But the horse, in attempting to jump across a washout, stumbled and fell; and John found himself rolling on the ground with Harry in his arms. Rising, he placed Harry behind him, and drew his sword, determined to sell their lives dearly. Imagine his surprise when he beheld but one pursuer, and that one holding on high an emblem of peace. In a moment more, he recognized his brother. Their meeting was affectionate. Harry was beside himself with joy. He had really been under fire, with "sure-enough bullets" singing about his ears! This was something of which none of the boys who had scorned his blue-gray uniform could boast!

"Our brother is a brave little fellow. He did

not once flinch when your bullets were singing around us," he heard John say to Thomas, and this praise elated the boy very much.

"Let us return to mother. She is very anxious," said Thomas.

John gazed inquiringly at his brother in blue.

"You need have no fear," said Thomas.

"I will be responsible for your safety."

So the two soldier brothers, leading their horses, and each holding one of Harry's hands, walked up to the house.

"I see you wear the gray, Harry; that 's right," said John, with a mischievous glance at Thomas.

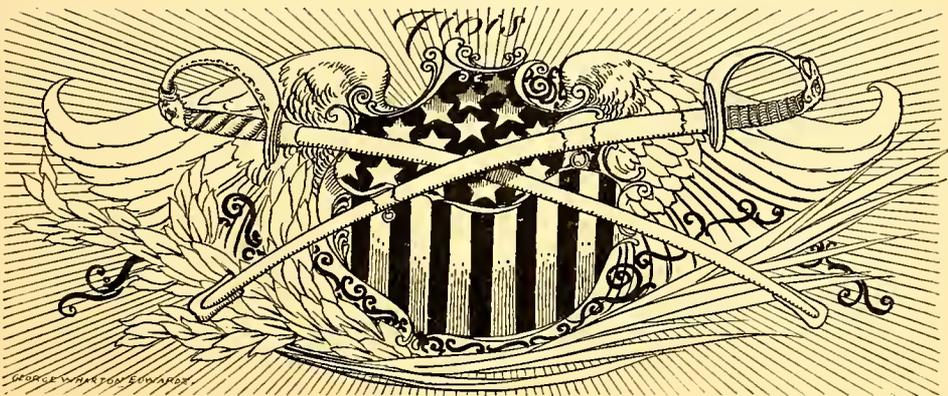
"He is true blue on this side," said Thomas, laughing heartily, as the ludicrousness of Harry's uniform dawned upon him.

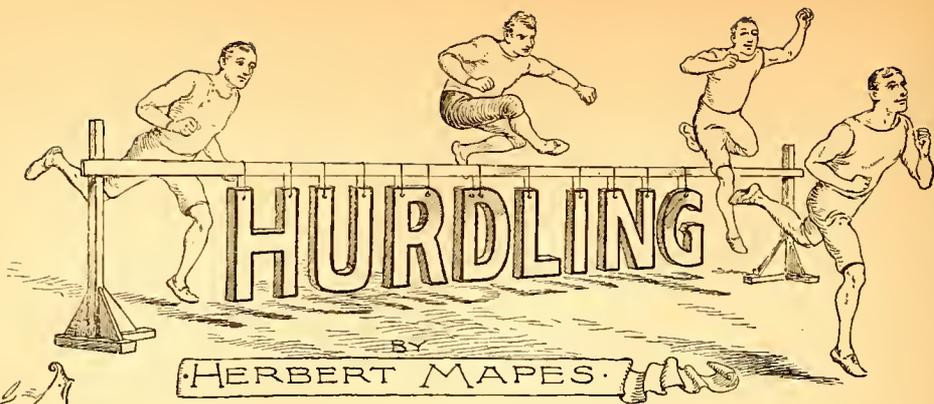
An affecting meeting was that between mother and sons; and something on the cheeks of the brave men who were present "washed off the stains of powder."

When parting time came, the sun rested, like a great ruby, above the circling wood of crimson and gold; and when the brother in blue stood hand in hand with the brother in gray, all nature seemed to smile in anticipation of the time when a fraternal grasp should re-unite the North and South.

This day was the turning-point in Harry's life. Thenceforth all his inclinations were to become a soldier. After the war, he was educated by John and Thomas; and, passing his examination triumphantly over three of the boys who had derided him, he was appointed to West Point. He is now Lieutenant Henry Magill, U. S. A.

His brothers still treasure the little blue-gray uniform as the memento of a "divided duty."





EXCEPT among athletes and college men, interest in the minor athletic sports is, comparatively, confined to so few people that it would not be strange if many readers of the *ST. NICHOLAS* had never seen, nor even heard of, a hurdle race. Hence, perhaps, it is advisable to begin by briefly describing one.

As the name implies, the race is run over hurdles. The hurdle is of wood and consists of two uprights and a cross-bar, which cross-bar is either two feet six inches or three feet six inches from the ground, according to the distance to be run. The longer of the two distances commonly run by hurdlers is 220 yards, and for this the hurdles are two feet six inches high; the shorter distance is 120 yards, with the hurdles three feet six inches high. There are generally ten hurdles, which are set across a track, or path, made either of fine cinders or of turf. When arranged for the race these ten hurdles are technically known as a "flight." The contestants are drawn up in a line a few yards from the first hurdle, and at a given signal they run and jump each hurdle in succession, the one who first reaches the finish-line being the winner.

Now hurdling, being merely a combination of running and jumping, might appear to require no special ability. Some people foolishly believe that any boy who has long legs must be a fast runner; and, more reasonably, those of better judgment might be led to infer that a good runner and jumper must necessarily be a good hurdler. But experience has shown that this is not the case. Not every good runner

and jumper makes a good hurdler, and, strangely enough, some of the most celebrated hurdlers have been neither very fast runners nor exceptionally good jumpers. For, besides skill in running and jumping, other qualities are necessary, and it is in these that the true genius for hurdling seems to lie. Without special skill, which can come only after long practice, success in hurdling is not to be attained.

It is difficult with few words to make clear in just what this skill consists, or why so much practice is necessary. Perhaps the best way to explain matters is to indicate some of the difficulties that appear before the new hurdler when he begins his training. Suppose, for instance, he is training for the shorter race, of 120 yards, where the hurdles are three feet and six inches high, and are set ten yards apart.

Like all other athletes, the hurdler must undergo a regular course of training in order to acquire strength and endurance; but from the very beginning he concentrates his attention more especially upon his "style." The first particular to be considered is, naturally, the manner of jumping over the hurdle. As the race is one of speed, it is of great importance for him to learn to clear the hurdles with as little room to spare as possible. He must learn to "take" the hurdle without changing his stride or stopping his speed, — in such a way that jumping the hurdle comes as near as possible to *running* over the hurdle. With this end in view, he sets up a single hurdle and betakes himself to practicing the jump. When in this he has succeeded to his satisfaction, he sets up two hurdles and practices taking them in succession. And here a new and very important question arises.

The hurdles are ten yards apart, and after he has jumped the first and run to the second, he very often finds himself coming before it with his wrong foot foremost. In order to jump he must slacken his pace and change his stride. Here is a difficulty. He must devise some way of jumping the hurdles in succession without hesitating between them. There are two or three methods of doing this, though one method has come to be regarded as the right one.

are so high as to prevent this method from being successful. The low hurdles, two feet six inches high, used for the longer race, have been jumped from alternate feet with notable success by A. F. Copeland, the present American champion.)

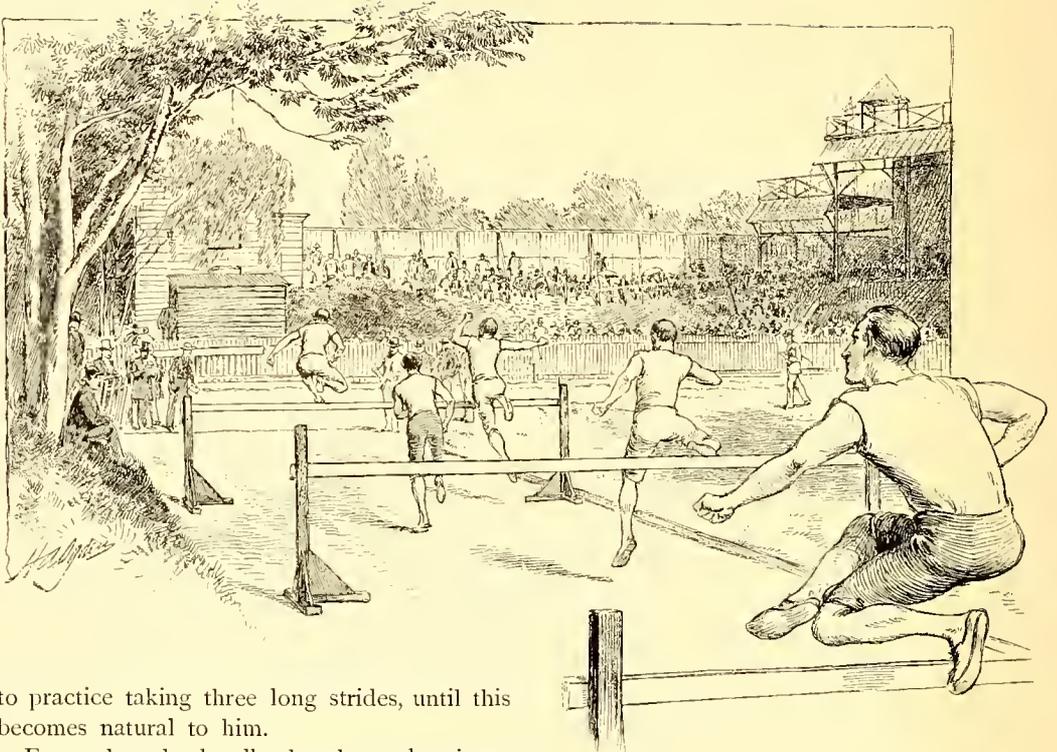
With the high hurdles there is but one good method. A hurdler must either shorten his natural stride and learn to take five steps between hurdles, or he must lengthen it considerably



JUMPING A HURDLE. FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH BY A. W. POST OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

In the first place, he may practice jumping from the wrong, or awkward, foot, and so be prepared to jump in whichever way he may come to the hurdle. But the hurdles are too high to make this plan practicable, and it is generally abandoned after a few days' trial. (It is, however, only in the shorter race that the hurdles

and take only three. In either case, he is brought to the successive hurdles with the same foot. But taking five steps makes the stride too short to allow of fast running, and, although many of the poorer hurdlers have used this method, it can not be regarded as successful. So there is nothing for the hurdler to do but continually



to practice taking three long strides, until this becomes natural to him.

Even when the hurdler has learned to jump low and fast, and to take three strides between the hurdles, the development of "style" is hardly more than begun. There are a thousand and one requirements in the turn and twist used in the jump; and it is in the methods of taking the hurdle that the marked differences between advanced hurdlers are shown. Here the individuality of each hurdler asserts itself. After he has attained a certain degree of proficiency, his attention is confined almost wholly to perfecting his "turn," the aim always being to clear the hurdle as closely as possible without interfering with speed or stride.

This, as might be supposed, leads to frequent accidents, and is the chief source of danger in hurdling. In his anxiety to take the hurdle closely, the hurdler sometimes jumps too low and strikes the hurdle; the result in many cases being a heavy fall on the cinder-path. But it takes a strong knock to tumble, or even to stagger, an experienced hurdler. Indeed, the best hurdlers have been known to win races in which they struck nearly every hurdle, and even knocked down a number as they went along.

THE FINISH OF AN INTERCOLLEGIATE HURDLE RACE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. MOSELEY OF YALE.

A. A. Jordan, the celebrated hurdler of the New York Athletic Club, contracted the habit of striking hurdles to an extreme degree. Yet this did not seem to interfere in the least with his success; nor did it mar the beauty of his style, which was perhaps better than that of any hurdler who has yet appeared in America. He was the first exponent of the peculiar, finished style that has been adopted by so many leading hurdlers of to-day; and, indeed, he might perhaps be called the "Father of American Hurdling." He and Copeland of the Manhattan Athletic Club are the most successful and the best-known hurdlers in America, and their struggles for supremacy have been hard-fought and brilliant.

After a hurdler has perfected his style, and is

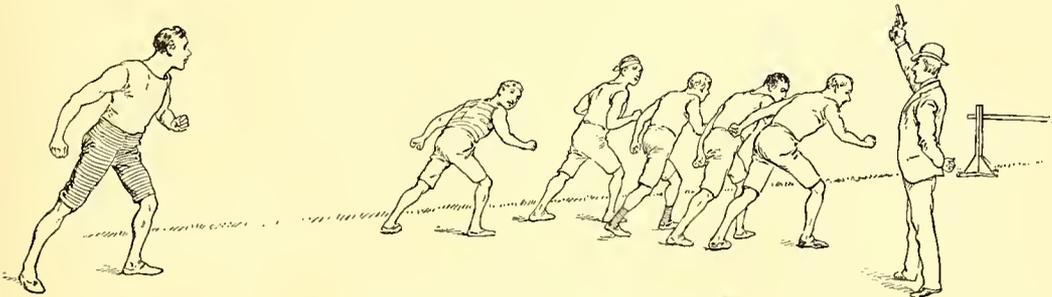
in the pink of condition, all ready for the race, there is no prettier sight on the athletic field than to see him taking a practice spin over the whole flight of hurdles. True and strong in his motions, running and jumping with all his might, he yet rises and falls lightly as a bird, handling himself so gracefully, withal, that, to a mere observer, the sport appears to be without difficulty.

The real question of supremacy each year concerns only three or four hurdlers, who make the great championship struggle. All the others can expect only lesser honors, though always there are many who have secret hopes of improving sufficiently to enter the first rank. In order to provide opportunity and incentive for the mass of athletes of no special distinction, numerous handicap races are held, in which the different competitors are allowed starts according to their supposed abilities. Of course there is no great interest at stake in these games beyond the individual desire to win. Even for the novice the honor of victory is much diminished on account of the handicap in his favor; and among athletes the winning or losing in such cases is considered of less importance than the merit of the performances. But, for all that, there is always a certain satisfaction in being victorious, and the prizes given, in themselves, make success worth striving for.

From this fact there is quite a large class of athletes, called "mug-hunters," who have no further ambition than to win as many of these

necessary. Fortunately, however, such athletes are hardly more than tolerated, and the name "mug-hunter" has come to be used as a term of reproach.

A handicap hurdle-race, although there are no great interests at stake, is a very pretty sight. When the contestants take their positions for the race, it looks like a hopeless struggle for the "scratch" man (that is, the one who stands furthest back of all the contestants, and who allows "starts" to all the others. He is called the "scratch" man because he toes the "scratch," or line, at the beginning of the course). Often he is small in stature, as is Copland, for instance, and when he stands there with the other contestants, many of them larger and stronger than he, and some of them ten or fifteen yards in advance of him, the arrangement appears altogether unfair, and the spectator, who is likely to regard the "scratch" man's chance as hopeless, is filled with sympathy for him. When all is ready, the starter calls out, "On your marks!" All stand upright in their positions. "Settle." They all lean forward, ready for the start. "Bang!" goes the pistol, and they are off! The leaders are almost to the second hurdle before the "scratch" man reaches the first; it seems impossible that he should overtake them. But now see skill and speed tell. While they rush and jump clumsily and high, lumbering along with all their might, truly and prettily he skims the hurdles and flies over the ground. Yet the handicap seems too



THE "SCRATCH" MAN AT THE START.

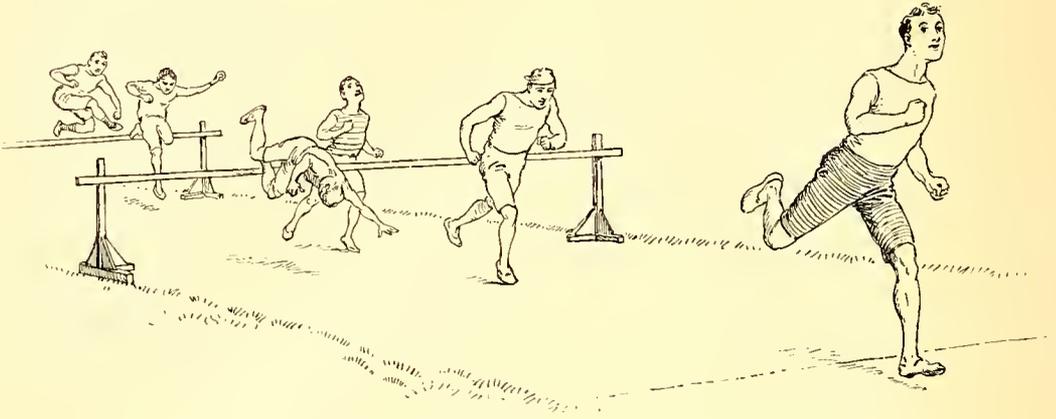
handicap games as possible. As it is essential to their success that they should have big handicaps, they use every means to conceal their true ability, whatever it may be, and always take pains to win a race by no more than is absolutely

large, and they are three-quarters through the race before he has had time even to close up the gap between himself and the man nearest him. As they draw closer to the finish, his speed seems to increase, and he shoots by them

one by one, until, when the last hurdle is reached, he is abreast of the leader. Then with a burst of speed he rushes for the tape, and wins the race!

Of course the "scratch" man does not always

more exciting than the championships, because college rivalries, as well as those of friends and contestants, are concerned in the result. For some five months each representative has been faithfully training in preparation for the great race



THE "SCRATCH" MAN AT THE FINISH.

win, but if he is in his best condition, he is not likely to be beaten. At all events he is sure to give a fine exhibition, because to be "scratch" he must be a good hurdler, and often he is the champion.

Far greater, however, in real interest than any handicap event are the great "scratch" races of the year, the amateur championships and the intercollegiate, where only the best of amateur and college hurdlers compete, and all start even. The intercollegiate contests are, perhaps, even

that lasts only a few seconds. A single misstep, and he feels that all the work goes for nothing, his college may lose the cup, and there is a year's disappointment before him.

It is no wonder that the boys are nervous as they take their places and wait for the start. But when once the signal is given and they are off, all is forgotten, the race has begun, and every one flies over the hurdles, conscious only that the supreme moment has come, and that he is rushing on for victory.

---

## THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

---

### THIRD PAPER.

#### *A World of Fishes.*

WHILE time passed on, the rock-making and land-making continued. The water wore off grains of sand, just as in the last age, and these grains sank to the bottom of the sea, where the

heat from within and the pressure from above made rock of them. The rock from which the flagging stones are cut was formed in this age.

While this kind of rock was being made in some places, elsewhere the tiny coral-animals were at work, laying down limestone-beds, and weaving

their little lives into chains, or stars, or cups, or honeycombs of coral. In what is now Iowa, Indiana, and the regions thereabout, the rocks of this age are full of their remains, and those of the lovely "stone lilies." Many beautiful specimens have been found there. Millions and millions of the little stems that joined the "stone lilies" to the rock still remain fastened in their places. At some points on the Mississippi River, when the water is low, pieces of coral of exquisitely beautiful shapes can be seen jutting out from the banks, making the banks appear precisely like coral reefs of our own day. So much coral was made during this age that it is sometimes called "The Great Coral-reef Period" of the early ages.

The water over the tracts of land where this work was done must have been very deep and warm, because coral-animals can live only in deep, warm seas.

There was a gradual change in the color of the new rock from that laid down before. The Silurian rocks were gray, and the new ones were yellow, olive, or red. So much was there of the last color in the rocks of some places, that the period is often called "The Age of Old Red Sandstone." In the County of Devon, in England, the rocks of this age are extensively distributed over the surface, and can easily be examined. Hence, the age in which they were made is also called "The Devonian Age."

When you grow older, and read more about geology, you will find the name of Hugh Miller closely associated with this age. He was the tenderest, gentlest, most loving, and most lovable of Scotchmen. Instead of writing, as our other Scotch friend, Sir Walter Scott, did, of the knights of the middle ages and their tourneys and conquests, Hugh Miller wrote of armored knights much more wonderful than they. When he was a boy he was dreamy and poetical, and very fond of examining the rocks. Once he found a quantity of red stones in a rock on the sea-shore, dug them out with his knife, and carried them home. He found they were like the garnets in his mother's breastpin. After that, whenever he found a cluster of garnets, he would throw himself down beside it, and think of the heaps of gems in Aladdin's cave, or of Sindbad's valley of diamonds. When the time

came for him to choose a business in life, he chose that of a stone-mason, so that he need not be separated from his beloved rocks. One day, as he was working in a quarry on the northern shore of a Scottish bay, he picked up a stone that looked particularly knotty. He broke it open with his hammer, and lo! before his delighted eyes, lying right in the center, was a beautifully shaped shell. He had found garnets and quartz crystals and such things before, but never a fossil. And this creamy beauty, with its graceful curves and delicate traceries, delighted him. He showed it to the workmen, who told him where he could find plenty more. No more quarrying for him! He traveled over the country, digging into cliffs, breaking up rocks, finding countless fossils, and opening the records of ages long gone by.

He read many books, and learned about the fossils found in other lands. Then he wrote of what he had seen and learned. And the *way* he wrote! Before his time, what little had been written of Geology was as "dry as dust," and filled with the hardest of hard names. But the magical way in which Hugh Miller told his story!—he really seemed to love the dead ages, with their rocks and the strange company found in them. All the wealth of beautiful language which the poets lavish on their favorite flowers, he lavished on his beloved old fossils.

In the preceding age, all the plants were water-plants. In this, some appeared on the land. They were very different from any we see now, but still they bore a distant resemblance to a few of our simpler plants. For instance, there was a species that might be compared to the "horsetail" that grows in waste places, but its stem was tall and slender; there were others something like mosses; and most abundant of all was a species like our mushrooms. All these plants were so soft, and decayed so easily, that only fragments have come down to us, and we have to guess what they looked like. The water plants, sea weed, pond weed, and swamp weed, were like what we have now, only more abundant.

You remember the "trilobites" of the last age, that had the power of curling themselves into a round ball when they wanted to escape from an enemy? Well, in this age, in place of hundreds of species, there were only a dozen or two. The

"seraphim," those giant crabs with fins like wings, now reached the length of four, five, or six feet. It is supposed that they did the cleaning for the world at this time. They ate little animals and dead ones, and any refuse that floated about in the sea or lay upon the shores.

The worms were protected by hard shells, and that is the only reason we have any record of them. If they had been soft, they would have been crushed.

But the emperors, kings, princes, and magnates in general of this old world then were the fishes — the wonderful, wonderful fishes! Most of them were incased in armor like the knights of old, and these are the "knights" of which Hugh Miller has written so delightfully. The scales which formed their coats of mail were heavily crusted with enamel, and beautifully joined together with beveled edges. No artificial joining has ever been done with half such skill and beauty. Each scale was adorned with exquisite carvings: stars, pyramids, crosses, crescents, hexagons — all the designs that have ever been produced in architecture, and many more, were carried by these fishes on their backs. Hugh Miller tells us that he once saw a king's suit of armor which had been made in Italy when the art of making armor was at its best, but its adornings could not compare with the beautiful carvings that fretted the scales of some of these ancient fishes. This unbending armor generally sheathed only the front part of the body, being replaced toward the tail by more flexible scales. There was one great fellow, however, whose coat of mail, elegantly marked with berry-like prominences, extended nearly the whole length of his body. The "buckler-head," something like our fishes in shape, had a tremendous, unbending helmet on its head, all in one piece! The "wing-fish" had its entire body sheathed in armor. It was the most curious fish that this world ever saw. Its two strong arms, also covered with armor, looked like wings. Hence its name, "wing-fish." Its mail did not bend, on the front part of its body, but it was flexible at the tail. It resembled a human being, but where there should be feet, its body tapered to a tail.

Except for the fact that this "wing-fish" tribe died out at the end of this period, we might think that they were the creatures which gave rise to the sailors' stories of mermaids. We read of another

of these mail-clad fishes, whose armor was covered with stars. His helmet was large enough to cover the skull of an elephant, and strong enough to turn aside the point of the keenest spear. According to the accounts, he was from eighteen to twenty-three feet long.

There were other fishes which had no armor, but were provided with strong, resisting scales. Some had the power of moving their heads around independently of their bodies, after the manner of reptiles. All the fishes of the period had one-lobed tails. We have now only one family of fishes that has a one-lobed tail — the Shark family. During this age, the fishes must have crowded the sea in enormous numbers, for there is an amazing abundance of their remains.

There was a great increase in the extent of land. All that is now the New England States, and New York, a narrow strip along the north of where the Ohio River now runs, a great part of what was to be Indiana and Illinois, and all of the region now named Michigan and Wisconsin were above the water. Great banks of reddish mud, covered in many places with low, mushroom-like forms of plants, stretched out over darksome lagoons. No lofty forest trees varied the scene. In fact, there were no trees of any kind. Plants with long, soft, slender stems were the nearest approach to them.

The waters teemed with waving weeds, and the gigantic armored fishes swept through them in pursuit of fleeing prey, and no doubt held terrific tournaments in their green depths. Here and there might be seen the giant scavenger-crabs, ranging the seas and shores.

Immense hard-shelled animals, like our oysters in shape, clung to the rocks. Others with spirally twisted or whorled shells gave a pearly gleam to the sea, as they cruised about on its surface; while the little coral workers wrought diligently far down in the deep, warm waters.

No high mountain peaks then rose to add to the beauty of the landscape. All was one vast sea, dotted with low, muddy islets.

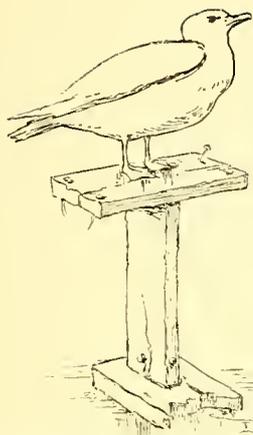
Toward the close of this age, the seething mass on the inside grew restless again, and in its twistings and turnings very often raised and lowered the Devonian Rock, but its writhing did not disturb the rock enough to dislodge the rich, muddy soil, made for the luxuriant vegetation of the age to come.

# MARJORIE AND HER PAPA.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT H. FLETCHER.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW MARJORIE WON THE WHITE SEA-BIRD.



THE night after we took the Red Dolly's picture, there was a party in the hotel, and Marjorie's mamma said that she might go into the parlor and look on, for a little while. So Marjorie was dressed in her prettiest frock, and went with her

mamma, and watched the people dancing. Then she said that she wished to dance, too. I asked her if she would dance with me, but she said no, she wished to dance with Lieutenant Smith. Lieutenant Smith is an army officer who knows Marjorie very well. So I told him to ask her. But then Marjorie would not dance with him because, she said, I had told him to ask her, and that was not the way people did, at all. Then Mr. Smith laughed, and said that next time he would ask her without being told. So he walked once round the room, and when he came to Marjorie again, he said :

"Miss Marjorie, may I have the pleasure of this waltz with you?"

And Marjorie said "Yes," and got up and danced with him.

But when he brought her back to her seat, Marjorie did not look at all pleased.

Then the Lieutenant said: "What is the matter, Miss Marjorie? Have I done anything you don't like?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, pouting. "All the ladies and genelum walk round after they dance. And you did n't."

"Oh, I beg pardon; I forgot," said the Lieutenant, laughing once more. "Won't you walk around with me now?"

So they walked around the room.

Now Marjorie was a little girl, and Mr. Smith was quite tall, so that he had to lean over when she took his arm. But being one of those young gentlemen who like to make fun, he pretended to have to lean over very far indeed, so that people smiled. And once he made believe to trip over a pin that was lying on the carpet, which made some ladies laugh. Now Marjorie does not like to be laughed at, and when she came back to her seat I saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Say 'Thank you' to Mr. Smith, Marjorie," said her mamma.

So Marjorie said "Thank you," but so low that no one heard it.

"I think, Mr. Smith," said Marjorie's mamma, smiling, "that it is getting near my little girl's sleepy time. Come, Marjorie, say 'Good-night,' and let us go to bed."

Now I fancy that Marjorie may have believed that she was being punished for not behaving prettily, while all the time she thought it was Lieutenant Smith who had not acted nicely. Then she did not wish to leave the party and go to bed. And she really was tired and sleepy, and, although we did not

know it, she was not very well. At any rate, Marjorie began to cry in good earnest.

So then I took the little girl up in my arms, and said, "I'll tell you what we will do, dear. You come with me, and I will take you home. And then I will tell you what Sergeant Quick-step found to-day, over at the lighthouse."

Marjorie did not stop crying until she was



MARJORIE WALTZES WITH LIEUTENANT SMITH.

all ready for the night. And she had to laugh because I was so very awkward about putting her to bed; but at last she was safely tucked into her crib.

Then the tears came again, and she said, "Jack, I don't like the way Mr. Smith did, a bit."

"But, Marjorie," I said, "was it worth while to cry about it? Mr. Smith was only playing. You are a little girl, and you must not expect gentlemen to treat you as if you were a grown-up lady."

"But," said Marjorie, "you always say I must be a lady."

"Yes, sweetheart, but while you are little I want you to be a child lady. Then when you get to be as big as Mamma and wear long dresses, the gentlemen will behave toward you as they do toward other ladies. So now," I said, "what do you think it was that Sergeant Quickstep found to-day over at the lighthouse?"

"I don't know," said Marjorie.

"Well," I said, "he found a lovely white sea-bird. The lighthouse-keeper told him that it flew so hard against the lantern last night, that it was killed, poor thing! The sergeant gave it to me. And I thought that its skin would make a fine collar for my coat; then I thought it would make a beautiful muff for a little girl. Now, I will tell you what I will do. I will get a pillow and lay my head down on it, here, and you lay your head down on *your* pillow, and the one who first goes to sleep gets the bird."

Marjorie laughed, and said, "All right."

So I brought the pillow, and we laid our heads down and shut our eyes very tight. Pretty soon I opened one eye and looked at Marjorie, and I found that Marjorie had opened one eye and was looking at me. So we both laughed and shut our eyes again. Then, after a while, I opened one eye and looked at Marjorie. But she did not open her eye this time, because she was asleep.

And so Marjorie won the white sea-bird.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MARJORIE HAS THE SCARLET FEVER.

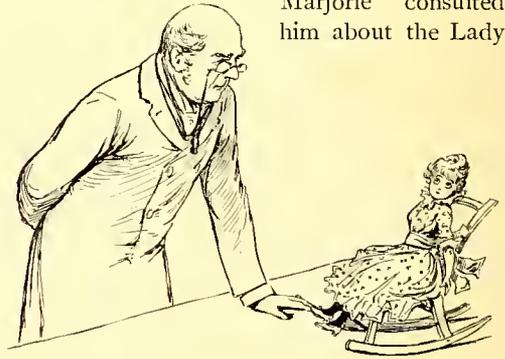
MARJORIE has been having the scarlet fever. She wants that to go in Our Book, so there it is.

The day after the party, Marjorie was cross

and fretful. The old lady who lives next door said that it was badness, and that she ought to be punished. But grown people do not know everything. So, instead of punishing her, Marjorie's mamma held her in her arms and rocked her and sang to her. After a while we found that Marjorie was ill, and so we sent for the doctor, and he said she had scarlet fever.

Well, then they would not let any one come into the room lest some other little girl should get it. And Marjorie's mamma and papa nursed her for six weeks, and she had to take a great deal of medicine. We always used to taste it first, to see whether it was nice or not; and if it was not nice, then Marjorie got a present for taking it. One of the presents was a cap for the Red Dolly, a cap which covered her head, so that you could not see where it was broken. Marjorie was afraid that the Red Dolly would take the scarlet fever; but I think she must have had it.

We played that the Lady Dolly took it. The Lady Dolly wears fine clothes and moves her eyes and cries. When the Doctor came, Marjorie consulted him about the Lady



THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES FOR THE LADY DOLLY.

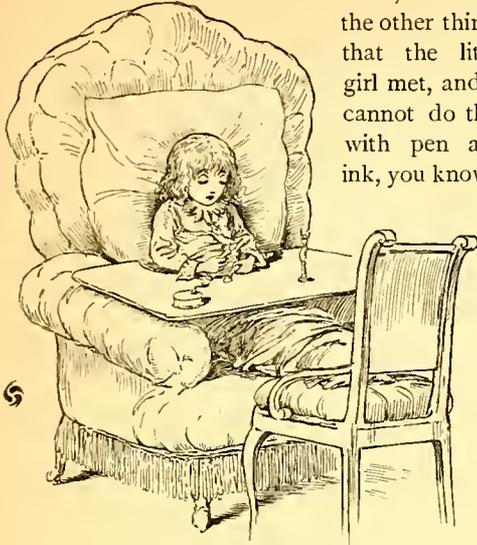
Dolly, and he said that a little medicine would not hurt her. And so, every time that Marjorie took medicine, the Lady Dolly had to take some, too; and when it was horrid she rolled up her eyes and cried. But she did not get any present.

When Marjorie grew better, I told her so many stories and drew so many pictures, we could not begin to get them all in Our Book.

"Yes, but, Jack," said Marjorie, "I think you might put 'Strange Land' in, and—and the 'Little Girl Who Lost Her Hat.'"

"Well, I am sure I could not put in the story

of the hat, Marjorie, because I'd have to make a noise like the chickens, and the cows, and the birds, and all the other things that the little girl met, and I cannot do that with pen and ink, you know."



MARJORIE GETTING BETTER.

"Can't you draw the way they went, with a pencil?" suggested Marjorie.

"No, I am afraid not," I said.

"But," said Marjorie, "you can tell about the little boy and the old chair with a break in the seat, can't you?"

"Oh! yes," I replied:

Now listen to me well, and I will try to tell  
Of a chair that was a sham,  
Of a shelf that was tall, a boy that was small,  
And a pot of blackberry jam.

Of course the boy with care climbed upon the chair,  
His hand just reached to the shelf;  
When suddenly his feet went right through the seat,  
Then the boy fell through himself.

Then the shelf so tall came down with a fall  
On the chair that was a sham;  
And there they all lay, in a mixed-up way,  
Spread over with blackberry jam.

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like that word 'sham,' because I do not think that all the little boys and girls who read *ST. NICHOLAS* will know what it means. But then I cannot think of any better word to rhyme with 'jam.'"

"Well," said Marjorie, "I guess they can ask their papas."

"Yes," I said, "of course. Or their mammas, or somebody."

VOL. XVII.—85.

"Now," said Marjorie, "tell about the people who lived in their hats."

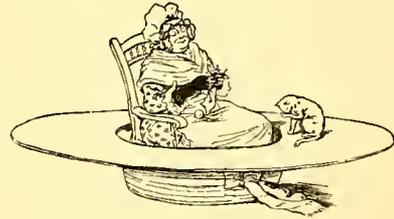
"Well, when I was a little girl —"

"Why, Jack," said Marjorie, opening her eyes very wide, "you never *was* a little girl."

"I mean when your mother was a little girl." I said, "ever so many years ago —"

"Now, Jack!" said Marjorie's mamma.

"They used to wear big straw hats, and they called them 'flats.' And now the rooms that people live in they call 'flats.' So that is where the funny part of this poetry comes in:



There was a lady lived in a flat.  
Just think of that!  
She laughed so much she grew quite fat.  
Just think of that!

Though her husband was thin  
He could not get in,  
So he went and kept house in his hat.  
Think of that!



"Now, 'A, B, C,'" said Marjorie.

"Very well," I said:

When little girls say their A, B, C's,  
They must be careful not to sneeze,  
For if they do, as sure as fate,  
They'll never be able to say them straight.

"And now," said Marjorie, leaning back in

her big chair, "just tell about 'Strange Land,' please, Jack; and that will be truly all."

So I told her this story:

#### THE LOST CHILD IN STRANGE LAND.

ONCE upon a time a little girl found herself walking along a road in the country. She did not know where she came from, or where she was going. It was just as if she had been asleep, and had waked up in this Strange Land. But she did not feel frightened or unhappy. She walked along looking at the big trees and bushes, and wondering what they were made of, and how all the little leaves were fastened on to them; and she pulled one off to see. Then she saw the sky, and thought that it was very pretty, and that she would like to look at it closer. A long, long way off she saw where the sky touched the earth, and she made up her mind to walk there and put her hand on it, and see if it was as soft and smooth as it looked.

But before she came much nearer to where the sky touched the earth, the sun, that big, bright ball which had been over her head all day, began coming down to the same place. The little girl thought that it was coming down to meet her, and she hurried as fast as she could, so as to be there in time. But while she was still ever so far off, the sun got down very near to the earth, and suddenly dropped out of sight.

Then the little girl stopped running, because she saw that there must be a big hole between the edge of the earth and where the sky was, into which the sun had dropped; and she was afraid that, as it was getting very dark, she might fall into it, too, and tumble down on top of the sun. Pretty soon the stars began to shine. The child was very sorry to see the stars, because she was sure that the sun must have fallen down so hard as to break into little pieces which had splashed all over the sky. She was very sorry for the sun. At the same time she thought that perhaps she would better not go any nearer the end of the earth, just then. So she sat down to see what would happen next.

While she was waiting, a woman came along, and said, "Why, here is a child. I was looking for a little girl. Are you anybody's little girl?"

The child said she did n't think so.

"How lucky that is!" said the woman. "I will call you Katie, and take you home with me."

So the child went home with her, and the woman gave her a bowl of hot bread-and-milk, and then undressed her and put her to bed. While Katie was lying there, very happy, she began thinking about all that she had seen that day. And by and by she asked the woman if that beautiful sun was really all broken into little bits.

"Why," said the woman, "what on earth is the child talking about?"

So Katie tried to tell her.

But the woman said, crossly, "Goodness me! Katie, you must not ask so many questions. Little children should be seen, and not heard."

Now, Katie wanted to know very much indeed about this sun, and the sky, and the trees. She was sorry that in this Strange Land children must not ask questions. But she was a good little girl, and tried to do whatever this woman, who seemed to know everything, bade her. And so she asked no more questions, but lay there thinking it all out for herself; but before she could quite make up her mind about it she fell asleep.

Katie must have taken cold during the day while she was running to the end of the earth, because in the night she began to cough. The woman, by this time, had put out the light and was in bed with her, fast asleep. Katie's coughing woke her up, and that made her very cross indeed, and she said:

"Oh, dear me! If I had known how much trouble this child was going to be, I don't think I should have brought her home!"

Katie was very sorry to hear the woman say that, and she cried a little to think that she was not wanted, and she wished she could go away. But crying only made her cough more than ever.

Then the woman said: "If you don't stop coughing I'll shake you! Do you suppose that I am going to have you keep me awake all night with your coughing? Stop it, I say!"

"But I can't help it," said Katie.

"Don't tell me you can't help it," said the woman. "I know better. You can if you try."

"I really don't believe I can," said Katie to herself. "But she says she knows." And remembering that the woman had told her only a

little while ago that children should be seen and not heard, she made up her mind to try very hard to stop the next cough. Pretty soon she felt it coming, and she held her breath. Then she began to get hot all over, and there was a ringing in her ears, and her eyes started out, until, at last, she thought she surely would either have to cough and be punished, or burst.

Then, suddenly, it seemed to Katie as if she had broken into ever so many little stars, as the sun had done. The next moment the child found herself walking along the road in the country just as on the day before, only it was morning now. The sky was soft and blue, and the grass was soft and green, and the dewdrops sparkled on the flowers, and pretty soon the glorious sun itself came up in the sky the other side from where it had gone down the night before. The child was so glad to see the sun and the flowers that she began to sing with the birds.

While she was singing, there came by a lady, dressed so prettily that she looked like a walking flower.

"Oh," cried the lady, stopping as she saw the child, "oo sweet 'ittle tootsey wootsey! Oo must tum right home with me, and be my 'ittle tweet dirl."

Now the child had never heard any one talk in that way before, but she liked this pretty lady, and took her hand; and together they walked down the road to where there was a lovely house. But before they came to the house, a big red thing, with four legs and a tail and a head with two sharp sticks on it, looked over a fence and bellowed at them.

This frightened the child, so that she hid her face in the lady's dress.

"Why," said the lady, "you silly 'ittle goosey poosey! That is only a cow."

"Oh," said the child. But, nevertheless, she kept on the other side of her friend until they had passed the big thing with its mouth working so, and with the sharp sticks on its head.

Then they walked on a little farther. Suddenly the lady gave such a shriek that the child jumped nearly out of her shoes.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she cried, clinging once more to the lady's dress.

"There! there! Don't you see it?" said the

lady, pointing with her parasol to the road in front of her.

For a long time the child could not see anything. At last a tiny gray creature, about as big as a spool of thread, came running along the road. As it drew near them the little girl was going to pick it up. But the lady gave another scream and jumped up on a log, pulling the child after her.

"What is it?" whispered the child. She was not scared, as she had been at the cow, but she did not understand.

"Sh'h!" cried the lady; "it is a mouse!"

"Oh," said the child, again.

"Shoo!" cried the lady, shaking her skirts at the mouse.

Then the mouse sat up on its hind legs and slowly winked one eye at the little girl. After which it turned around and ran away as fast as it could.

When they came to the house, the lady took the child to her husband, who seemed very glad.

"Well, this is really a nice girl," he said. "Now the first thing to be done," he continued, "is to begin her education. One cannot begin a child's education too early. Tell me, little girl, what is the meaning of *pachyderm*?"

"I don't know," said the child.

"Ah," said the man, "I am sorry to hear that."



"LITTLE GIRL, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF 'PACHYDERM?'"

"But no one ever told me," said the child.

"Then you should have asked," replied the man. "What is your tongue for if it is not to ask questions?"

"But I was told —," said the little girl.

"Don't interrupt me," said the man. "Now, here is a list of examination questions which I have prepared for the Primary Grade, and here are the text-books from which the information can be derived. Get a pencil and paper, and go to work. 'How doth the little busy bee!' Go to work, little child, go to work."

So the child went to work. But just as she got to "303. Define the analogy between *metacarpus* and *habeas corpus*," her head began to feel very queer. Then everything whirled round and round like tops. The next minute she found herself on the road in the country once more.

Now the child was very glad to see the sky, and the trees, and the birds again. She thought that it would be very nice if the big people in Strange Land would leave her alone out there with the birds, and not take her to their houses any more. But when the sun began to go down, she grew very hungry, and was too tired to run to the end of the earth to meet it. And when at last she came to a house, she stood at the front gate and looked in. At that moment a woman came hurrying out to her, and, picking her up in her arms, hugged and kissed her, and said:

"You precious thing, you! I knew you'd come to see me to-day. Come in!"

The child was glad to hear that, and when the woman took her into the house, and bathed her, and gave her a nice warm supper, she was very happy. After supper the woman took her in her lap, and sang to her, and told her stories. There was an old lady in the room, who was the woman's mother. And she kept saying all the time to the woman, "My dear, you are spoiling that child."

But the woman only laughed, and went on telling the child stories. Now, some of these stories the little girl did not like, although she was too polite to say so. They were about a Rag-man who carried little children away in his bag, and Ghosts who scared little children in the dark, and Giants who ate little children up. Now, of course, the grown people in Strange Land only make-believe that there are ghosts and giants. They know that there are no such things, and that nobody hurts little children. But the little girl had seen so many

curious things that she believed that what the woman told her was all true. So when they put her to bed, and took away the light, and left her alone, she was very much frightened. Pretty soon she heard a scratching noise at the foot of her bed. This scared her so that she called out very loud. Then the woman came in, and the child told her what she had heard.

"Why," said the woman, "it is only a mouse."

"Oh, make it go away," said the little girl.

"Afraid of a mouse!" said the woman, laughing. "A little, tiny mouse! Why, that would never hurt you."

Then the little girl did not know what to think. So she asked if she could not have a light in the room.

At this the old lady spoke up, and said, "No, no. Little girls must learn to sleep in the dark. My mother made me sleep in the dark, and I made my daughter do the same. There is nothing to be afraid of."

"But I want to see that there is nothing to be afraid of," said the child.

"No, no," said the old lady. "Shut your eyes tight, and go to sleep; then you won't know whether it is light or dark."

Now, although the little girl shut her eyes very tight, she could not go to sleep. So, when they left her alone again and shut the door, she covered up her head in the bedclothes, and trembled so hard that the bed shook and scared the little mouse half out of his senses. The child kept thinking of all the dreadful stories the woman had told her, about the Rag-man, the Giant, and the rest of them, until she was so frightened that she cried. Then suddenly she heard a loud voice, and then —

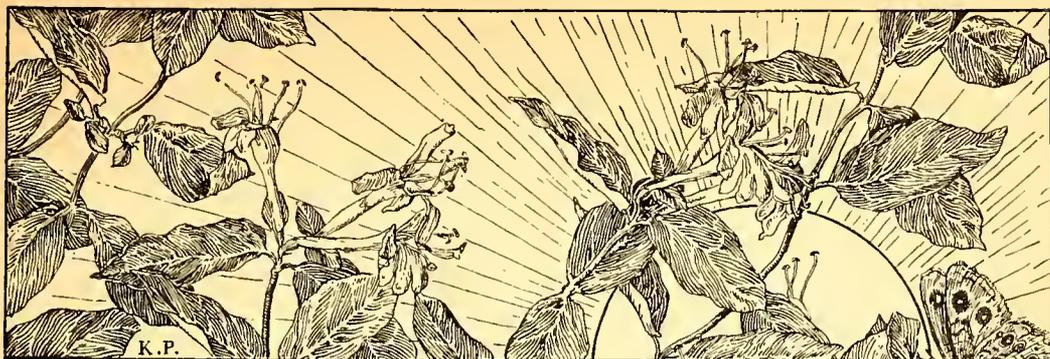
Why, then the little girl woke up. Woke up truly; for she had been only dreaming about the Strange Land all this time, while she was really in her little crib at home. And the night-lamp was burning low, and her own mamma was leaning over her.

"I think," said Marjorie's mamma, "that the little girl must have been eating too many nuts and candies."

"Had she, Jack?" said Marjorie.

"I don't know," I said, "but I should n't wonder."

(To be concluded.)



## une .

The robins and blackbirds awoke me at dawn  
Out in the wet orchard, beyond the green lawn ,

For there they were holding a grand jubilee ,  
And no one had wakened to hear it but me .

The sweet honeysuckles were sprinkled with dew ;  
There were hundreds of spider-webs wet with it too ,

And pussy-cat, out by the lilacs, I saw  
Was stopping and shaking the drops from her paw .

I dressed in the silence as still as a mouse ,  
And groped down the stairway and out of the house .

There, dim in the dawning, the garden paths lay ,  
Where yesterday evening we shouted at play .

By the borders of box-wood, and under the trees  
There was nothing astir but the birds and the bees .

And if all the world had been made just for me ,  
I thought, what a wonderful thing it would be .

K.Pyle.

# CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE STATE-HOUSE AND THE STEAMBOAT.

MARY OGDEN had three dresses, one quite pretty, but none were of silk. Aunt Melinda was always telling Mary what she ought not to wear at her age, and with hair and eyes as dark as hers. Mary felt very proud, therefore, when she saw on the table in her room the parcel containing the black silk and trimmings.

"It must have been expensive," she said, and she unfolded it as if afraid it would break.

"What will mother say?" she thought. "And Aunt Melinda! I'm too young for it — I know I am!"

The whole Murdoch family arose early, and the editor, after looking at the black silk, said that he felt pretty well.

"So you ought," said his wife. "You had more new subscribers yesterday than you ever had before in your life in any one day."

"That makes me think," said Mr. Murdoch. "I owe Mary Ogden five dollars — there it is — for getting out that number of the *Eagle*."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mary. "I did that, and Jack did it, only because—"

He put the bank-note into her hand.

"I'd rather you'd take it," he said. "You'll never be a good editor till you learn to work on a business basis."

As he insisted, she put the bill into her pocket-book, thanking him gratefully.

"I had two dollars when I came," she thought, "and I have n't spent a cent; but I may need something. Besides, I'll have to pay for making up my new dress."

But she was wrong. Mrs. Murdoch went out to see a neighbor after breakfast, and before noon it was certain that if seven old men of Mertonville had paid for the silk, at least seven elderly women could be found who were very willing to make it up.

About that time Jack was walking up to the door of the Senate Chamber, in the Capitol, at Albany, after having astonished himself by long walks and gazings through the halls and side passages.

"It's true enough," he said to himself. "The Governor's right. No fellow could go through this and come out just as he came in."

He understood about the "twenty tons of pure gold" in the building, but nevertheless he could not keep from looking all around after signs of it.

"There's plenty of gilding," he said, "but it's very thin. It's all finished, too. I don't see what more they could do, now the roof's on and it's all painted. He must have been joking when he said that."

Jack roamed all over the Capitol, for the Legislature was not in session, and the building was open to sightseers. There were many of them, and from visitors, workmen, and some boys whom he met, Jack managed to find out many interesting things.

The Assembly Chamber seemed to him a truly wonderful room, and upon the floor were several groups of people admiring it.

He saw one visitor seat himself in the Speaker's chair.

"There's room in that chair for two or three small men," said Jack; "I'll try it by and by."

So he did.

"The Speaker was a boy once, too, and so was the Governor," he said to himself aloud.

"Yes, my boy," said a lady, who was near enough to hear him; "so they were. So were all the Presidents, and some went barefoot and lived in log-cabins."

"Well, I've often gone barefoot," said Jack, laughing.

"Many boys go barefoot, but they can't all become Governors," she said, pleasantly.

She looked at Jack for a moment, and then said with a smile, "You look like a bright

young man, though. Do you suppose you could ever be Governor?"

"Perhaps I could," he said. "It can't be harder to learn than any other business."

The lady laughed, and her friends laughed, and Jack arose from the Speaker's chair and walked away.

He had seen enough of that vast State House. It wearied him, there was so much of it, and it was so fine.

"To build this house cost twenty tons of gold!" he said, as he went out through the lofty doorway. "I wish I had some of it. I've kept my nine dollars yet, anyway. The Governor's right. I don't know what he meant, but I'll never be just the same fellow again."

It was so. But it was not merely seeing the Capitol that had changed him. He was changing from a boy who had never seen anything outside of Crofield and Mertonville, into a boy who was walking right out into the world to learn what is in it.

"I'll go to the hotel and write to Father and Mother," he said; "and I have something to tell them."

It was the first real letter he had ever written, and it seemed a great thing to do,—ten times more important than writing a composition, and almost equal to editing the *Eagle*.

"I'll just put in everything," he thought, "just as it came along, and they'll know what I've been doing."

It took a long time to write the letter, but it was done at last, and when he put down his pen he exclaimed:

"Hard work always makes me hungry! I wonder if it is n't dinner-time? They said it was always dinner-time here after twelve o'clock. I'll go see." It was long after twelve when he went down to the office to stamp and mail his letter.

"Mr. Ogden," said the clerk, giving Jack an envelope, "here 's a note from Mr. Magruder. He left —"

"Ogden," said a deep, full voice just behind him, "did n't you stay there too long? I am told you sat in the Speaker's chair."

Jack wheeled about, blushing crimson. The Governor was not standing still, but was walking steadily through the office, surrounded by a

group of dignified men. It was necessary to walk with them in order to reply to the question, and Jack did so.

"I sat there half a minute," he answered. "I hope it did n't hurt me."

"I'm glad you got out so soon, Jack," replied the Governor approvingly.

"But I heard also that you think of learning the Governor business," went on the great man. "Now, don't you do it. It is not large pay, and you 'd be out of work most of the time. Be a blacksmith, or a carpenter, or a tailor, or a printer."

"Well, Governor," said Jack, "I was brought up a blacksmith; and I've worked at carpentering, and printing too; and I've edited a newspaper; but —"

There he was cut short by the laughter from those dignified men.

"Good-bye, Jack," said the Governor, shaking hands with him. "I hope you'll have a good time in the city. You'll be sent back to the Capitol some day, perhaps."

Jack returned to the clerk's counter to mail his letter, and found that gentleman looking at him as if he wondered what sort of boy he might be.

"That young fellow knows all the politicians," said the clerk to one of the hotel proprietors. "He can't be so countrified as he looks."

After dinner, Jack returned to his room for a long look at the guide-book. He went through it rapidly to the last leaf, and then threw it down, remarking:

"I never was so tired! I'll take a walk around and see Albany a little more; and I'll not be sorry when the boat goes. I'd like to see Mary and the rest for an hour or two. I think they'd like to see me coming in, too."

Jack sauntered on through street after street, getting a clearer idea of what a city was.

He walked so far that he had some difficulty in returning to the hotel, but finally he found it without asking directions.

Soon after, Jack brought down his satchel, said good-bye to the very polite clerk, and walked out.

He had learned the way to the steamboat-wharf; and he had already taken one brief look at the river and the railway bridge.

"There 's the ' Columbia,'" he said, aloud, as he turned a street corner and came in sight of her. "What a boat! Why, if her nose was at the Main street corner, by the Washington Hotel, her rudder would be half-way across the Cocahutchie!"

He walked the wharf, staring at her from end to end, before he went on board. He had put Mr. Magruder's note into his pocket without reading it.

"I won't open it here," he had said then. "There 's nothing in it but a ticket."

He found, however, that he must show the ticket at the gangway, and so he opened the envelope.

"Three tickets?" he said. "And two are in one piece. This one is for a stateroom. That 's the bunk I 'm to sleep in. Hullo! Supper ticket! I have supper on board the steamer, do I? Well, I 'm not sorry. I 'll have to hurry, too. It 's about time for her to start."

Jack went on board, and soon was hunting for his stateroom, almost bewildered by the rushing crowd in the great saloon.

He had his key, and knew the number, but it seemed that there were about a thousand of the little doors.

"One hundred and seventy-six is mine," he said; "and I 'm going to put away my satchel and go on deck and see the river. Here it is at last. Why, it 's a kind of little bedroom! It 's as good as a floating hotel. Now I 'm all right."

Suddenly he was aware, with a great thrill of pleasure, that the Columbia was in motion. He left his satchel in a corner, locked the door of the stateroom behind him, and set out to find his way to the deck. He went downstairs and upstairs, ran against people, and was run against by them; and it occurred to him that all the passengers were hunting for something they could not find.

"Looking for staterooms, I guess," he remarked aloud; but he himself should not have been staring behind him, for at that moment he felt the whack of a collision, and a pair of heavy arms grasped him.

"What you looks vor yourself, poy? You knocks your breath out! You find somebody you looks vor — eh?"

The tremendous man who held him was not

tall, but very heavy, and had a broad face and long black beard and shaggy gray eyebrows.

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Jack, with a glance at a lady holding one of the man's long arms, and at two other ladies following them.

"You vas got your stateroom?" asked his round-faced captor good-humoredly.

"Oh, yes!" said Jack. "I 've got one."

"You haf luck. Dell you vot, poy, it ees a beeg schvindle. Dey say 'passage feefty cent,' und you comes aboard, und you find it is choost so. Dot 's von passage. Den it ees von dollar more to go in to supper, und von dollar to eat sometings, und von dollar to come out of supper, und some more dollars to go to sleep, und maybe dey sharges you more dollars to vake up in de morning. Dot is not all. Dey haf no more shtateroom left, und ve all got to zett up all night. Eh? How you like dot, poy?"

Jack replied, as politely as he knew how:

"Oh, you will find a stateroom. They can't be full."

"Dey ees full. Dey ees more as full. Dere vill be no room to sleep on de floor, und ve haf to shtand oop all night. How you likes dot, eh?"

The ladies looked genuinely distressed, and said a number of things to each other in some tongue that Jack did not understand. He had been proud enough of his stateroom up to that moment, but he felt his heart melting. Besides, he had intended to sit up a long while to see the river.

"I can fix it," he suddenly exclaimed. "Let the ladies take my stateroom. It 's big enough."

"Poy!" said the German solemnly, "dot is vot you run into my arms for. My name is Guilderaufenberg. Dis lady ees Mrs. Guilderaufenberg. Dis ees Mees Hildebrand. She 's Mees Poogmistchgski, and she is a Bolish lady vis my wife."

Jack caught all the names but the last, but he was not half sure about that. He bowed to each.

"Come with me; I 'll show you the room," he said. "Then I am going out on deck."

"Ve comes," said the wide German; and the three ladies all tried to express their thanks at the same time, as Jack led the way. Jack was proud of his success in actually finding his own door again.

"I puts um all een," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg; "den I walks mit you on deck. Dose vommens belifs you vas a fine poy. So you vas, ven I dells de troof."

They all talked a great deal, and Jack managed to reduce the Polish lady's name to Miss "Podgoonski," but he felt uneasily that he had left out a part of it. Mrs. Guilderaufenberg and the others were loaded up with more parcels and baggage than Jack had ever seen three women carry.

"Dey dakes care of dot shtateroom," said his friend. "Ve goes on deck. I bitty anypoddy vot dries to get dot shtateroom away from Mrs. Guil-

"Ve only shtays here a leetle vile," said his friend. "Den ve goes and takes de ladies down to eat some supper. Vas you hongry?"

Jack was not really hungry for anything but the Hudson, but he said he would gladly join the supper-party.

"I never saw the Hudson before," he said. "I'd rather sit up than not."

"I seet up all de vay to New York and not care," said his friend. "I seet up a great deal. My wife, dot ees Mrs. Guilderaufenberg, she keep a beeg boarding-house in Vashington. Dot ees de ceety to lif in! Vas you ever in Vashington? No?"

"Never was anywhere," said Jack. "Never was in New York—"

"You nefer vas dere? Den you petter goes mit me und Mrs. Guilderaufenberg. Dot ees goot. So! You nefer vas in Vashington. You nefer vas in New York. So! Den you nefer vas in Lonton? I vas dere. You lose yourself in Lonton so easy. I lose myself twice vile I vas dere."

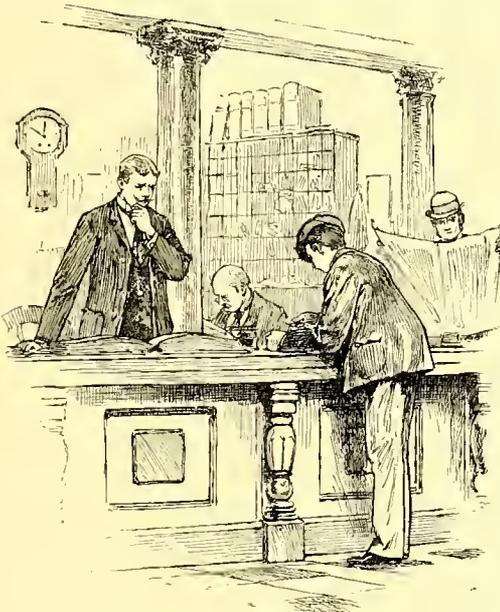
"You were n't lost long, I know," said Jack, laughing at the droll shake of the German's head.

"No, I vas find. I vas shoost going to advertise myself ven I finds a street I remember. Den I gets to my hotel. You nefer vas dere? Und you nefer vas in Vashington. You come some day. Dot ees de ceety, mit de Capitol und de great men! Und you vas nefer in Paris, nor in Berlin, nor in Vienna, nor in Amsterdam? No? I haf all of dem seen, und dose oder cities. I dravel, but dere ees doo much boleece, so I comes to dis country, vere dere ees few boleece."

Jack was startled for a moment. The bland, good-humored face of his German acquaintance had suddenly changed. His white teeth showed through his mustaches, and his beard seemed to wave and curl as he spoke of the police. For one moment Jack thought of Deacon Abram and Mrs. McNamara, of the dark room and the ropes and the window.

"He may not have done anything," he said to himself, aloud, "any more than I did; and they were after me."

"Dot ees not so!" Mr. Guilderaufenberg growled. "I dell dem de troof too mosh. Den I vas a volf, a vild peest, dot mus' be hooned,



"THE HOTEL CLERK LOOKED AT JACK AS IF HE WONDERED WHAT SORT OF BOY HE MIGHT BE."

deraufenberg and Meess Hildebrand and Meess Pod—ski"; but again Jack had failed to hear that Polish lady's name.

## CHAPTER XI.

JACK already felt well acquainted with Mr. Guilderaufenberg.

The broad and bearded German knew all about steamboats, and found his way out upon the forward deck without any difficulty. Jack had lost his way entirely in his first hunting for that spot, and he was glad to find himself under the awning and gazing down the river.

und dey hoonted me ; put I got away. I vas in St. Betersburg, vonce, vile dey hoont some-vere else. Den I vas in Constantinople, mit de Turks—”

Jack's brain was in a whirl. He had read about all of those cities, and here was a man who had really been in them. It was even more wonderful than talking with the Governor or looking at the Hudson.

But in a moment his new friend's face assumed a quieter expression.

“Come along,” he said. “De ladies ees ready by dees time. Ve goes. Den I dells you some dings you nefer hear.”

He seemed to know all about the Columbia, for he led Jack straight to the stateroom door, through all the crowds of passengers.

“I might not have found it in less than an hour,” said Jack to himself. “They 're waiting for us. I can't talk with them much.”

But he found out that Mrs. Guilderaufenberg spoke English with but little accent, Miss Hildebrand only knocked over a letter here and there, and the Polish lady's fluent English astonished him so much that he complimented her upon it.

“Dot ees so,” remarked Mr. Guilderaufenberg. “She talks dem all so vell dey say she vas born dere. Dell you vat, my poy, ven you talks Bolish or Russian, den you vas exercise your tongue so you shpeaks all de oder lank-witches easy.”

The ladies were in good humor, and disposed to laugh at anything, especially after they reached the supper-room; and Mrs. Guilderaufenberg at once took a strong interest in Jack because he had never been anywhere.

For convenience, perhaps, the ladies frequently spoke to one another in German, but Jack, without understanding a word of it, listened earnestly to what they were saying.

They often, however, talked in English, and to him, and he learned that they had been making a summer-vacation trip through Canada, and were now on their way home. It was evident that Mr. Guilderaufenberg was a man who did not lack money, and that none of the others was poor. Besides hearing them, Jack was busy in looking around the long, glittering supper-room of the Columbia, noticing how many dif-

ferent kinds of people there were in it. They seemed to be of all nations, ages, colors, and kinds, and Jack would not have missed the sight for anything.

“I 'm beginning to see the world,” he said to himself, and then he had to reply to Mrs. Guilderaufenberg for about the twentieth time :

“Oh, not at all. You 're welcome to the stateroom. I 'd rather sit up and look at the river than go to bed.”

“Den, Mr. Ogden,” she said, “you comes to Washington, and you comes to my house. I can den repay your kindness. You vill see senators, congressmen, generals, fine men—great men, in Washington.”

After supper the party found seats under the awning forward, and for a while Jack's eyes were so busy with the beauties of the Hudson that his ears heard little.

The moonlight was very bright and clear, and showed the shores plainly. Jack found his memory of the guide-book was excellent. The villages and towns along the shores were so many collections of twinkling, changing glimmers, and between them lay long reaches of moonshine and shadow.

“I 'd like to write home about it,” thought Jack, “but I could n't begin to tell 'em how it looks.”

Jack was not sorry when the three ladies said good-night. He had never before been so long upon his careful good behavior in one evening, and it made him feel constrained, till he almost wished he was back in Crofield.

“Mr. Guilderaufenberg,” he said as soon as they were alone, “this is the first big river I ever saw.”

“So?” said the German. “Den I beats you. I see goot many rifers, ven I drafels. Dell you vat, poy: verefer dere vas big rifers, any-vere, dere vas mosh fighting. Some leetle rifer do choost as vell, sometimes, but de beeg rifers vas always battlefields.”

“Not the Hudson?” said Jack inquiringly.

“You ees American poy,” said the German; “you should know de heestory of your country. Up to Vest Point, de Hudson vas full of fights. All along shore, too. I vas on de Mississippi, and it is fights all de vay down to his mou'. So mit some oder American rifers, but de vorst

of all is the Potomac, by Vashington. Eet ees not so fine as de Hudson, but eet is battle-grounds all along shore. I vas on de Danube, and eet ees vorse for fights dan de Potomac. I see so many oder rifers, all ofer, eferyvere, but de fighting rifer of de vorld is de Rhine. It is so fine as de Hudson, and eet ees even better looking by day.—Ve gets into de Caatskeel Moun-



"JACK HEARD A SNORE, AND KNEW THAT HIS TRAVELER FRIEND WAS FAST ASLEEP."

tains now. Look at dem by dis moonlight, and you ees like on de Rhine. You see de Rhine some day, and ven you comes to Vashington you see de Potomac."

On, on, steamed the Columbia, with what almost seemed a slow motion, it was so ponderous, dignified, and stately, while the moonlit heights and hollows rolled by on either hand. On, at the same time, went Mr. Guilderaufenberg with his stories of rivers and cities and countries that he had seen, and of battles fought along rivers and across them. Then, suddenly, the gruff voice grew deep and savage, like the growl of an angry bear, and he exclaimed:

"I haf seen some men, too, of de kind I run away from —"

"Policemen?" said Jack.

"Yah; dat is de name I gif dem," growled the angry German. "De Tsar of Russia, I vas see him, and he vas noding but a chief of boleece. De old Kaiser of Germany, he vas a goot man, but he vas too mosh chief of boleece. So vas de Emperor of Austria; I vas see him. So vas de Sultan of Turkey, but he vas more a hum-pug dan anything else. Dere ees leetle boleece in Turkey. I see de Emperor Napoleon before he toomble down. He vas noding but a boleece man. I vas so vild glad ven he comes down. De leetle kings, I care not so mosh for. You comes to Vashington, and I show you some leetle kings —" and Mr. Guilderaufenberg grew good-humored and began to laugh.

"What kind of kings?" asked Jack.

"Leetle congressman dot is choost come de first time, und leetle beeg man choost put into office. Dey got ofer it bretty soon, und de fun is gone."

There was a long silence after that. The broad German sat in an arm-chair, and pretty soon he slipped forward a little with his knees very near the network below the rail of the Columbia. Then Jack heard a snore, and knew that his traveler friend was sound asleep.

"I wish I had a chair to sleep on, instead of this camp-stool," thought Jack. "I 'll have a look all around the boat and come back."

It took a long while to see the boat, and the first thing he discovered was that a great many people had failed to secure staterooms or berths. They sat in chairs, and they lounged on sofas, and they were curled up on the floor; for the Columbia had received a flood of tourists who were going home, and a large part of the passengers of another boat that had been detained on account of an accident at Albany; so the steamer was decidedly overcrowded.

"There are more people aboard," thought Jack, "than-would make two such villages as Crofield, unless you should count in the farms and farmers. I'm glad I came, if it's only to know what a steamboat is. I have n't spent a cent of my nine dollars yet, either."

Here and there he wandered, until he came

out at the stern, and had a look at the foaming wake of the boat, and at the river and the heights behind, and at the grand spectacle of another great steamboat, full of lights, on her way up the river. He had seen any number of smaller boats, and of white-sailed sloops and schooners, and now, along the eastern bank, he heard and saw the whizzing rush of several railway trains.

"I 'd rather be here," he thought. "The people there can't see half so much as I can."

Not one of them, moreover, had been traveling all over the world with Mr. Guilderaufenberg, and hearing and thinking about kings and their "police."

Getting back to his old place was easier, now that he began to understand the plan of the Columbia; but, when Jack returned, his campstool was gone, and he had to sit down on the bare deck or to stand up. He did both, by turns, and he was beginning to feel very weary of sight-seeing, and to wish that he were sound asleep, or that to-morrow had come.

"It 's a warm night," he said to himself, "and it is n't so very dark, even now the moon has gone down. Why—it 's getting lighter! Is it morning? Can we be so near the city as that?"

There was a growing rose-tint upon a few clouds in the western sky, as the sun began to look at them from below the range of heights, eastward, but the sun had not yet risen.

Jack was all but breathless. He walked as far forward as he could go, and forgot all about being sleepy or tired.

"There," he said, after a little, "those must be the Palisades."

Out came his guide-book, and he tried to fit names to the places along shore.

"More sailing-vessels," he said, "and there goes another train. We must be almost there."

He was right, and he was all one tingle of excitement as the Columbia swept steadily on down the widening river.

There came a pressure of a hand upon his shoulder.

"Goot-morning, my poy. De city ees coming. How you feels?"

"First-rate," said Jack. "It won't be long, now, will it?"

"You wait a leetle. I sleep some. It vas a goot varm night. De varmest night I efer had vas in Egypt, and de coldest vas in Moscow. De shtove it went out, and ve vas cold, I dell you, dill dot shtove vas kindle up again! Dere vas dwenty-two peoples in dot room, and dot safe us. Ve keep von another varm. Dot ees de trouble mit Russia. De finest vedder in all de vorlt is een America,—and dere ees more vedder of all kinds."

On, on, and now Jack's blood tingled more sharply, to his very fingers and toes, for they swept beyond Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which his friend pointed out, and the city began to make its appearance.

"It 's on both sides," said Jack. "No, that 's New Jersey"—and he read the names on that side from his guide-book.

Masts, wharves, buildings, and beyond them spires, and—and Jack grew dizzy trying to think of that endless wilderness of streets and houses. He heard what Mr. Guilderaufenberg said about the islands in the harbor, the forts, the ferries, and yet he did not hear it plainly, because it was too much to take in all at once.

"Now I brings de ladies," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, "an' ve eats breakfast, ven ve all gets to de Hotel Dantzie. Come!"

Jack took one long, sweeping look at the city, so grand and so beautiful under the newly risen sun, and followed.

At that same hour a dark-haired girl sat by an open window in the village of Mertonville. She had arisen and dressed herself, early as it was, and she held in her hand a postal-card, which had arrived for her from Albany the night before.

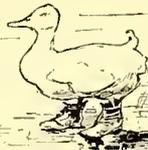
"By this time," she said, "Jack is in the city. Oh, how I wish I were with him!"

She was silent after that, but she had hardly said it before one of two small boys, who had been pounding one another with pillows in a very small bedroom in Crofield, suddenly threw his pillow at the other, and exclaimed:

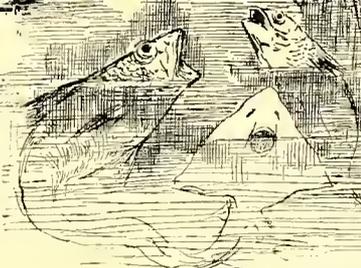
"I s'pose Jack 's there by this time, Jimmy!"

*(To be continued.)*

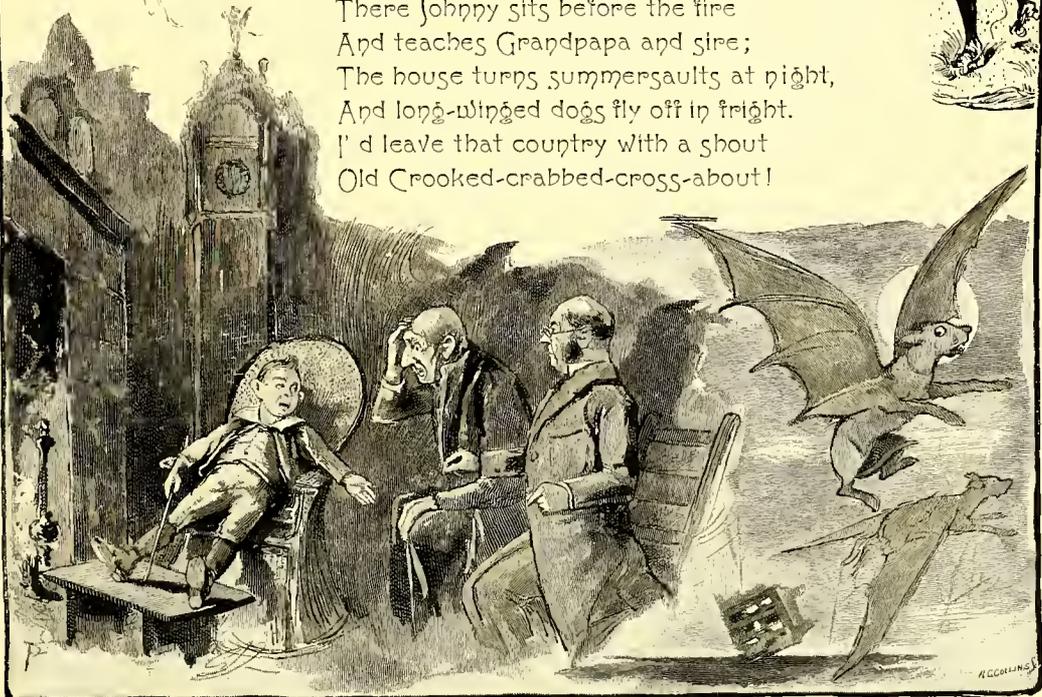
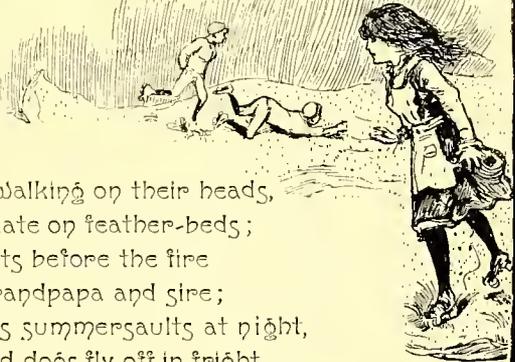
# Crooked-Crabbed-Cross-<sup>about</sup>



he strangest land, without a doubt,  
Is Crooked-crabbed-cross-about;  
Where fishes sigh for hook and bait  
And cry aloud, "We cannot wait!"  
Where pine-trees pelt you with their bark,  
And chase each other in the dark!  
Where ducks wear over-shoes for gout  
In Crooked-crabbed-cross-about.



There boys go walking on their heads,  
And children skate on feather-beds;  
There Johnny sits before the fire  
And teaches Grandpapa and sire;  
The house turns summersaults at night,  
And long-winged dogs fly off in fright.  
I'd leave that country with a shout  
Old Crooked-crabbed-cross-about!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ALL hail to you, my June roses and posers, or, in other words, my girls and boys, all hail to you!

This is my fair-weather greeting, you understand. I should not think of inflicting it upon you in blustering seasons. So here, in this sweet June warmth and sunshine, I repeat: All hail to you!

And now on this auspicious occasion, let me call your attention to some very interesting letters that my birds have lately brought me. Indeed, one missive greatly agitated the messengers themselves, if I may judge by the crowding flutter of wings when it was laid upon my pulpit. You shall have it first. It tells about

## A FOREST TRAGEDY.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I once witnessed a singular tragedy in one of my rambles through the woods.

It was a cold March afternoon, and I stood on the edge of a shaded pond, looking for some water-loving bird that might happen along, when suddenly I was startled by a disturbance overhead. On looking up I saw, on a willow-branch that drooped gracefully over the water, a kingfisher — one of the smaller species. The bird seemed to be looking intently at something in the water under a thin sheet of ice that had formed on the previous night, when suddenly down he shot, dashing through the ice and sinking in the water beneath. My astonishment was great. I could hardly believe that an old, experienced kingfisher would be deceived by the clearness of the ice and mistake it for the still surface of the water; so I watched intently to see what would become of the careless little bird.

It happened to be a shallow spot where he plunged, and the disturbance at first made the water muddy. Soon it cleared; but where was

Mr. Kingfisher? I looked at the hole, and saw nothing there but the cold water and a broken edge of thin ice.

Soon came a faint thump, thump, and there, a few yards from the hole he had made in the ice, was the bird, underneath the frozen surface, beating his wings feebly against the wall of his watery prison. He died as I took him in my hand.

Will some of your ST. NICHOLAS readers offer an explanation?

Respectfully yours, PHILIP B. WHELPLEY.

## TEN WEDDINGS TO ONE MARRIAGE.

IT may not be known even to the good Deacon, who lately has taken a spouse, nor to the Little School-ma'am, who is not yet among the married, that every wedded couple who live together twenty-five years are allowed seven weddings! Yet so it is. Yes, and all who remain married for more than seventy-five years may have ten weddings! If you do not believe it, listen to this letter, which an astonished dove has within a week brought to my pulpit:

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl living near New York City, and yesterday my Papa and Mamma had a tin wedding. It was lovely. They had a great many presents, all made of tin; and even the plates, with cakes and mottoes on them, were of tin; and Grandpapa had a big tin-headed cane.

So far, Mamma says, they have had four. First, the *real* wedding; then, three years after, they had a *leather* wedding; then, when it was five years, they had a *wooden* wedding; and now they've had the *tin* wedding. That's for ten years. Here is the list that Mamma wrote out for me: At the end of third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; fifteenth year, crystal wedding (that means glass, you know); twentieth year, china wedding; twenty-fifth year, silver wedding; thirtieth year, pearl wedding; fortieth year, golden wedding; seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

Mamma and Papa are not going to keep all of these weddings, because, Papa says, if a young couple have not learned to economize by the time they've been married seventy-five years they'd better begin to be taught it. He's so funny! Your little friend, CLARA K. B.

## A COOLNESS BETWEEN THE FLOWERS.

DAYTON, O.

DEAR JACK: As I have read a great deal in your pages about roses, and other flowers, in blocks of ice, I thought I would tell you about one here. There is a brewery near by that makes its own ice. One day the men presented to one of the directors a lump of ice 1½ feet square by 1 foot thick, in the center of which was frozen a perfect bouquet of the choicest flowers. They looked quite fresh and natural.

Your constant reader,

DANNIE G——.

## FISHING FOR SPIDERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Now that the season has come when all sorts of creeping, skipping, hopping, and flying creatures are at play in the sunshine, and are eagerly studied by young

observers hereabouts, I should like to tell you and them of a queer sport which small boys in parts of Central America consider fine fun. It is spider-fishing.

There is one particularly venomous spider in Nicaragua which bites men and animals about the feet and ankles, causing great pain and lameness, and then cleverly drops out of sight into a hole, which it digs for itself in the ground. The boys tie a ball of wax to the end of a fishing-line, and drop the ball, teasingly, down into the hole, until the angry insect takes so firm a hold of the wax that it can be drawn out of the hole and triumphantly killed.

J. E. R.

#### THE NEW DEGREE OF B. H. B.

THROUGH the great college-window a bumblebee flew,

And buzzed on the blackboard a moment or two. It sailed at the tutor,—he ducked down his head; It bowed to the students,—they drew back in dread.

It looked over shoulders (which was not polite); Then out of the doorway it flew in a fright.

It stayed some ten seconds, acquired no knowledge,

But bragged to a friend about "going through college."

The friend smiled, and said (with a little wing-shrug):

"You are now, I suppose, B. H. B.,—Big Hum Bug."

#### THE VICTORIA REGIA IN THE UNITED STATES.

CAPE COD, MASS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As you are always interested in strange plants, I must tell you that I lately saw one rare enough to be something of a curiosity. I always had heard of the big-leaved water-lily called the "Victoria regia," as being found in South America or some other foreign place. But there is one in Massachusetts, and it is alive, too. I asked the gardener about it, and learned that it has been here (on Cape Cod) about three years, and that it has never before flowered so far north except under glass. He says, however, that it has been grown also in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; and

in New Jersey for about ten years. This beautiful plant was first cultivated under glass in America, nearly forty years ago, at Salem, Massachusetts.

I was also told by him (the gardener) that, as the flower fades, it is gradually drawn to the bottom of the pond, and stays there about fifty days to ripen its seeds. The pods contain four or five hundred of the seeds, which are about as large as peas.

I send you a photograph of the lily and leaves. The little boy sitting upon the leaf is the gardener's son. The flower is in bloom three days, and changes from creamy white to pink. I believe the water is kept warm by steam pipes.

Would n't the leaves be splendid for decorating a giant's table? It seems to me the flower is a misfit to the leaf—or perhaps it is the other way.

On second thoughts, I think this blossom is larger than it appears. In the first place, the camera has a trick of enlarging near objects and diminishing those at a distance; so you see the flower has not had full justice done it. Then, again, when you reflect that the leaves of the Victoria regia range from six to eight feet in diameter, and its flower is generally about one foot in diameter, you'll see that the proportions are pretty well carried out, after all.

Hoping, dear Jack, that I have not stated too many facts, and that you will find the picture interesting enough to publish, I am your admiring reader and friend,

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

#### WHO KNOWS?

CLINTON, N. C.

DEAR JACK: There is a question which puzzles me very much. It is: If horses do not think, how is it that they understand the difference in languages? For instance, the horses in our country understand us when we speak in our language; but if a foreigner tells them in his language to "get up," they do not change or quicken their pace at all. This fact is true of horses in all countries. Please, dear Jack, give me the explanation of this. Yours in doubt,

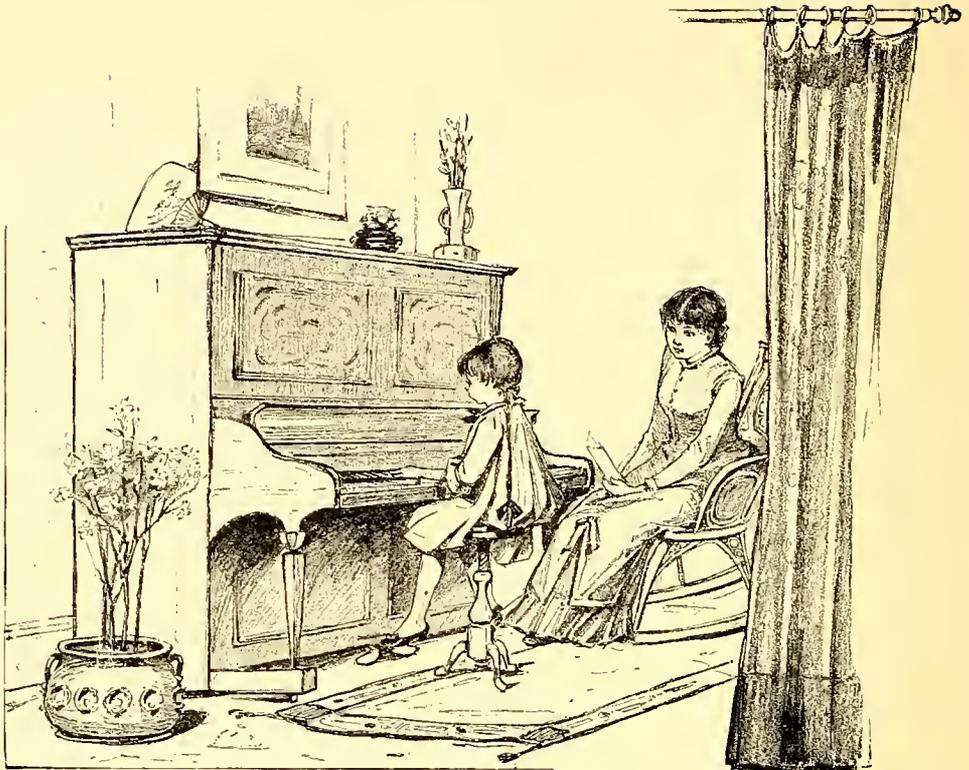
ALLMAND MCKOY G—.

#### TINKER AND ALMANAC.

THE best letters concerning the origin of the words *tinker*, *almanac*, and *landlord* came from Margaret A. and Mr. T. B.; but the Little School-ma'am and your Jaek thank all of you who have answered the question.



THE VICTORIA REGIA (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).



## PRACTICING SONG.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

*Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum !*

Here I must sit for an hour and strum.  
Practice is the thing for a good little  
girl,

It makes her nose straight, and it makes her  
hair curl.

*Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum ti !*

Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the  
high.

Whether it's a jig or the "Dead March" in  
Saul,

I sometimes often feel as if I did n't care at  
all.

*Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tee !*

I don't mind the whole or the half note, you see.  
It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse  
my mother's daughter,

And a thirty-second really is too dreadful to be  
taught her.

*Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum to !*

I shall never, never, never learn the minor scale,  
I know.

It's gloomier and awfuller than puppy dogs  
a-howling,

And what's the use of practicing such melan-  
choly yowling ?

But—*ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum !*

Still I work away with my drum, drum, drum.

For practicing is good for a good little girl ;

It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl.\*

\* This last line is not true, little girls ; but it is so hard, you know, to find good reasons for practicing.

## A LIVING CHAIN FROM ADAM TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MOST of us would say, if asked, that we are descended from Adam; but what an almost mythical person that same Adam is to us!—as unreal as Jupiter or Apollo, or any of those old names of antiquity that we know were *only* names. It seems impossible to realize that the ancient world of “the beginning,” as the Bible calls it, is the same world we live in now; and its men and times seem separated from us by an impassable chasm—they on one side, in the darkness, we on the other side, in the light—and no links of connection between.

But if you should meet any one who had once seen George Washington, with how much more reality and distinctness those early days of our country and all the Revolutionary times would stand out to you! So let us see if we can not make those old, old times of the past years seem more real. I think we *can* do that if we connect them with our own times by a list of people who may reasonably be said to have seen each other in all those long intervals of years—so, link by link, forming a chain of connection between the old, dreamlike, dark ages and this very day when you turn the pages of your ST. NICHOLAS. Let us try. According to the Biblical record, which necessarily opens the list:

**Adam** must have been seen by Methusaleh, who was 243 years old when Adam died.

**Methusaleh** must have been seen by his grandson Noah, who was almost 500 years old when Methusaleh died.

**Noah** must have been seen by his great-grandson Salah, who was 300 years old when Noah died.

**Salah** must have been seen by his grandson Peleg, in whose days the earth was divided, and whom he outlived.

**Peleg** must have been seen by his great-grandson Nahor, who died about the same time with Peleg.

**Nahor** was seen by his grandson Abraham, who was about 30 years old when Nahor died.

**Abraham** was doubtless seen by his grandson Jacob, who was more than 30 years old when Abraham died.

**Jacob** was seen by his grandson Kohath, who accompanied him on his journey into Egypt.

**Kohath** was undoubtedly seen by his grandson Aaron, as Kohath lived to the age of 133 years.

**Aaron**, who married the sister of Naashon, prince of the tribe of Judah, was undoubtedly seen by Salmon, the son of Naashon.

**Salmon** was of course seen by his son Boaz, the husband of Ruth.

**Boaz** was of course seen by his son Obed.

**Obed** was of course seen by his son Jesse.

**Jesse** was of course seen by his son David.

**David** was of course seen by his son Solomon.

**Solomon** was seen by his son Rehoboam.

**Rehoboam** was seen, undoubtedly, by his grandson Asa, who succeeded him after an interval of three years.

**Asa** was seen by his son Jehoshaphat.

**Jehoshaphat** was seen by Elisha the Prophet, in the war with Moab.

**Elisha** was seen by Jehoash, king of Israel, in the last sickness of Elisha.

**Jehoash** was seen by Amaziah, king of Judah, whom he took captive.

**Amaziah** was seen by his son Uzziah.

**Uzziah** was undoubtedly seen by Isaiah, who began to prophesy in his reign.

**Isaiah** was seen by Hezekiah in his sickness.

**Hezekiah** was seen by his son Manasseh.

**Manasseh** had doubtless been seen by his grandson Josiah, who, though a child of eight, succeeded after an interval of two years.

**Josiah** was seen by his son Zedekiah.

**Zedekiah** was seen by Nebuchadnezzar, who ordered his eyes to be put out.

**Nebuchadnezzar** was seen by the prophet Daniel at his court.

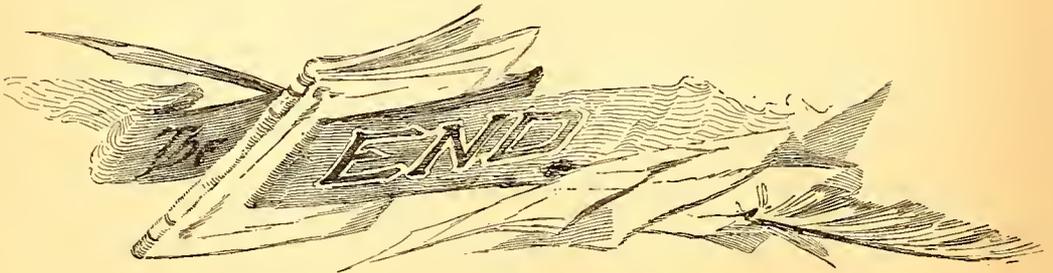
**Daniel** was seen by Darius, whose prime-minister he was.

- Darius** was seen by Cyrus the Great, his nephew.
- Cyrus** was seen by Atossa, his daughter, the wife of Darius Hystaspes.
- Atossa** was seen by her son Xerxes.
- Xerxes** was seen by his son Artaxerxes.
- Artaxerxes** was seen by his son Darius Nothus.
- Darius Nothus** was seen by his son Cyrus the Younger.
- Cyrus the Younger** was seen by Xenophon, who was one of his generals in his fatal expedition in the year 401 B. C.
- Xenophon** was seen by Plato, his companion in the school of Socrates.
- Plato** was seen by Aristotle, who was his pupil, 365 B. C.
- Aristotle** was seen by Alexander the Great, who was his scholar.
- Alexander the Great** was seen by Antigonus, who was one of his generals.
- Antigonus** was seen by his son Demetrius Poliorcetes.
- Demetrius Poliorcetes** was seen by Antiochus Soter, who married his daughter Stratonice.
- Antiochus Soter** was seen by his son Antiochus Theos.
- Antiochus Theos** was seen by his son Seleucus Callinicus.
- Seleucus Callinicus** was seen by his son Antiochus the Great.
- Antiochus the Great** was seen by his nephew Antipater, whom he sent to desire peace of the Romans, 190 B. C.
- Antipater** was seen by Scipio Africanus, who was at Rome when he came.
- Scipio Africanus**, b. 234 B. C., was seen by his son Scipio the Younger.
- Scipio the Younger** was seen by his adopted son Scipio Æmilianus, the destroyer of Carthage.
- Scipio Æmilianus** was seen by Caius Marius, b. 157 B. C., who served under him, and whose greatness he predicted.
- Marius** was seen by Sylla, who served with him, and was afterward his rival.
- Sylla** was seen by Cæsar, who served with him, and was his friend.
- Cæsar** was seen by Mark Antony, his friend.
- Mark Antony** was seen by Herod the Great, his friend.
- Herod the Great** was seen by his son, Herod Antipas.
- Herod Antipas** was seen by John the Baptist, by whom he was reprov'd.
- John the Baptist** was seen by Andrew the Apostle, whom he directed to Christ.
- Andrew** was seen by John, his fellow Apostle.
- John the Apostle** was seen by Polycarp, who mentioned to Irenæus his recollections of John.
- Polycarp** was seen by Anicetus, bishop of Rome, when he went to visit him.
- Anicetus** was seen by Eleutherius, bishop of Rome, who was a deacon there when Anicetus was bishop.
- Eleutherius** was seen by Victor, who succeeded him as bishop of Rome, 196 A. D.
- Victor** was seen by Zephyrinus, his immediate successor, 202-219.
- Zephyrinus** was undoubtedly seen by Origen, who came to Rome during his episcopate.
- Origen**, b. 186 A. D., was seen by Mammæa.
- Mammæa** was seen by her son Alexander Severus, b. 205.
- Alexander Severus** was certainly seen by the Emperor Valerian, who was an eminent senator at the time of the death of Severus.
- Valerian** was seen by the Emperor Claudius II., who succeeded his son, and had been highly promoted by Valerian.
- Claudius II.** was seen by his brother Crispus.
- Crispus** was seen by Eutropius, who married his daughter.
- Eutropius** was seen by his son, the Emperor Constantius.
- Constantius** was seen by his son Constantine the Great, b. 272.
- Constantine** was seen by Athanasius, b. 296.
- Athanasius** was seen by Julius, bishop of Rome, whom he visited.
- Julius** was seen by Damasus, bishop of Rome, who was an officer of the Church of Rome under Julius.
- Damasus** was seen by Paulinus of Antioch.
- Paulinus** was seen by Flavian, his competitor at Antioch.
- Flavian** was seen by Chrysostom, his presbyter and friend.
- Chrysostom**, born about 347, was seen by

- Theophilus of Alexandria, who was instrumental in deposing him.
- Theophilus** was seen by Cyril of Alexandria, his nephew.
- Cyril** was seen by Dioscorus, his immediate successor.
- Dioscorus** was seen by Hilary, who was legate of his predecessor Leo at the second Ephesian council, where Dioscorus presided, 449 A. D.
- Hilary** was seen by the Emperor Anthemius, from whom he obtained a promise in St. Peter's Church.
- Anthemius** was seen by Epiphanius, bishop of Pavia, who made intercession for him with the Goths.
- Epiphanius** was seen by Theodoric the Great, who often consulted him.
- Theodoric the Great**, born 455, was seen by his daughter Amalasantha.
- Amalasantha** was seen by her daughter Maltheamentha, wife of Vitiges, king of the Ostrogoths.
- Maltheamentha** was seen by Justinian, to whom Belisarius carried her and her husband captive, 539.
- Justinian I.** was seen by his nephew and successor Justin.
- Justin** was seen by Tiberius II., his adopted successor.
- Tiberius II.** was seen by Pope Gregory the Great, who was legate at his court from Pelagius, his predecessor.
- Gregory** was seen by Austin, whom he sent to England.
- Austin** was seen by Ethelbert, king of Kent, whom he converted.
- Ethelbert** was seen by his daughter Ethelberga, queen of Northumberland.
- Ethelberga** was seen by Paulinus, the first archbishop of York, who accompanied her to the north.
- Paulinus** was seen by Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, whom he consecrated.
- Honorius** was seen by Wilfred, archbishop of York, at Canterbury.
- Wilfred** was seen by Pope Agatho, whom he visited at Rome.
- Agatho** was seen by Pope Sergius I., who was an ecclesiastic at Rome under him.
- Sergius** was seen by Willebrod, whom he ordained.
- Willebrod** was seen by Boniface, the apostle of Germany, who at one time labored with him.
- Boniface** was seen by King Pepin, whom he anointed king.
- Pepin** was seen by Charlemagne, his son.
- Charlemagne** was seen by his son Louis le Débonnaire.
- Louis le Débonnaire** was seen by his son Charles the Bald.
- Charles the Bald** was seen by his daughter Judith, queen of England.
- Judith** was seen by her stepson, Alfred the Great.
- Alfred** was seen by his son Edward the Elder.
- Edward** was seen by his son Edmund.
- Edmund** was seen by his son Edgar.
- Edgar** was seen by his son Ethelred.
- Ethelred II.** was seen by his son Edward the Confessor.
- Edward the Confessor** was seen by his cousin William the Conqueror.
- William the Conqueror** was seen by Lanfranc, whom he made archbishop of Canterbury.
- Lanfranc** was seen by Anselm, who was his scholar.
- Anselm** was seen by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., whom he crowned.
- Matilda** was seen by her daughter, the Empress.
- Empress Matilda** was seen by Pope Alexander the Third.
- Pope Alexander III.** was seen by Thomas à Becket.
- Thomas à Becket** was seen by his friend, John of Salisbury.
- John of Salisbury** was seen by his scholar, Peter of Blois.
- Peter of Blois** was seen by Count Raymond VI., of Toulouse.
- Raymond of Toulouse** was seen, undoubtedly, by the great opponent against whom he fought, Simon, Count of Montfort.
- Simon de Montfort** was seen by his son Simon, Earl of Leicester.
- Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester,**

- was seen by Edward the First, whom he took captive.
- Edward the First** was seen by Robert Bruce the Elder, his companion in Palestine.
- Robert Bruce** the Elder was seen by his son King Robert Bruce.
- King Robert Bruce** was seen by his son David the Second.
- David the Second** was seen by Philippa of Hainault, whose captive he became.
- Philippa of Hainault** was seen by her son John of Gaunt.
- John of Gaunt** was seen by Wycliffe, whom he befriended.
- Wycliffe** was seen by Sir Simon Burley.
- Sir Simon Burley**, who went to Bohemia, was seen by Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia.
- Wenceslaus** was seen by John Huss.
- John Huss** was seen by Jerome of Prague.
- Jerome of Prague** was seen by Poggio Bracciolini, who witnessed his martyrdom.
- Poggio Bracciolini** was seen by Cardinal Beaufort, with whom he resided in England.
- Cardinal Beaufort** was seen by Margaret of Anjou.
- Margaret of Anjou** was seen by Sir William Stanley, who took her prisoner after the battle of Tewkesbury.
- Sir William Stanley** was seen by King Henry the Seventh, whose life he saved at Bosworth Field.
- Henry the Seventh** was seen by Cardinal Wolsey, who was his chaplain.
- Cardinal Wolsey** was seen by Francis the First.
- Francis the First** was seen by Catherine de' Medici.
- Catherine de' Medici** was seen by Mary, Queen of Scots, her daughter-in-law.
- Mary, Queen of Scots**, was seen by Bishop Fletcher, who was present at her death.
- Bishop Fletcher** was seen by his son John Fletcher, the dramatic poet.
- John Fletcher** was seen by Beaumont, his associate in writing.
- Beaumont** was seen by Shakspeare, his friend.
- Shakspeare** was seen by Sir William Davenant.
- Sir William Davenant** was seen by Thomas Betterton, the tragedian.
- Thomas Betterton** was seen by Nicholas Rowe, the poet.
- Nicholas Rowe** was seen by the poet Alexander Pope.
- Alexander Pope** was seen by Lord Mansfield.
- Lord Mansfield** was seen by George the Third.
- George the Third** was seen by John Adams.
- John Adams** was seen by John Quincy Adams.
- John Quincy Adams** was seen by Daniel Webster.
- Daniel Webster** was seen by Charles Sumner.
- Charles Sumner** was seen by Abraham Lincoln.

[Our contributor, Miss M. Storrs, in sending the foregoing list to ST. NICHOLAS, explained that it was prepared some years ago by a certain learned bishop. It is very difficult to avoid errors in a list of this sort, and our readers are invited to point out any mistakes which they may discover. It would be well if this "living chain" should prompt young students of history to attempt shorter lists of their own; say, from Socrates to Ralph Waldo Emerson, or from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon Bonaparte.—ED. ST. NICHOLAS.]



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

---

WE gladly call the attention of our readers to the offer made by the Vassar Students' Aid Society of a Scholarship at Vassar College.

A Scholarship of two hundred dollars is offered by the Society to that applicant who passes the best examination for admission to the Freshman Class of Vassar College, in June, 1890. The conditions are as follows :

All the entrance requirements of the college must be fully satisfied. The applicant must be in good health. The Scholarship must be accepted as a loan (without interest and without definite time of repayment). Application for the Scholarship must be made before May 31, to the Secretary, Miss A. Hayes, 6 Acacia Street, Cambridge, Mass., from whom further information may be obtained.

Examinations will be held in Poughkeepsie, June 5th and 6th. Catalogues may be had on application to the Treasurer of Vassar College.

A WRITER in the issue of the "Mail and Times," of Des Moines, Iowa, of March 15, 1890, corrects the date of the Grinnell cyclone as given in the article "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone," by M. Louise Ford, in ST. NICHOLAS for March. Mrs. Ford sends the following letter in regard to the mistake :

April 5, 1890.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS:

Since the appearance of the story "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone" in your magazine, I have learned from the gentleman whose experience is related, that the date should have been the 17th of June, 1882, instead of the 27th. As I wrote you previously, the facts were given me by the gentleman's brother, and I took the date from him. It seems there was a mistake.

I am very sorry the error should have occurred; please correct it for your readers.

Yours respectfully,

M. LOUISE FORD.

---

## THE LETTER-BOX.

---

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just nine years old, and we have had you in our family long before I was born, ever since Rob was a little boy, and he is pretty old now,—he is 18,—and I have just found out you never had a letter from our family, and I thought it was about time you heard from us.

There are five of us, and we have jolly times among ourselves. We have a horse we drive all around the country when the roads are good.

We had a Rocky Mountain goat, but Papa and Mama said they would have to draw the line on goats, and Mr. Billy had to go.

With love, one of your very best little friends,

KATE H. T.—

If you print this it will be a surprise to Rob, and I do like to surprise him.

they are boiled put them in the frigeter to cool over night. When they are cooled in the morning stir them well up again, and there 's your spiced oriole.

CLOUGH JUNCTION, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on top of the Rocky Mountains, at a railroad station, which stands alone, there being no settlement here. I am ten years old, and the oldest of seven.

We look forward with great pleasure each month to your coming, and enjoy your interesting stories more than others on account of our being hemmed in by these mountains and away from all the rest of the world.

MAY BEATRICE B.—

P. S.—I would not be without ST. NICHOLAS for anything.

HALLECK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and my two brothers live on the Mojavé desert, fifty miles from a city. I think none of your readers can enjoy you more than we do.

There are rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and many Jack-rabbits here.

I have been much interested in a colony of ants near by. Once we gave them a large, live scorpion; they attacked it fiercely; some of them held down its long, six-jointed tail, which has the poisonous sting in it; others held its legs to keep it from running away; others bit it to death.

THE following recipe, laboriously written by a young housekeeper aged seven, was faithfully transcribed by her father, who sends it to the Letter-Box:

SPICED ORIOLE.

A pound of sugar brown, a cup full of molasas, half a teaspoonfool of salt, a coffie spoonfool of soda, an ounce of Lemberger's [a local druggist] black powder to yellows of the egg; after these things are well stirred put then in a hot uvven lined with butter to boil. After

Then they carried parts of it into their home, and the rest they cleared away.

It is very warm here in the summer; the thermometer is 120° in the shade. We go to the sea-side then.

My aunt gave me a box of water-colors, and I painted the picture of the slipper Mark Twain made for Elsie Leslie, just the colors with which he worked it. It looks very odd.

I am ten years old, and have taken you three years.

Your loving reader, HELEN K. N—.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on Brattle street. Our house is more than one hundred years old. Its timbers bear the marks of the axe, showing that it was built before saws were used for making boards. In front of the house stands a grove of trees, frequented by hosts of squirrels, which are always to be seen running up and down and along the branches, though in the heart of a city of seventy thousand people.

The next house beyond the grove is over two hundred years old. It is a very quaint building, with a large chimney in the middle, and small panes of glass in the windows. It contains an iron fire-place, said to have been the first one cast from a pattern made by Benjamin Franklin, and called by his name.

On the other side is another large dwelling that was used as a hospital during the Revolution. Upon its front door is the brass knocker taken from the door of Governor Hancock's house in Boston, which the State strangely permitted to be torn down a few years ago.

These houses I have mentioned, including our own, are situated on what is called Tory Row, because their first owners were Tories and had to flee to Halifax when the war broke out.

On the opposite side of the street, within sight, is Elmwood, the residence of the great poet, and the first man of letters in this country, Mr. James Russell Lowell. His daughter is now keeping house for him, as his wife, a most charming and cultivated lady, died while he was Minister to England.

A little way off in the other direction, but on the same street, is the Craige house, perhaps the best known of any private mansion in New England, for it was Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston in 1775, and was afterwards made prominent in the literary world by Mr. Longfellow, who owned and occupied it for many years. It is still in the possession of his family.

Midway between my home and the Craige house stands another colonial building, where Count Riedesel was kept prisoner, with his accomplished wife, after the surrender of Burgoyne. The countess wrote her name with a diamond ring on one of the window-panes. The glass has yielded to the caprice of fashion, but it is carefully preserved by its present owner as a souvenir of those old times. This house is memorable, also, for the "Open Window," which has so sad an interest for the lovers of Longfellow's poetry.

I advise any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, coming to Boston, to visit this historic street.

BEATRICE MCCOBB R—.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that, perhaps, some of your readers may like to hear about some little chipmunks that I tamed at Lake George, where I spent last summer.

As I was playing one day, I saw a chipmunk run into a hole in a tree, and, after watching him awhile, thought that perhaps I might tame him; so I told a little girl there about it, and pretty soon we found some more holes. We commenced by putting nuts as a bait and standing

near. Up comes his little head, and he looks around to see if all is safe; if all is right, he comes out, takes a nut, sitting up on his hind legs, turns it around and around in his dear little paws, and bites off the sharp ends before he puts it into what seems to be a pouch in the side of his mouth, and then he is gone in a second. Sometimes he carries two or three at once, and occasionally four.

My especial pet I called "Spry," and he would eat out of my hand. At first he tried to bite me; but he soon knew that I would not hurt him, and grew so tame that just before I left, he would go into my pocket after his food.

One we called "Greedy," because when others came he would drive them away, and take everything himself.

We used to get the nuts under some big hickory trees not far away. I think we must have given them about one hundred a day, and I think they have had enough to last them through the winter.

Yours sincerely, MARGARET W—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am a boy of ten, and enjoy all boyish sports, I like the stories about foot-ball and base-ball best. I go to public school, and I have just been promoted to the seventh grade without an examination, because I was on the roll of honor three times during the last term. Hoping that you will have some more stories about game players.

Your little friend, SIDNEY M. C—.

KANSAS, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS. My Dear Madam: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, on page 262, Anna Eichberg King says—"nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back." The lady must certainly be wrong, for I remember well riding ostriches in the circus when a boy. Yes, two of us boys sometimes rode an ostrich at once, when we were, I should think, twelve or fourteen years old. I would also call the lady's attention to an article in the "Popular Monthly" for March. The writer, Marius A. Gouy, says: "The bird is both swift and strong, and can carry a man on its neck and shoulders at a very rapid pace." Yours, a constant subscriber and reader,

THOS. P—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Abbie S. M., Phyllis S. C., James L. T., Dallas D. L. McG., Eleanor S. G., "Cœur de Lion," Josie Van L., John B. H., Jr., S. M. B., Wm. C. DeM., Mary Clark, Ella and Agnes S., Hattie A. P., Florrie L., Viola, Marion, Margaret and Ella, Susie A., Maud A., Jennie D., Ollie R., Maie H. F., E. Alice B., Walter O., Alice V. and Alonzo C., Madge A., F. D. B., Mary E. H., B. R. S., Edith W., Reginald B., Joe I., Ethel S., Isabel van S., Jennie M. L. S., Laura J., Josephine W., Lowell C. F., Mary R. C., Florence W., Madge D., Mina S. L., Charlie C. D., Charlie V. G., Rigby V., Fanny C., C. A. S., Seotah B., Mabel A. E., H. Clare W., Marie S., Hattie S., Hannah J. C., George C. T., Edith P. T., Elsie E., Charles E., Robert E. G., Sandford H. C., Ellen S. H., Dora E. T., Sedgwick P., Maggie W., Josie C., Grace A. H., Bessie, Helen, and Walter, "Pixie," Leonard P. D., Daniel W. I., F. L. B., H. M. B., Nellie W. D., Conrad and Russell C., Rebecca G., Ethel B., Dorothea, Virginia R. C., Fannie A. R., Ethel S., B. H. H., Palmilla L. M. K., Effie W. F., Maud M., Helen M., Elmer B. L., Warren F. T., Mac C. S., Charles P., Grace O., W. H., Charlotte C., Robert P. H., Sybil F. C., and Bernard B.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Napoleon; finals, St. Helena. Cross-words: 1. Nests. 2. Ament. 3. Pouch. 4. Ounce. 5. Level. 6. Eagle. 7. Onion. 8. Noria.

STEP PUZZLE. From 1 to 11, Memorial Day; 12 to 22, Decorations; 1 to 12, M. D. From 2 to 13, Ere; 3 to 14, Marc; 4 to 15, Outgo; 5 to 16, Ranter; 6 to 17, Inertia; 7 to 18, Abstract; 8 to 19, Lithodomi; 9 to 20, Diminuendo; 10 to 21, Acrostation; 11 to 22, Youthfulness.—ANAGRAM. John Greenleaf Whittier.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Quilp. Cross-words: 1. Query. 2. Purse. 3. Glide. 4. Spill. 5. Scrip.

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 37, Dr. Livingstone; 2 to 38, Dark Continent; 3 to 39, Henry M. Stanley. From 1 to 2, Druid; 2 to 3, Dutch; 4 to 5, Rhoda; 5 to 6, Agave; 7 to 8, Lemur; 8 to 9, Rowen; 10 to 11, Izaak; 11 to 12, Kedar; 13 to 14, Vomic; 14 to 15, Candy; 16 to 17, Idaho; 17 to 18, Opium; 19 to 20, Nisan; 20 to 21, Nests; 22 to 23, Grant; 23 to 24, Trent; 25 to 26, Sinai; 26 to 27, India; 28 to 29, Turin; 29 to 30, Noyon; 31 to 32, Olive; 32 to 33, Easel; 34 to 35, Nicon; 35 to 36, Niece; 37 to 38, Eclat; 38 to 39, Testy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—William H. Beers—Pearl F. Stevens—A. A. W. L.—Hubert L. Bingay—Gertrude L.—E. M. G.—"Maxie and Jackspar"—Jamie and Mamma—Odie Oliphant—Nellie and Reggie—Ida C. Thallon—Jo and I—Adele Watton—G. W. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from L. S. Vail, 1—D. Branch, 1—J. R. Combs, Jr., 1—Charles Beaufort, 7—T. T. Titus, 4—Mary Elizabeth W., 2—B. F. E., 1—H. Swartz, 1—J. C. O'Brien, 1—Louis M. W., Jr., 1—J. H. Webster, 1—E. Shirley, 1—Grace Morris, 6—N. Gray, 1—Edith Woodward, 3—Clara and Emma, 4—Clara B. Orwig, 7—W. E. Eckert, 1—J. Post, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 4—Effic K. Talboys, 5—German Gem, 1—J. E. Swann, 9—The Lancer, 1—R. Anselm Jowitz, 2—John H. Decker, Jr., 5—"Infantry," 9—E. A. Adams, 1—J. M. Taylor, 1—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 2—"May and 79," 8—"Pears," 7—Charlie Dignan, 9—M. A. Kirkbride, 1—M. P. and L. B., 5—"The Students," 6—John Hackstaff, 4—Nellie L. Howes, 7—Ethel Harwood, 7—M. A. C., 6—X. X., 4—Ida E. Taylor, 4—J. B. and A. C. Hartich, 4—F. Gerhard, 3—S. A. M. T., 6.

### DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A VISION. 2. Nice perception. 3. Brandishes. 4. To discolor. 5. Winged insects.

Diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, the surname of an American statesman and military leader who was born in 1808. A. W. A.

### COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the seven following sentences a word is concealed. When these are rightly selected and placed one below another, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of a president of the United States who died in June; the diagonals, from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous English writer who died in June.

1. I saw Jo in Teddy's field playing at ball.
2. I found a mass of shellac on Ichabod's new desk.
3. Tell Bob icy clefts are often found in far Greenland.
4. Were you not slack in getting your lesson so very late?
5. "What plagues sessions are!" said a member of the council.
6. Sometimes we don't understand irony at all.
7. Is Silas affronted that you did not call upon him sooner?

G. F.

### HALF-SQUARE.

. . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .

ACROSS: 1. In quandary. 2. A pronoun. 3. Part of the face. 4. To affirm with confidence. 5. A rude picture used by Indians. 6. Exalted. 7. Extended.

A WHEEL PUZZLE. Perimeter, Transubstantiation. Spokes, trance, arcade, square, bubble, tumble, native, impale, tussle, oriole.

Pl. Come, with the weapons at your call,  
 With musket, pike, or knife;  
 He wields the deadliest blade of all  
 Who lightest holds his life.  
 The arm that drives its unbought blows  
 With all a patriot's scorn,  
 Might brain a tyrant with a rose,  
 Or stab him with a thorn.

HENRY TIMROD.

OMITTED CONSONANTS. 1. Maypoles. 2. Averted. 3. Yenite. 4. Primo. 5. Otto. 6. Lee. 7. Ed. 8. S.  
 RHYMEO WORD-SQUARE. 1. Peter. 2. Enure. 3. Tubes. 4. Erect. 5. Rests.

WORD-BUILDING. I. A, an, ran, near, anger, danger, grenade, regained, endearing, meandering. II. I, in, gin, ring, groin, origin, foreign, offering.

DOWNWARD: 1. Extended. 2. A town in Italy, eighteen miles from Rome. 3. Part of a flower. 4. A feminine name. 5. Encountered. 6. A prefix. 7. In quandary. "BETH AND AMY."

### EASY ACROSTIC.

THE second row of letters, reading downward, spells the name of a flower; the last row spells the name of certain fragrant flowers.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A scent. 2. A glory. 3. Morsels. 4. An island. 5. Watches closely. K. M. T.

### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

```

    . . . . .
    . . . . .
    . . . * . . .
    . . * * * . .
    * * * * *
    . . * * * . .
    . . . * . . .
    . . . . .
    . . . . .
    
```

- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In practice. 2. A fruit. 3. A flower. 4. An end. 5. In practice.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In practice. 2. A kind of ribbed cloth. 3. The lapwing or green plover. 4. An article of diet. 5. In practice.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In practice. 2. The seed of an apple or orange. 3. Guide. 4. A mug. 5. In practice.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In practice. 2. Pitch. 3. A turning-point. 4. A seed-case. 5. In practice.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In practice. 2. A game. 3. An animal. 4. A machine. 5. In practice. "ISOLA."







THE BABY A PRISONER-OF-WAR.

(SEE PAGE 730.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1890.

No. 9.



BY MARGARET FORSTER OWEN.

JUST above the wide mouth of the Potomac, where, by a curve of the Virginia shore, a natural harbor is formed, stood a modest frame house, with close-cut lawn sloping to the water's edge, and a stately, old-fashioned garden in the rear, divided from the forest by a flourishing hedge of box.

One afternoon, in the year 1813, the blue waters of the tiny bay danced in the May sunshine; the robins twittered in the lilac-bushes; the yellow, downy chickens distracted their mothers by frequent incursions into the box-bordered garden and rapid retreat before the energetic

"shooing" of the bow-legged little darky, posted in a shady angle of the wall to guard Mistress Prue Hungerford's tulips and hyacinths. Without, were peace and plenty; within, homelike serenity and contentment, as Mistress Prue sat in her straight-backed chair in the pleasant, many-windowed sitting-room, busily sewing, and occasionally touching with her silver-buckled shoe the cradle wherein peacefully slumbered a flaxen-haired baby about three months old. Now and then a happy little smile would break over the young mother's face, and seemed to be reflected in the dimples that chased each other across the sleeping baby's soft pink cheeks. In truth, Mistress Prue had every reason to be

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

thankful. Two years of happiness had just passed over her shapely little head. Married to the man of her choice, an upright, brave Virginian gentleman, everything in life seemed to favor them. Their child was thriving and beautiful; their farm yielded a sufficient income; their few slaves were devoted to their young master and mistress; and indeed until the War of 1812 with England, which had begun some months before, there had been absolutely nothing to mar the perfect quiet and happiness of their lives.

On this very day Mistress Prue had received news that lifted a weight from her heart. The British, having just sustained a naval repulse, had abandoned their daring project of bringing a fleet up the Potomac to bombard the capital. Consequently she supposed that the militia, of which her husband was a very active member, would not be called out.

"But here 's John, earlier than usual, and in a hurry," she thought, as she saw his tall figure leap the low fence that divided the garden, and come by the shortest way to the side door opening from the sitting-room. Quickly as he moved, Prue had the door open for him, and was waiting with her gentle smile of welcome. But before he spoke, she knew he brought serious news.

"Oh, John, what is it?" she cried. "Something has happened?"

"Yes, Prue," he sternly answered; "something *has* happened: the British are coming up the bay. They have been re-enforced, and the Governor has called for coast defenders. We start immediately for the Point, hoping to head them off. You, the baby, and the servants must go inland. Take swift Bob and the carryall, and see whether you can reach Colonel Carroll's by dark. Stay you there for the night, and then push on to your father's, where you can wait until I come for you."

Even while speaking, Mr. Hungerford had been donning the dark-green uniform of his corps, the Westmoreland Guards; and now, taking his long rifle from the wall, he stooped for a moment over the sleeping baby. Then, embracing the little woman, who had been following him in dumb, white-faced misery, he held her tightly for an instant, and saying, "Be brave, my darling. God bless and keep you!" he hurried away to the Point, where, if it was

within the power of brave men, the British were to be met and driven back.

Left alone, except for a few colored servants, and under the grave responsibility of saving both them and her child, Mistress Prue quickly showed what blood flowed in her veins.

To get to her father's, as John directed, was her first thought; but before she could collect her scattered ideas, a terrified colored boy burst in upon her with the startling intelligence that a British man-of-war was coming *down* the river. As it proved, one man-of-war had slipped by the homestead the night before, and meeting with some resistance above was now retreating, the men landing at intervals and pillaging and destroying everything they could lay hands on.

Almost stunned by this latest news,—the boy's earnest manner forbidding doubt,—Mistress Prue's courage wavered for one moment, but then returned with increased strength. She tried to decide upon the quickest and safest way of escape.

Glancing around the pretty home, which an hour before had seemed a very haven of peace and security, she shuddered at abandoning her cherished idols to the vandal hands of the hated redcoats.

Her mother's silver! the famous old china emblazoned with the crest and the "W"—no, she *must* save some of these household gods!

Calling a young negro woman who had lately been installed as baby's nurse, she hastily wrapped up the sleeping infant, and placing it in the woman's arms told her to get into the waiting carryall; to drive across the county to Colonel Carroll's; to warn them to arm and prepare themselves for possible attack; and to wait there for a few hours until she and old Betsy should come.

Then together, she and the old colored woman hid, in holes hastily dug, all the silver, and such pieces of china as Mistress Hungerford could not bear to part with.

They had buried all but one piece, and had covered with leaves the freshly turned earth, when the same boy,—whose curiosity had caused him to linger to see what Miss Prue was "gwan to do,"—came tearing into the yard with the cry, "Dey is comin'! Dey is comin'! Dey 's *here*! Run, Miss Prue—run, for the land's sake!"

None too soon was the warning given, for there, preparing to anchor in the peaceful little bay, was the British vessel. Already a boat-load of sailors and soldiers was making for the landing.

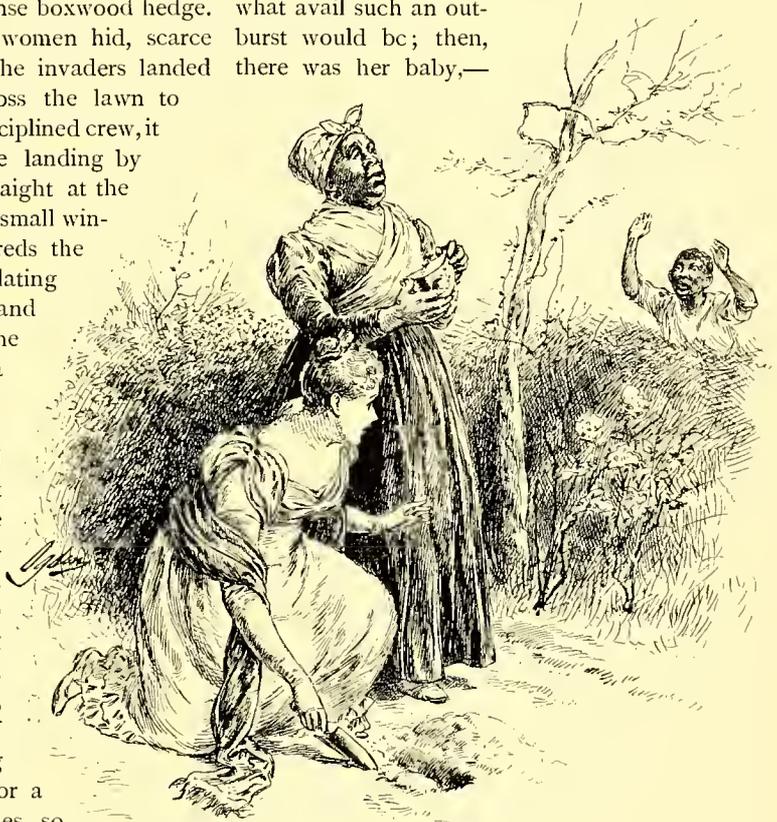
Grasping poor, terrified old Betsy by the arm, Mistress Hungerford literally dragged her through the garden into a tangle of hazel-bushes, screened in front by the dense boxwood hedge. There the two frightened women hid, scarce daring to breathe, while the invaders landed and began the ascent across the lawn to the house,—a lawless, undisciplined crew, it seemed, who celebrated the landing by firing a volley of bullets straight at the house, crashing through the small window-panes, tearing to shreds the pretty dimity curtains, mutilating the pictures on the walls, and changing in a moment the beautiful little home into a scene of havoc and desolation.

It was only by physical force and dire threats that Mistress Prue kept the frightened negress from betraying their hiding-place, for the worst was yet to come. While tramping through the house, drinking, stealing, breaking furniture, feasting on the contents of the well-filled pantry, firing pistols at a stray chicken or a pet dog, coming sometimes so close to the women that they could have touched them through the hedge, the marauders were suddenly recalled by a bugle-call from the ship.

By preconcerted action, it seemed, each man brought from the barn an armful of straw. Some piled the straw inside the house, some outside—on the porch, by the doors and windows, and even on the roof, and then it was fired. The creeping lines of fire burst into flames, leaped around the gabled corners, crept along the dry oak wainscoting, danced and crackled on the well-seasoned weather-boarding, curled round the columns supporting the

porch built in imitation of that at Mount Vernon, and, in less time than it takes to tell, reduced to ruins the happy home.

Indignation almost had the better of Mistress Prue's prudence; with difficulty she restrained herself from rushing out to denounce such shameful destruction—but alas! she knew of what avail such an outburst would be; then, there was her baby,—



BURYING THE SILVER.

she must protect herself for the sake of her child and her husband.

With a final volley the pirates (they were surely nothing more) boarded their ship and sailed away down the river.

Mistress Prue came out from her hiding-place, and through blinding tears surveyed the ruin a few short hours had wrought.

Deep and fierce were Mammy Betsy's denunciations of the marauders; and now that they were gone her courage rose, and she was equal to any emergency.

The stable-doors had been thrown open, and

the horses had wandered far afield. Every man on the place had long ago fled in terror, so there was nothing for it but to walk the weary miles across the county to Colonel Carroll's.

"And 'deed, Miss Prue, we must jes' start, for it 's a mighty long pull, and you ain't used to walkin'. Wish I could tote you," declared the faithful old soul.

"Oh, Betsy, I think I can stand anything after living through this! The sooner I get there, the sooner I shall have my baby to comfort me."

"Wish we had her right here; I nebber did like dat Diana, no how."

"Ah, Betsy, you are jealous!" said Mistress Prue, smiling through her tears, for Betsy had been her "Mammy" and the baby's, but now failing strength and eyesight had made it necessary that a younger woman should take actual charge of the active child.

Over the rough country road stumbled the tired women. Darkness came, and more than half their journey still lay before them. On, on they pushed, resting at more and more frequent intervals, until the welcome bark of the Carrolls' watch-dog announced their arrival. The animal knew Prue's soft voice, having come from her father's kennels, and was speedily licking her hand with every sign of welcome.

But nothing betokened any expectation, on the Carrolls' part, of receiving belated travelers. The house was strangely dark and silent. With a sinking heart, Mistress Hungerford pounded loudly the brass dragon-head knocker. No answer! The silence of the seven sleepers enveloped the house. Louder and louder the now almost despairing woman rapped. At length, with a bang, a second-story window was thrown open, and Colonel Carroll's ruddy face, framed in his silk knitted night-cap, peered forth like a full moon from a white cloud.

"What — what the deuce is the matter?" blustered the old gentleman, roused from pleasant dreams of successful law-suits and exciting fox-hunts to answer so unseasonable a call.

At this inhospitable greeting, poor little Prue, weary, homesick, and forlorn, broke down completely.

"It 's — it 's — me!" she ungrammatically sobbed. "And I want my baby! I walked all

the way from home, and it 's burned!" she piteously added.

"Your baby 's burned?" exclaimed the Colonel, trying to recognize the shadowy forms in the darkness. Suddenly, recognizing her voice, he cried out:

"Goodness! Prue Hungerford, is that you? What brings you here at this hour,—and what was that you said about your baby?"

"I want my baby, I want my baby!" wailed the now thoroughly bewildered Prue. "And you 've got her!"

At this astounding declaration, Colonel Carroll retreated, lighted a candle, donned his clothes, called Mistress Carroll, and hurried downstairs to find Prue in a dead faint in Betsy's arms.

Tenderly raising the little woman, whom he loved as one of his own daughters, he assisted her to a sofa in the hall; and when Mistress Carroll appeared to administer restoratives, the old Colonel gathered from Betsy the story of their hardships.

"But what about the baby?" asked the Colonel.

"Dat Diana had her," answered Betsy. "She started in de carryall fur dis yere place. Ain't she come?"

"No," helplessly answered the Colonel's wife. "This is the first I 've heard of it."

"Thunder and lightning!" stormed the testy old gentleman. "Here 's a pretty mess! — the British in the county, every man defending his home, and I never knowing a thing about it! Where can that girl and baby be? Who was driving? Could she have lost her way?"

"Naw," disdainfully answered old Betsy. "Diana nebber lose her way. Jake done de driving, and he do anything Diana tell him. My opinion is, dat Diana hab joined the British!"

Thereupon Betsy fell to chafing her mistress's hand and wondering how they were to break the news to Mistress Prue when she came to.

The problem at once presented itself to the aroused household; some one had to tell Prue the baby was not there, for Mistress Carroll's cordials were taking effect, and Prue's blue eyes were soon gazing intelligently at the little group surrounding her.

"Where is Diana?" she demanded, sitting up. "Is my baby asleep?"

For a moment dead silence reigned; then, throwing her arm around Prue's waist and drawing her close, Mistress Carroll said gently:

"We think Diana must have lost her way or thought, perhaps, you meant her to go on to Mr. Fordyce's, because she has not been here; but Colonel Carroll will start out immediately, and of course he will find the baby by morning."

Poor little Prue! At this terrible intelligence, not the calmness, but the numbness of despair settled over her. Could fate have anything worse in store? Yes—John's death! That would come next. There was no use in crying out; there was no use in doing anything!

Alarmed at her silence and the stony rigidity of her face, Mistress Carroll deemed it best to talk of the baby. The men on the place were being divided off into search-parties, and Mistress Carroll bustled around feigning a cheerfulness she did not feel.

"Poor little dear!" she cried. "I fancy her peacefully sleeping, so unconscious of all the anxiety she is giving, and that stupid Diana complacently wondering why you don't come, never dreaming *she* has made a mistake. The Fordyces are probably as worried about you as we are about the baby. How did you happen to send her on ahead?—why did n't you come with her?" she asked, determined Prue should speak, even if violent hysterics would be the result, for anything would be better than that dreadful silence. Prue remembered it was her own avarice, as she sternly called it, that had caused the separation. For the love of a few paltry pieces of silver she had sacrificed her child. If she had followed John's directions,—had taken her baby and sought shelter in this hospitable home,—how happy she might have been! But now, for the love of gain she had willfully disobeyed him. She had forgotten her duty to John's child. What would be his feelings when he returned from fighting for his country to find his home destroyed, his child gone, and only she with her few contemptible treasures saved!

Mistress Carroll, being herself a Virginia housewife, thoroughly sympathized with Prue's desire

to save her household gods, and did not take such an exaggerated view of her desertion of the baby, although she acknowledged Prue had been in fault, and that it would have been better to have kept the baby with her than have confided it to such untrustworthy hands.

"But, poor dear, you are nothing but a baby yourself; and you have shown yourself a brave woman in many respects this day. Cheer up, honey; we'll find the baby, and John will be prouder of you than ever!"

But Prue was not to be comforted; this inactivity was maddening. She must do something to help. She must go with the men. This, however, Colonel Carroll forbade. He had sent out several parties already; he himself would drive over to Colonel Fordyce's, and if they had heard nothing, he would then act on Betsy's suggestion. He would stop for Prue, and they would go back to the river and try to find out whether the British had taken any captives during the day.

While this plan was under discussion, the first search-party returned, much excited, bringing with them Jake, the driver, whom they had found hiding in the woods. Jake was evidently badly scared and loath to believe, until he saw "Miss" Prue herself, that he was in the hands of friends.

In his own peculiar fashion Jake gave his version of the day's adventures, which in plain English was as follows:

He had started on the right road for Colonel Carroll's, determined to obey to the letter young Miss's orders; but Diana had, from the very first, determined to drive down the river road. She was sure they could strike across the country lower down. It was n't often she could drive in such a fine carriage, and she wanted to go by Mammy Lewis's to show herself. And, as Jake sheepishly if remorsefully said, "Diana was a mighty likely gal." She had evidently, by wiles and blandishments, won over Jake's susceptible heart until he was ready to do as she asked.

They had driven down the river road, and Jake had gone much farther than he had intended when, to his horror, he suddenly saw in front of him three "redcoats." The enemy quietly took possession of the horse and vehicle, re-

marking that it was much easier to ride than to walk, and ordered him,—“at the pistol’s p’int,” averred Jake, turning gray at the memory of his

short Jake’s rather voluble explanation of how he came across the search-party and of what they said to him and he to them; having had the floor so long, Jake felt himself to be something of a hero), “there is one point gained. We know who has the baby!”

Small comfort this, to half-frantic Prue, as she fancied her child a prisoner in the hands of the British, with no care but that of wicked, faithless Diana. “What can we do?” she piteously inquired. “Shall I ever see my baby again?”

“See her again? Well, I should say so!” roared the Colonel. “The spirit of ’76 is not *quite* dead in this country; and I reckon that there’s enough of us to keep a few blarsted Britishers from carrying off your uncle’s grand-niece!”

“Goodness!” cried Prue, thrown into greater con-

sternation by these words, “suppose Diana tells them!”

“Poof!” sniffed the Colonel, “I don’t believe she knows enough!”

“No,” said Mistress Prue, “I don’t believe she does. Come, are n’t you going to do something?” she impatiently cried,—“and remember, Colonel, you don’t leave this place without me. I am going for my baby, to get her if I have to fight for her!” and Mistress Prue looked as if she could easily rout the entire British fleet. Colonel Carroll helplessly yielded, as all good men must when women assert themselves.

“I suppose we shall have to approach those fellows with a flag of truce,” he disconsolately remarked. “I wish we had a battery to bring to bear on them!”

“But then you might hurt my baby!” interposed Mistress Prue, rapidly preparing for departure.

“Oh,—hm!—yes, yes, the baby,—of course,” ejaculated the hasty Colonel. “Ah, my dear,”



THE BABY SURRENDERS.

fright,—to drive them several miles farther on, to where they expected to join their ship. The worst of it was that Diana, base, perfidious Diana, smilingly made room for one of the soldiers beside her, and listened in pleased wonder to his tales of the old country—where she could be a lady, and never do any work, and dress as fine as any one. And Diana had declared she had fine clothes now, a black silk and a gold chain, but that she could not go to England, for here was young Missus’s baby. “You can take the baby too; we won’t mind the child,” insisted the engaging warrior, who saw in Diana a candidate for the post of ship’s cook, now vacant, and a good servant at home, perhaps, later on. So it came about. Diana, refusing to give up the child, had boarded the British ship; the soldiers had taken the horse, and were discussing the advisability of letting Jake go or of putting him in irons, when Jake ended that argument by taking to his heels.

“Well,” exclaimed Colonel Carroll (cutting

he blandly added, "are you quite ready? Come, Jake, call the men and guide us to the rascals' hiding-place."

This invitation Jake positively, if tremblingly, declined, until Colonel Carroll, waxing calmer and more dignified, as his wrath increased, informed him, that if he would not walk, he should ride strapped to a mule's back, and for the second time that day he should have the pleasure of being driven, not only at the "pistol's p'int," but with the cold steel on his forehead; whereupon Jake agreed to guide them without further persuasion.

So they started, four or five plantation hands, old Betsy, Mistress Prue, and the Colonel.

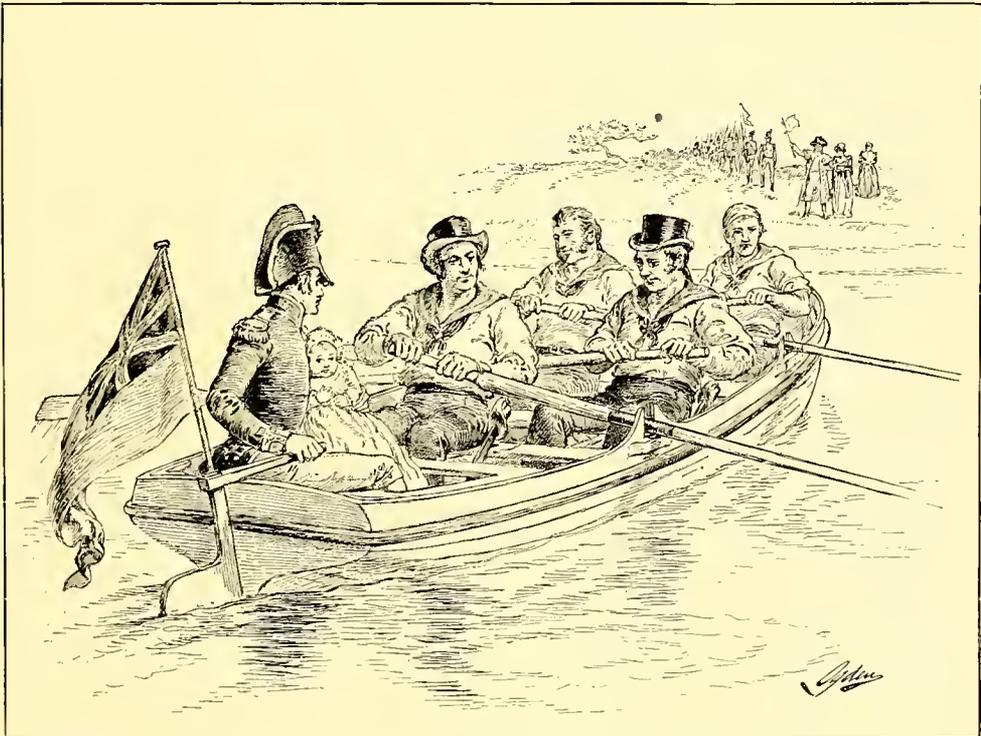
The sun was now well up, and a second perfect May day beamed upon the world, which in twenty-four hours had so changed for Mistress Prue. At this same hour, but one short day ago, she had been in her own house, her child in her arms, her husband by her side, a happy, prosperous, loved and loving woman. To-day, her home in ruins, her husband—she knew not

where!—her child a prisoner, and she, foot-sore and so weary she could hardly hold up her head, starting on a forlorn quest to sue the enemy of her country to return her child: she, the first of her name to humble herself to British power!

Jake well knew the road, and before noon they came in sight of the British man-of-war, the same one whose crew had so devastated Mistress Prue's home.

There was some excitement on board; they were getting ready to sail. There was no time to be lost. Fastening a large white handkerchief to his cane, Colonel Carroll ran rapidly down the bank, followed by Prue, whose quick eye discerned, standing on the white deck, Diana, arrayed in her Mistress Prue's best black silk gown and gold chain, and holding in her arms the darling,—the baby, about to be forever carried from its mother's sight!

But, no! The flag is seen, the captain of the ship, although his crew is lawless, is an officer of the British Navy and respects the laws



THE CAPTORS RESPECT THE LAWS OF CIVILIZED WARFARE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of civilized warfare. The truce is answered, a boat is lowered, and soon the situation is explained to the English lieutenant. He is deeply touched by Prue's pleading face and ill-concealed impatience to receive her child.

"No," he answers, civilly enough; "we hardly regard it as a capture. The girl is engaged to cook for us while we are in these waters, but I will return the child immediately."

With which he pushed back to the ship, his every movement watched with trembling anxiety by Prue.

In the mean time, a small body of men in dark-green uniforms, who had been hiding behind the river-banks (and a knowledge of whose approach had perhaps accelerated the depart-

ure of the ship), might now be seen, marching down in open view, also headed by a white flag, making directly for the little party waiting on the shore.

Meanwhile, the latter were too intent upon watching the baby's transfer to the small boat to notice the new arrivals; but as the lieutenant hands the child to its mother, a strong arm is thrown around her,—she and baby are gathered into a sure, protective embrace, and John's hearty voice announces: "That 's all right, Lieutenant; the truce lasts one hour."

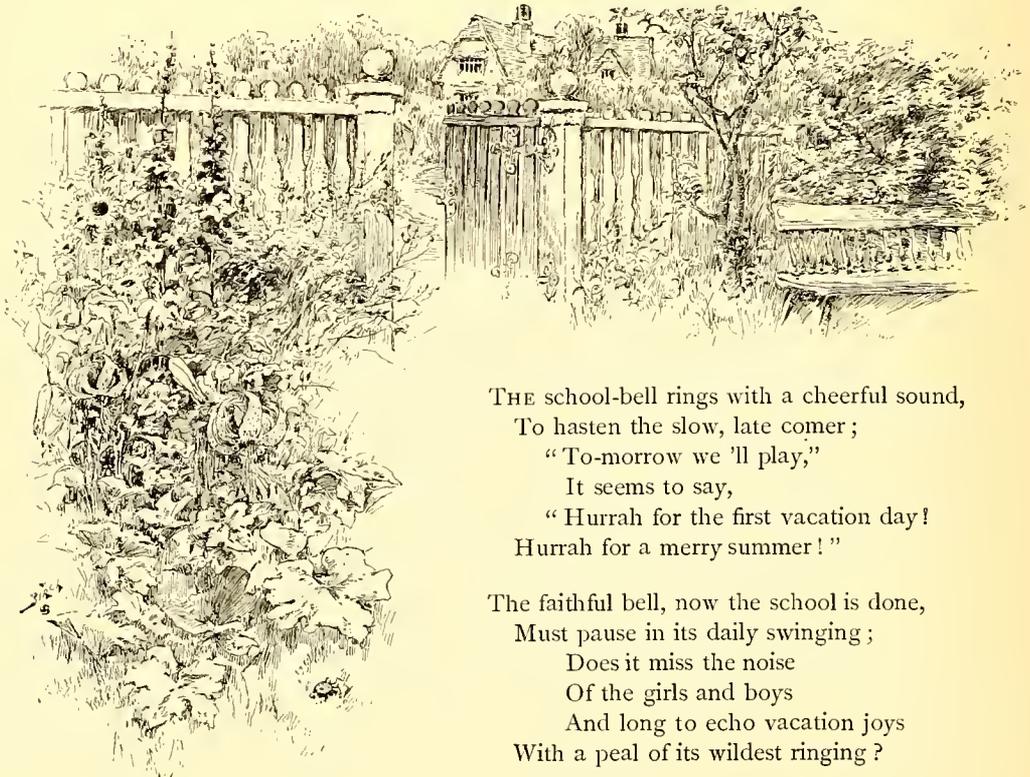
Colonel Carroll's jovial tones are now heard telling the lieutenant to inform his Captain that he has had the honor of holding as prisoner, for the last few hours, the grand-niece of General George Washington.

---

## VACATION DAYS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

---



THE school-bell rings with a cheerful sound,  
To hasten the slow, late comer;  
"To-morrow we 'll play,"  
It seems to say,  
"Hurrah for the first vacation day!  
Hurrah for a merry summer!"

The faithful bell, now the school is done,  
Must pause in its daily swinging;  
Does it miss the noise  
Of the girls and boys  
And long to echo vacation joys  
With a peal of its wildest ringing?



Soon, over the country far and wide,  
 There are ripples of happy laughter;  
 For the children know  
 Where the berries grow,  
 Where 'the purling streams thro' the  
 meadows flow,  
 And the hurrying brooks speed after.

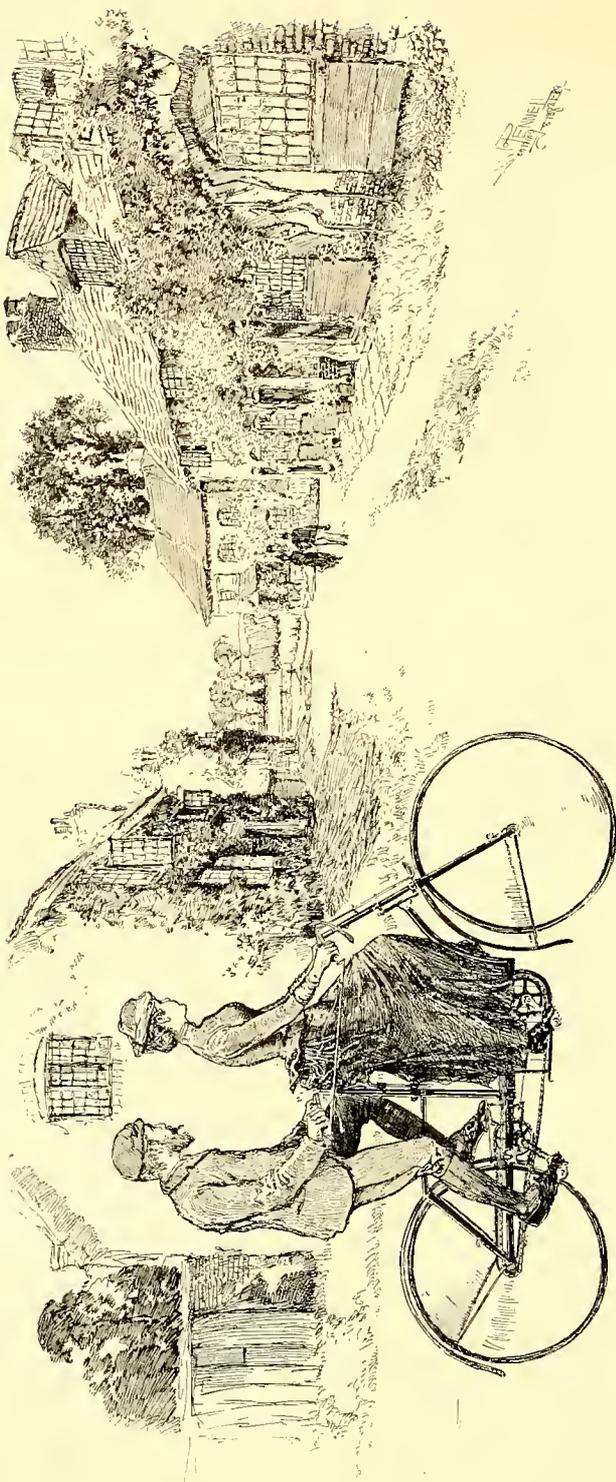
They know where the mountains lift their heads,  
 By the great sky-curtain bounded;  
 And their voices leap  
 To the craggy steep,  
 And wake the echoes from out their  
 sleep,  
 With shouts that are thrice resounded.

They know where the sea lies blue and calm  
 In the bright midsummer weather;  
 And they love to stand

On the shining sand,  
 Where the tide rolls up,—and then,  
 hand in hand,  
 To plunge in the wave together.

They love to loiter in leafy woods,  
 And list to the squirrel's scolding,  
 As they climb to a seat  
 Near his safe retreat,  
 Or fall on a couch, all spicy sweet,  
 Of feathery ferns unfolding.

But, by and by, in the autumn days,  
 Ere the bee has deserted the clover,  
 When the sound of the bell  
 Shall rise and swell,  
 Will the little folk laugh—now who  
 can tell—  
 To hear that vacation is over?



CYCLING THROUGH AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

## CYCLING.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

IT may be that if you saw a cyclist winding his way through the crowded streets of a great town, you would think merely of the discomfort and danger of being astride a light wheel in the midst of heavy carts and impatient horses. But somehow, when I meet one, even in the main thoroughfares of London, surrounded by hansoms and omnibuses and wagons, to me he suggests the quiet and loneliness of green lanes and shady roads. For my own rides on a cycle have always taken me far from the city rush and traffic, into the peaceful country that lies beyond.

This really is the charm of cycling as a sport, the charm that has made it grow in little more than ten years into one of the most popular pastimes of the day. Who that sees the thousands of cyclists on American and English roads, who that knows anything of the hundreds of cycling clubs (one at least 20,000 strong) would believe that at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, bicycles were curiosities, and the men who rode them were stared at as if they had just escaped from the circus ring?

Every kind of sport, of course, takes you into the open air and gives you good, honest physical exercise. But, after all, for foot-ball, about which Mr. Camp has been writing such interesting articles in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and for cricket and tennis, you must always go to just the same places; you must have your special field or court, just as you must have special bat or racket and ball; and in that field or court you stay until your game is over. It is different with boating, I know: in a canoe, or skiff, or punt, you can go on many a voyage of exploration — that is, if you are near a river or a stream of fair width. But, unfortunately, rivers do not flow by every town or village. There is none, for example, near the famous Harrow school, so that among Harrovians are no “wet bobs,” or boating teams, as there are among Eton boys.

Wherever you may be, however, you can always count upon finding roads, bad enough sometimes, it is true; but still, you must live in a very new settlement, indeed, if there is not at least one road over which a wheel can be driven. And on your cycle you can jump, in the late afternoons after school-hours, and off you can go, slowly and carefully at first, where street-cars and wagons block the way; but before very long you will have ridden past the rows of houses, past the shops, past the factories; and paved streets will have become country roads; and you will breathe pure, sweet air; and on all sides you will see, instead of bricks and mortar, the fresh green of trees and pastures; and you will carry yourself along at a speed that will be a pleasure in itself. For in cycling, if you are a good rider, there is as much excitement and exhilaration as in coasting and tobogganing, skating or sleighing.

And then, when the summer-time brings with it long holidays, who that has not tried can even imagine the delight of going off for a tour on a cycle? — of the long days spent in the open air; of the pleasant rests under the shade by the wayside; of the midday halt for luncheon in some little, unknown inn; of the arrival at night in a new town or village; of the dinner eaten with such hearty appetite; of the healthy sleepiness that sends one almost at once to bed.

And there is no way in which you can see a country in all its beauty so thoroughly and pleasantly as from a cycle. I often think how little I would have known about Italy, had I gone by trains from one town to another, instead of riding on my tricycle over the good, white Italian roads, that now wind with the reeded rivers or run straight between the wide vineyards; now mount the hillsides where cy-presses, and the slim trees the old Italian artists loved to paint, rise in groups or lead in long

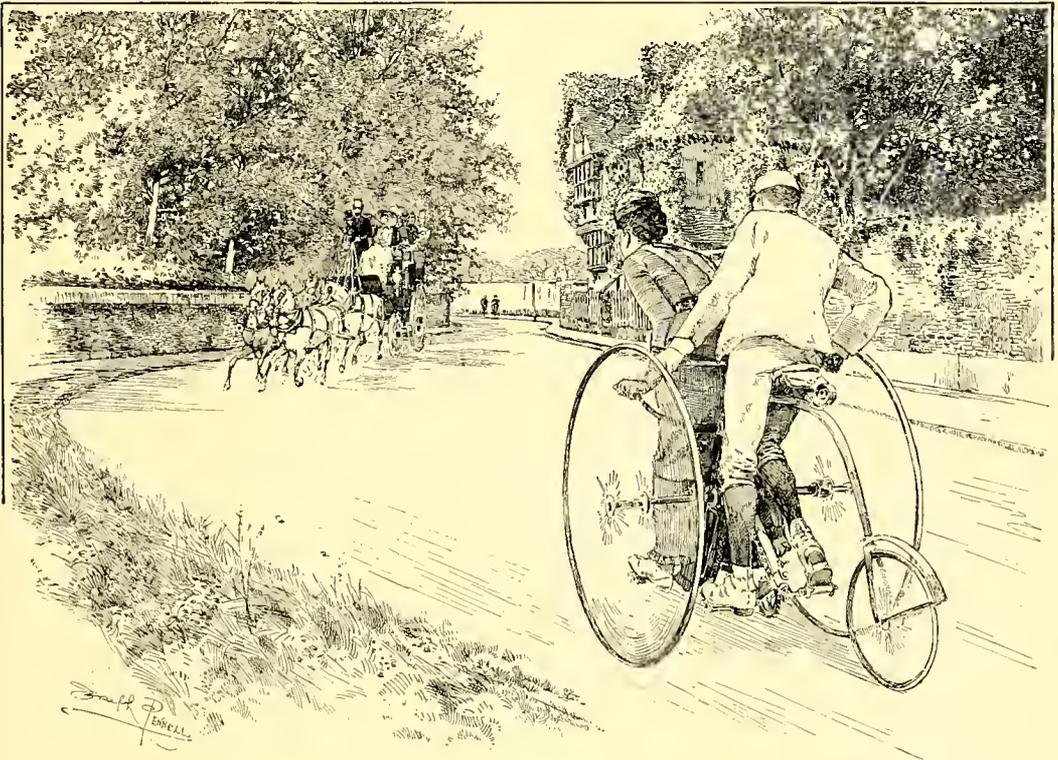


more than eighty years old. He rides as regularly as any boy, and he usually takes with him his little granddaughter. She sits on the back seat of his tandem, or often on a tricycle of her own, and works away with a will. As for older boys and girls, the better they learn to ride now that they can take short runs by themselves, and the more thoroughly they keep in training, the readier they will be if the day comes when, like Mr. Thomas Stevens, they start to ride round the world.

If in other sports there is much you have to know about the rules of the games before you can play them, so in cycling you must understand your machine and know how to work it before you can really ride. A great many people think that all they have to do is to mount a bicycle or tricycle, even if they have never seen one, and ride away as easily and comfortably as if they were going for a walk. But just let them try! Perhaps the reason there are so many poor riders is be-

cause so many never master the first principles of cycling.

Of all cycles, the most delightful is the ordinary tall bicycle. If I were a boy I would ride nothing else. There is a certain swing or life about it, a certain sympathy between it and the rider, not to be had in any other machine. The height, too, of the big wheel, above which the rider sits, makes it seem almost as if he were flying through the air; and in countries where hedges and walls are high, much more of the landscape can be seen from its high perch than from the low seat of a "safety" or a tricycle. But, then, on the tall bicycle you must always take the risk of "headers." The smallest stone or stick may send you headlong into the dust or mud. I do not think I ever realized the treachery of the "ordinary," until one day when a rider I know came back from a ride to the little towns near Rome with his nose patched up with postage-stamps. A tiny twig had pitched him over on the hard road and cut his nose badly. In



THE TALLYHO AND THE TANDEM TRICYCLE.  
BY PERMISSION OF LONGMANS, GREEN, AND COMPANY.



CYCLING BESIDE THE THAMES.

the next village he came to, there was no court-plaster nor doctor to be had, and the villagers recommended the post-office as the most likely place to have his wounds attended to. Now, if that twig had been on the streets of Rome, or within immediate reach of court-plaster, you may make up your mind he would have ridden over it as easily as you please;—the bicycle waits until it has you all to itself, to break your bones and cover you with cuts. For long tours there is another objection to it: it will not carry comfortably even the very small amount of baggage you will need. And yet Mr. Stevens rode one on his journey round the world; and there are many men and boys who would not give it up for any safer cycle that could be invented.

Still the “ordinary” is not so much ridden as it was a few years ago. Nowadays, in England, you will see ten “safeties” to one “ordinary.” The “safety” is the little, low bicycle with the two wheels of almost the same size; and for the last year or two, one kind has been made for girls to ride. If you have been on a three-wheeled machine only, and then try the “safety,” as I did last summer, you will wonder how you ever were willing to work such a dead weight as a tricycle

over good or indifferent roads. The “safety” is so light; it is a single-track machine, so that on the worst roads you can usually manage to find a path; it is so low that if you *do* tumble you will not hurt yourself (how often did I roll over in the dust, just outside of Dieppe, on my first trip, and jump up none the worse for it!) and it will carry a respectably large bag. All these things, you will see, are greatly in its favor.

I fancy I can hear some girl ask, “But how can we ever mount it?” That was the question I asked last summer when I made my first trial. But, fortunately for me, my machine was a tandem, and there was some one to hold it steady while I got on. By practice, however, girls can learn—indeed, many have learned already—to mount by standing between the wheels, putting one foot over the frame on to the descending pedal, standing on this, which of course starts the machine, and then sitting on the saddle and riding away. There is always more or less difficulty about this—a girl’s skirts are so in her way, and are likely to catch; and yet, as soon as she is seated, she must keep on going. Lately two or three manufacturers in England have invented what they call a safety attachment, a contrivance by which the machine can

be steadied and kept at a standstill while the rider mounts as easily as if it were a tricycle.

I have experimented only on a tandem-safety with a rider behind me to steer it and put on the brake; but I have never enjoyed riding so much. Once you have started, the machine seems to carry you along with no effort on your part; it is not rigid, like a tricycle, but swings and sways with your every motion.

But for all that, the tricycle has many good points; it is safer than a "safety"; I have charged a flock of sheep on one, and the machine did not even upset; it needs no attachment to make it easy to mount; in a crowded street you can be brought to a standstill without having to jump off, as you must from a "safety" or an "ordinary,"—and as I had to last summer, coming down the crowded Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, when all the omnibuses and carriages in front came to a sudden halt. In a country lane, if you wish to rest for a while in a pretty, shady spot, you can sit there quietly on your tricycle. Nowadays, the tricycle is made so light and compact that you can ride almost as fast on it as on a "safety." Indeed some people say that on a tricycle you make better time, in the end, simply because you never have to dismount.

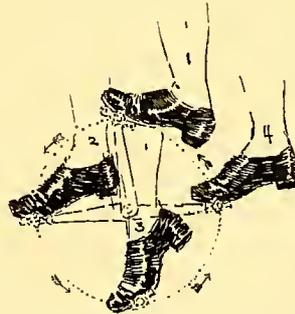
There are so many cycle manufacturers in England and America that hundreds of machines are made which differ only in certain small details. In making your choice from among their number, you must be guided chiefly by your own special wants, for if you go to a good maker you will secure a good machine; it is merely a question of deciding which one suits you best.

After you have your machine, the next thing you must do is to learn to mount it properly. Do be sure to learn this *in the beginning*. If you acquire the habit of mounting awkwardly you will never be rid of it. Have you not sometimes wondered to see a rider of experience climb into his saddle as if he were attempting it for the first time? In America, riders pay more attention to this than they do in England. Americans, as a rule, though they may not ride faster than Englishmen, ride better.

Does any boy need to be told how to mount an "ordinary?" A boy seems to learn all these things for himself. Of course I have never

tried to mount one, but these are the instructions usually given by those who have: stand with one foot on either side of the little wheel; grasp the handle-bars firmly, pushing the machine; put the left foot, throwing almost all your weight upon it, on the left step; kick or hop with the right foot; and then, when the machine is going at a sufficient pace, raise yourself on the step, and learn to steer the machine while standing there, before you ever try to do anything else. It is best to try this on a slight down-grade, where the machine will run much farther. If it begins to run away with you, put on the brake. Don't jam it on, but put it on lightly. The first thing the machine will do is to attempt to upset; at once turn the wheel slightly in the direction in which it is falling. This is the whole art of steering a bicycle.

When you can steer standing on the step, put your other foot on the right pedal and push the machine with your right foot. After you have learned to do this for about a hundred yards, you should get some one to help you. Start



POSITION OF THE FOOT IN PEDALING.

the machine in the same way; put your right leg over the back of the saddle; get the friend to stand beside you so as to catch you if you tumble; then pull yourself slowly (don't jump, or you will go right over the machine) into the saddle; and, having learned to steer, try to keep your feet on the pedals. They will probably slip off at first, and your friend can make himself useful by catching you. As each pedal reaches the top, put your heel down and press forward with your toe, then press down heavily and steadily; when the pedal reaches the lowest point, put your toe down almost in a straight line with your leg, and pull backward and then upward with your toes, as I show in the sketch. This is the way to pedal on all sorts of machines. But it will take you weeks, or months, to learn to do it properly.

To dismount from an "ordinary" or "safety," throw your body backward, as you would in

beginning to skate backward, with your legs very far apart (or else you will hurt yourself severely), and you will alight on your feet. Find out first, by standing behind the machine and holding on to the handle-bars, whether you can clear the backbone without sitting on it, for if you cannot, especially on a "safety," you will probably kill yourself. This is the surest way of dismounting. The most graceful is this: wait until one of the pedals is beginning to rise; stand on it, turning the handles in the opposite direction; then bring the other leg around back of the saddle (or, if the learner be a girl, around in front of the saddle), behind the pedal on to the ground, and you will find yourself free of the machine. Brace yourself backward or you will tumble.

You may also mount in the same way: run along beside the machine; turn the handles away; the pedal carries you up; and when you get to the top you find yourself sitting in the saddle. This takes practice, and until expert you may break your machine by sitting or standing in the middle of the wheel. There are dozens of other ways which you can learn, but these are the best.

There are no special directions to be given for the tricycle, it is so easy. The simplest way to mount is to stand to the left of your machine; put your left foot on the foot-rest; then, if a girl, stand a minute to arrange your skirts; seat yourself on the saddle, and let both feet drop on the pedals. And of course you can begin to work at once, or can wait as long as you choose. In fact, slide into a tricycle very much in the same way as you would mount a horse.

From the first, learn to sit erect. Do not bend far over the handle-bars, as if you were always riding uphill, for this will give you what is fast coming to be known as the "cyclers' stoop." See that the seat is so adjusted that when your body is erect your arms are nearly straight, and that you have a good purchase on the handle-bars. A reason for much awkwardness and bad riding is, that riders never stop to think about seat and handle-bars. Much of the work in cycling is done with the arms.

Be as careful with your pedals. If they are too short you will have to work twice as hard, and you will present anything but a graceful appearance. If they are too long, you will strain

the muscles of your legs. They should be so adjusted that when at the lowest point you may be able to put your foot under them while the leg is perfectly straight.

In pedaling you should make your ankle do the greatest part of the work. You will find in all handbooks of cycling the longest and most careful instructions for this use of the ankle-joint.

You may say: "Why should a boy learn to ride any more than a duck need learn to swim, a bird to fly?" If a boy would like to be as graceful, as free on his wheel, as a duck is on the water, a bird in the air, he cannot rely, as they do, on instinct. Instinct may teach him to throw a ball, but it takes something more to make him the captain of a base-ball team. And it is just the same way in cycling; he may not wish to have any one to show him how to make the wheel go, but he will have to take many lessons before he becomes a good rider.

Here are a few other things to be remembered:

Learn all you can about the construction of the machine. Understand it so thoroughly that if a bolt or a nut were to come loose you could adjust it. Study the mechanical principles on which it is made. Find out what gearing means, what "ball-bearings" are.

Never trust yourself on a down-grade until you have mastered the brake; and, even after you have mastered it, never let your machine go, at the top of a hill; keep it well under control from the very start; many of the serious cycling accidents have been the result of a rider's letting the machine get away with him when "coasting." Even if you can see to the bottom of the hill and the road is clear, risk nothing; you never know when a stray dog or child may run out in front of you. When I charged the sheep, it was at the foot of a long hill in Italy, where suddenly, from a by-path, a shepherd drove his flock across the road. Indeed, until you feel that on level ground and on hillsides you are the master of the machine, you should not trust yourself on city streets or country highroads. You must be able to turn corners, to stop suddenly, to steer from one side to the other at a moment's notice, before you can ride abroad in safety or even in comfort.

Don't ride like a stick. Don't sit fast, as if you were glued to the saddle. Rise easily over ob-

structions. When you are going round a corner, lean inward. In a word, ride a machine as you would ride a horse. Otherwise you will probably break your neck, and ruin the cycle.

Before starting on a ride, always see that your cycle is well oiled; half the hard work sometimes comes from the want of a little oil, and the squeaking of rusty wheels is an ugly sound to break the sweet stillness of the country. See that every nut and bolt is tight.

Keep your cycle clean. Do not let it remain coated with mud; be ashamed to show the nickel-plated parts tarnished and dirty. If you truly enjoy riding, however, you will not need to be reminded of these little duties. For by and by you will care for your machine almost as if it were a horse or a dog. I remember we sold our tandem when we were in Rome, because, unfortunately, we had to do the rest of our traveling by rail. It was bought by an English clergyman in Naples; and a few months afterward, when we were there, the first thing we did was to go and have a look at the tricycle that had carried us so well and so far.

Be sure, no matter how much you are enjoying yourself, not to ride until you are over-tired. The healthiest exercise can be thus turned into an evil, worse almost than none at all. Ambition—a desire to excel—is good in its way. But if it leads you into working to break every other boy's record, to out-distance every one on the road, you will in the end pay severely for success. Be ambitious rather to ride *well*, to see and know and love the country through which you wheel. The real pleasure of cycling is not racing. If you are a boy, and really care for racing, you should not begin, if you mean to be prudent, until you are eighteen or twenty; and then you should consult a doctor, and put yourself in the hands of a competent trainer.

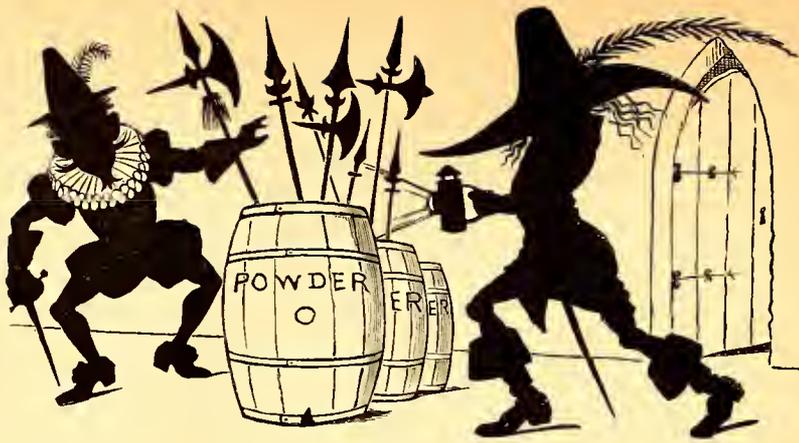
Boys know well enough what to wear when riding. For all their out-of-door sports they put on flannels; and flannel or wool is what every one ought to have on under a cycling-suit. Girls dress more sensibly than they once did, and their mothers now realize that unless a severe cold from a sudden chill is to be risked, wool must be worn next the skin for all out-of-door exercise. A girl's riding-dress ought to be made of some good sound cloth or serge that

will stand rain and mud and dust. Gray is the best color.

These are just a few hints to help you to have as much enjoyment as possible out of your rides. I myself believe that there is no more healthful or more stimulating form of exercise; there is no physical pleasure greater than that of being borne along, at a good pace, over a hard, smooth road, by your own exertions; and if you keep your eyes open you can learn so much by the way. You can watch, day by day, the buds of spring opening into the blossoms of summer; the rich green of June meadows ripening into the yellowing wheat of August; the golden and scarlet glory of October fading into the dull grays and browns of winter. You can make yourself familiar with the beauty of tree foliage, whether of the pines of the north or the palms of the south; you can get to know all the sweet wild flowers that bloom by the wayside, until in their seasons you look for their coming as for that of so many old friends. Each hour of the day, when the sun is hot at noontide as when it burns low on the horizon, will have for you its charm. You will value the beauty of distance, the serenity of a clear blue sky, the grandeur of the great cloud masses. In a word, you will, before you have taken many rides, begin to love Nature as Izaak Walton, as Thoreau, as all those who have spent many hours in the open air, have loved her.

And you will also find that your journeys, long or short, will teach you much of the history and romance of other days. For, at home or abroad, you cannot go far without passing over ground or coming to places rich in memories of the past. And when the country is beautiful and towns are picturesque, you cannot help wanting to know what these memories are; what men thought and did who lived there long before you were born; how they lived and loved. The world is one great book of beauty and romance; and on your cycle you can gradually master it, chapter by chapter, volume by volume.

It is for these reasons—for the pleasure of motion, the beauty to be found in every land, the many associations by the way—that I love cycling, and should be glad if every boy and girl loved it with me.



## THEN AND NOW.

*(A Disquisition on the Use of Gunpowder, by Master Jack.)*

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHEN they first invented gunpowder,  
They did most dreadful things with it,  
They blew up popes and parliaments,  
And emperors and kings with it.

They put on funny hats and boots,  
And skulked about in cellars, oh!  
With shaking shoes they laid a fuse,  
And blew it with the bellows, oh!

They wore great ruffs, the stupid muffs!  
(At least that 's my opinion), then;  
And said, "What, ho!" and "Sooth, 't is  
so!"  
And called each other "Minion!" then.

But now, the world has turned about  
Five hundred years, and more, you see;

And folks have learned a thing or two  
They did not know before, you see.

So nowadays the powder serves  
To give the boys a jolly day,  
And try their Aunt Louisa's nerves,  
And make a general holiday.

In open day we blaze away  
With popguns and with crackers, oh!  
With rockets bright we crown the night,  
(And some of them are whackers, oh!).

And "pop!" and "fizz!" and "bang!" and  
"whizz!"

Sounds louder still and louder, oh!  
And that 's the way we use to-day  
The funny gunny-powder, oh!



## LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

### CHAPTER X.

#### TANTE MODESTE'S SUSPICIONS.

"PAICHOUX," said Tante Modeste to her husband, that same night, before the tired dairyman went to bed. "I've been thinking of something all the evening."

"*Vraiment!* I'm surprised," returned Paichoux, facetiously. "I did n't know you ever wasted time."

"I don't usually," went on Tante Modeste, ignoring her husband's little attempt at pleasantry; "but really, Papa, this idea is running through my head constantly. It's about that little girl of Madame Jozain's; there's something wrong about the *ménage* there. That child is no more a Jozain than I am—a Jozain, indeed!—she's a little aristocrat, if ever there was one, a little born lady!"

"Perhaps she's a Bergeron," suggested Paichoux, with a quizzical smile. "Madame prides herself on being a Bergeron, and the Bergerons are fairly decent people. Old Bergeron, the baker, was an honest tradesman at all events."

"That may be; but she is n't a Bergeron, though. That child is different; you can see it. Look at her beside our young ones. Why, she's a swan among geese."

"Well, that happens naturally sometimes," said the philosophic Paichoux.

"*Nonsense*, Paichoux," said Tante Modeste sharply. "There's no 'naturally' about it; there's a mystery; and Madame Jozain does n't tell the truth when she talks about the child. I can feel it, even when she does n't contradict herself. The other day I stepped in there to buy Marie a ribbon, and I spoke about the child. In fact, I asked which side she came from, and Madame answered very curtly that she belonged to the Jozains. But this is what set me to thinking: To-day, when Pepsie was putting a clean

frock on the child, I noticed that her under-clothing was marked 'J. C.' Remember, J. C. Well, one day that I was in Madame's shop, she said to me, in her smooth way, that she'd heard of Marie's intended marriage, and that she had something superior, exquisite, that she'd like to show me. Then she took a box out of her *armoire*, and in it were a number of the most beautiful sets of linen I ever saw, *batiste* as fine as cobweb, and real lace. 'They're just what you need for Mademoiselle,' said she in her wheedling tone; 'since she's going to marry into such a distinguished family, you'll want to give her the best.'

"'They're too fine for my daughter,' I answered, as I turned them over and examined them carefully. They were the handsomest things!—and on every piece was a pretty little embroidered monogram, J. C. Mind you, the same as the letters on the child's clothes. Then I asked her right out, for there's no use in mincing matters with such a woman, where in the world she got such lovely linen.

"'They belonged to her mother,' she said, with a hypocritical sigh, 'and I'd like to sell them. They're no good to the child; before she's grown up, they'll be spoiled with damp and mildew. I'd rather have the money to educate her.'

"'But the monogram. It's a pity they're marked J. C.' I repeated the letters over to see what she would say, and, as I live, she was ready for me.

"'Ah, Madame, but C. J.—it stands for Claire Jozain,—you're looking at it wrongly; but really it does n't matter much how the letters are placed, for they're always misleading, you never know which comes first; and, dear Madame Paichoux,—she *deared* me, and that made me still more suspicious,—'don't you see that the C might easily be mistaken for G?—and no one will notice the J, it looks so much like a part

of the vine around it. I'll make them a bargain, if you'll take them.'

"I told her no, that they were too fine for my girl. *Pur exemple!* as if I'd let Marie wear stolen clothes!"

"Hush, hush, Modeste," exclaimed Paichoux. "You might get in the courts for that."

"Or get *her* there, which would be more to the purpose. I'd like to know when and where the mother died, and who was with her; besides, the child now and then says such strange things that they set one to thinking. To-day, when I was taking her home, she began to talk about the ranch, and her parents; sometimes I think they've stolen her."

"Oh, Modeste! The woman is n't as bad as that; I've never heard anything against *her*," interrupted the peaceable Paichoux. "She has a bad son, it's true. That boy, Raste, is his father over again. Why, I hear he's already been in the courts; but *she*'s all right so far as I know."

"Well, we'll see," said Tante Modeste, oracularly; "but I'm not satisfied about that monogram. It was J. C., as sure as I live, and not C. J."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mamma," said Paichoux after some deliberate thought; he was slow, but he was sure. "We'll keep an eye on the little one, and if anything happens, I'll stand by her. You tell sister Madelon to let me know if anything happens, and I'll see her through all right."

"Then I believe she's safe," said Tante Modeste proudly; "for every one knows that when Paichoux says a thing, he means it."

If Madame Jozain had only known how unfavorable were the comments of her supposed friends, she would not have felt as comfortable as she did. Although she was riding on the top-most wave of prosperity, so far as her business was concerned, she was not entirely happy; and for some reason, probably because of a guilty conscience, she fancied that people looked askance at her. In spite of her polite advances, she had not succeeded in making friends of her neighbors. They came to her shop to chat and look, and sometimes to buy, and she was as civil to them as it was possible to be; she gave them her most comfortable chairs, and pulled down everything for them to examine, and unfolded, untied, and

unpacked, only to have the trouble of putting things away again. It was true they bought a good deal at times, and she had got rid of many of "those things" in a quiet way and at fair prices; but still, the neighbors kept her at a distance: they were polite enough, but they were not cordial, and it was cordiality, warmth, admiration, flattery, for which she hungered.

She believed she had much to be proud of, for she thought that Raste was growing handsomer and more of a gentleman every day. He was the best looking fellow in the quarter, and he dressed so well,—like his father, he was large and showy,—and wore the finest jewelry, among which was the beautiful watch of Lady Jane's mother. This watch he was fond of showing to his friends, and pointing out the monogram, C. J., in diamonds; for, like his mother, he found it easy to transpose the letters to suit himself.

And then, besides her satisfaction in Raste, there was the little Lady Jane, to whom every door in the neighborhood was open. She was the most beautiful and the most stylish child that ever was seen in Good Children Street, and she attracted more attention than all the others put together. Madame never went out but what she heard something flattering about the little darling, and she knew that a great many people came to the shop just to get a glimpse of her.

All this satisfied her ambition, but not her vanity. She knew that Lady Jane cared more for Pepsie, Madelon, or even for little Gex, than for her "Tante Pauline." The child was always dutiful, but never affectionate. Sometimes a feeling of bitterness would rise within her, and, thinking she had cause to complain, she would accuse the child of ingratitude.

"She is a little ingrate, a little viper that stings me after I have warmed her. And to think of what I've done for her, and the worry and anxiety I've suffered! After all, I'm poorly paid, and get but little for all my studying and planning. She's a little upstart, a little aristocrat, who will trample on me some day. Well, it's what one gets in this world for doing a good deed! If I'd turned her and her mother out to die in the street, I'd been thought more of than I am now, and perhaps after all I'd have been quite as well off."

## CHAPTER XI.

## ONE OF THE NOBILITY.

ON the next block above little Gex's fruit-stall, was a small cottage set close to the sidewalk, with two narrow windows covered with batten shutters that no one remembered to have ever seen opened. On one side was a high green fence, in which was a small door, and above this fence some flowering trees were visible. A pink crape-myrtle shed its transparent petals on the sidewalk below. A white oleander and a Cape jasmine made the air fragrant, while a "Gold of Ophir" rose, entwined with a beautiful "Reine Henriette," crept along the top of the fence, and hung in riotous profusion above the heads of the passers.

Every day, in rain or shine, when Lady Jane visited little Gex, she continued her walk to the green fence, and stood looking wistfully at the clustering roses that bloomed securely beyond the reach of pilfering fingers, vainly wishing that some of them would fall at her feet, or that the gate might open so that she could peep within.

And Lady Jane was not more curious than most of the older residents of Good Children Street. For many years it had been the desire of the neighborhood to see what was going on behind that impenetrable green fence. Those who were lucky enough to get a glimpse, when the gate was opened for a moment, to take the "nickel" of milk or loaf of bread, saw a beautiful little garden carefully tended and filled with exquisite flowers, but Lady Jane was never fortunate enough to be present on one of those rare occasions, as the gate always opened very early, when her little yellow head was still resting on its pillow. But sometimes, while she lingered on the sidewalk, near the gate, or under the tightly closed shutters, she would hear the melodious song of a bird, or the tinkling, liquid sound of an ancient piano, thin and clear as a trickling rivulet; and with it she sometimes would hear a high, sweet, tremulous voice singing an aria from some old-fashioned opera. Lady Jane did n't know that it was an old-fashioned opera, but she thought it very odd and beautiful, all the same. And she loved to linger and listen to the correct, but feeble, rendering of certain

passages that touched her deeply; for the child had an inborn love of music and one of the most exquisite little voices ever heard.

Pepsie used to close her eyes in silent ecstasy when Lady Jane sang the few simple airs and lullabies she had learned from her mother, and when her tender little voice warbled

"Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The white moon is the shepherdess,  
The little stars the sheep,"

Pepsie would cover her face, and cry silently. No one ever heard her sing but Pepsie. She was very shy about it, and if even Tite Souris came into the room, she would instantly stop.

Therefore, little Gex was very much surprised one day, when he went out on the *banquette*, to see his small favorite before the closed shutters with Tony in her arms, his long legs almost touching the sidewalk, so carelessly was he held, while his enraptured little mistress was standing with her serious eyes fixed steadily on the window, her face pale and illumined with a sort of spiritual light, her lips parted, and a ripple of the purest, sweetest, most liquid melody issuing from between them that Gex had ever heard, even in those old days when he used to go to the French opera.

He softly drew near to listen. She was keeping perfect time with the tinkling piano and the faded voice of the singer within, who, with many a quaver and break, was singing a beautiful old French song; and the bird-like voice went up and down, in and out through the difficult passages, with wonderful feeling and precision.

Gex slipped away silently, and stole into his little den.

"*Ma foi!*" he thought, wiping away a fugitive tear, for the music had awakened slumbering memories. "Some one ought to know of that voice. I wish Mam'selle d'Hautreuve was n't so unapproachable; I 'd speak to her, and perhaps she 'd teach the child."

Presently Lady Jane entered languidly, carrying Tony; she said "Good-morning" as politely as usual, but seemed preoccupied and unusually serious. At length she said, in an intensely earnest voice, "Oh, Mr. Gex, I wish I could get inside that gate. I wish I could see who it is that sings."

"Why, my little lady, it 's Mam'selle Diane vhat sings so fine."

"Who is Mam'selle Diane?"

"Mam'selle Diane is the daughter of Madame d'Hautreve vhat live all alone in the leetle shut-up house. Madame and Mam'selle Diane, they are *noblesse* of the nobility. Vell, you don't know vhat is that? *Attendez*, I will try to make you understand."

"Is it rich?" asked Lady Jane, anxious to help simplify the situation.

"Oh, no, no, they are vairy, vairy poor. *Noblesse* is vhat you 're born vith."

"Like the spine in the back?" suggested Lady Jane eagerly. "Pepsie says you 're born with that."

"No, it 's not that," and Gex smiled a grim, puzzled smile, and, pushing his spectacles on the top of his head, he wiped his forehead thoughtfully. "You 've heard of kings, my leetle lady, now have n't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes," returned Lady Jane brightly. "They wear crowns and sit on thrones, and Pepsie says there is a King of the Carnival, King Rex."

"Yes, that 's it," said Gex, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "and the king is vay up high over everybody, and all the peoples must honor the king. Vell, the *noblesse* is something like the king, my leetle lady, only not quite so high up. Vell, Mam'selle's *grandpère* vas a noble, one of the French noblesse. Does my leetle lady understand?"

"I think I do," returned Lady Jane doubtfully. "Does she sit on a throne and wear a crown?"

"Oh, no, no, they are poor, vairy poor," said Gex humbly; "and then, my leetle lady must know that the *Comte* is naiver so high up as the King; and then they have lost all their money, and are poor, vairy poor. Once, long ago, they vas rich, oh, vairy rich; and they had one big, grand house, and the carriage, and the fine horses, and many, many servant. Now, there 's only them two vhat lives all alone in the leetle house. The *grandpère* and the *père* all are dead long ago, and Madame d'Hautreve and Mam'selle Diane only are left to live in the leetle house, shut up behind that high fence, alone, alvay alone. And, my leetle lady, no

one remembers them, I do believe, for it is ten year I 've been right in this Rue des Bons Enfants; and I naiver have seen no one entair that gate, and no one comes out of it vairy often. Mam'selle Diane must clean her *banquette* in the dark of the night, for I 've naiver seen her do it. I 've watched, but I have seen her naiver. Sometime, when it is vairy early, Mam'selle Diane comes to my leetle shop for one dime of orange for Madame d'Hautreve; she is vairy old and so poor. Ah, but she is one of the noblesse, the genuine French noblesse, and Mam'selle Diane is so polite vhen she come to my leetle shop."

"If I should go there early, very early," asked Lady Jane with increasing interest, "and wait there all day, don't you think I might see her come out?"

"You might, my leetle lady, and you might not. About once in the month, Mam'selle Diane comes out, all in the black dress and veil, and one leetle black basket on her arm; and she goes up toward Rue Royale. Vhen she goes out the basket it is heavy; vhen she comes back it is light."

"What does she carry in it, Mr. Gex?" asked Lady Jane, her eyes large and her voice awe-stricken over the mysterious contents of the basket.

"Ah, I know not, my leetle lady. It is one mystery," returned Gex solemnly. "Mam'selle Diane is so proud and so shut up that no one can 't find out any thing. Poor lady! and vhen does she do her market, and vhat do they eat? for all I evair see her buy is one nickel of bread and one nickel of milk."

"But she 's got flowers and birds, and she plays on the piano and sings," said Lady Jane reflectively; "perhaps she is n't hungry, and does n't want anything t' eat."

"That may be so, my leetle lady," replied Gex with smiling approval. "I naiver thought of it, but it may be so—it may be so. Perhaps the *noblesse* does n't have the big appetite, and does n't want so much to eat as the common people."

"Oh, I nearly forgot, Mr. Gex,—Pepsie wants a nickel of cabbage," and Lady Jane suddenly returned to earth and earthly things, did her errand, took her *lagniappe* and went away.

(To be continued.)

## CHAPTER XII.

## LADY JANE VISITS THE D'HAUTREVES.

ONE morning Lady Jane was rewarded for her patient waiting; she was lingering, as usual, on the sidewalk near the green fence, when she heard the key turn in the lock, and suddenly

haunting the place so persistently; besides, to her knowledge, she had never before stood in the presence of "genuine French nobility"; and the pale, solemn-looking woman, who in spite of her rusty gown had an air of distinction, rather awed her. However, Lady Jane's good breeding soon got the better of her timidity, and she went forward with a smile.

"Would you like to come in, my dear, and look at my flowers?" said the lady, opening the gate a little wider, for Lady Jane to enter.

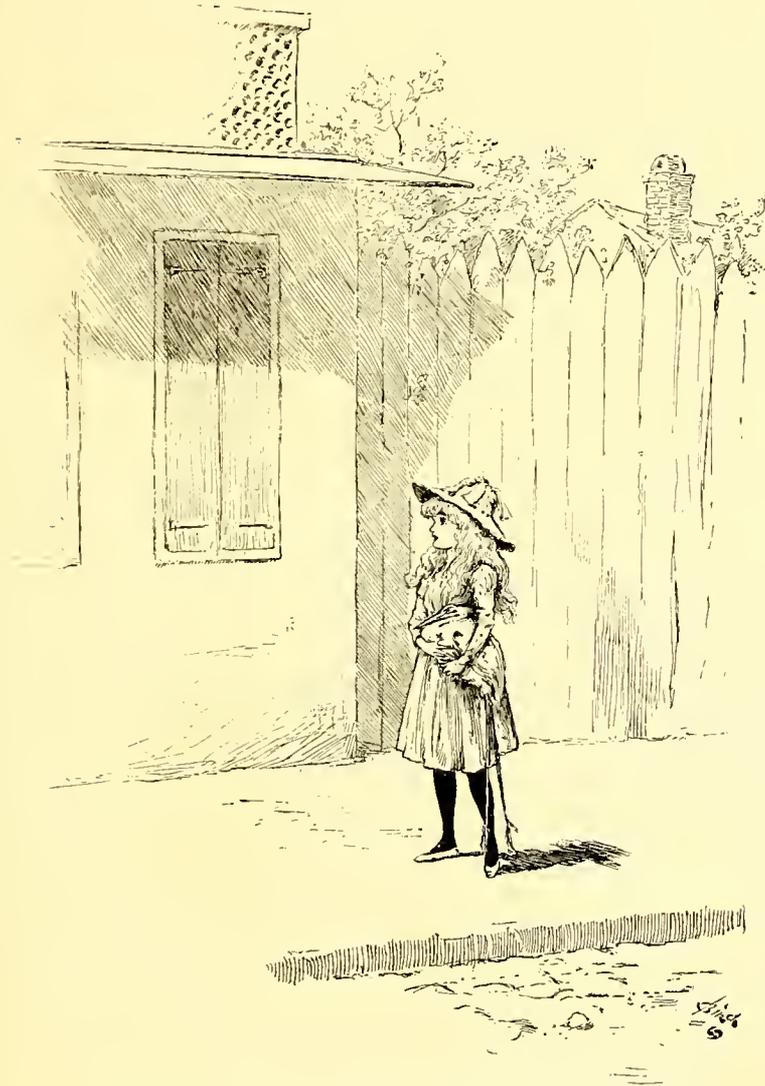
"Yes, thank you," and Lady Jane sighed and flushed with pleasure when she caught a glimpse of the charming vista beyond the dark figure. "May I bring Tony in, too?"

"Certainly, I want to see him very much, but I want to see you more," and she laid her hand caressingly on the beautiful head of the child. "I have been watching you for some time."

"Have you? Why, how did you see me?" and Lady Jane dimpled with smiles.

"Oh, through a little chink in my fence. I see more than any one would think," replied the lady, again smiling.

"And you saw me waiting and waiting!— Oh, why did n't you ask me in before?" said



"LADY JANE WAS LINGERING ON THE SIDEWALK, NEAR THE GREEN FENCE."

the door opened, and an elderly lady, very tall and thin, with a mild, pale face, appeared, and beckoned her to approach.

For a moment Lady Jane felt shy, and drew back, fearing that she had been a little rude in

Lady Jane, plaintively. "I've wished to come in so much; and did you know I'd been here waiting with you?"

"No; I did n't know that."

"Are you Mam'selle Diane?" she went on.

"Yes; I am Mam'selle Diane. And what is your name?"

"I 'm called Lady Jane."

"*Lady Jane,—Lady?* Why, do you know that you have a title of nobility?"

"But I 'm not one of the nobility. It 's my name, just Lady Jane. Papa always called me Lady Jane. I did n't know what nobility was, till Mr. Gex told me that you were one. Now I 'll never forget what it is, but I 'm not one."

"You 're a very sweet little girl, all the same," said Mam'selle Diane, a smile breaking over her grave face. "Come in; I want to show you and your bird to Mamma."

Lady Jane followed her guide across a small, spotless side gallery into a tiny room of immaculate cleanliness. There, sitting in a great easy-chair near a high bed, was an old, old lady, the oldest person Lady Jane had ever seen, with hair as white as snow, combed back from a delicate face, and covered with a little black silk cap.

"Mamma, this is the little girl with the bird, of whom I 've been telling you," said Mam'selle Diane, leading her forward. "And, Lady Jane, this is my mother, Madame d'Hautreve."

The old lady shook hands with the child and patted her head caressingly; then she asked, in a weak, quavering voice, if the bird was n't too heavy for the little girl to carry.

"Oh, no, Madame," replied Lady Jane, brightly. "Tony 's large, he grows very fast; but he is n't heavy. He 's all feathers, and he 's very light. Would you like to take him?"

"Oh, no, no, my dear! Oh, no," said the old lady, drawing back timidly. "I should n't like to touch it, but I should like to see it walk. I suppose it 's a crane, is n't it?"

"He 's a blue heron, and he 's not a common bird," replied Lady Jane, repeating her little formula, readily and politely.

"I see that it 's different from a crane," said Mam'selle Diane, looking at Tony critically.

Tony, now that his mistress had put him down, stood upon one leg very much humped up, and making, altogether, rather an ungainly figure.

"Tony always will do that before strangers," observed Lady Jane, apologetically. "When I want him to walk about and show his feathers,

he always just draws himself up and stands on one leg."

"However, he is very pretty and very odd. Don't you think I might succeed in copying him?" And Mam'selle Diane turned an anxious glance toward her mother.

"I don't know, my dear," quavered the old lady; "his legs are so long that they would break very easily if they were made of sealing-wax."

"I think I could use a wire with the sealing wax," said Mam'selle Diane, thoughtfully regarding Tony's visible leg. "You see, there need be only one."

"I know, my dear,— But the wool. You 've no wool the color of his feathers."

"Madame Jourdain would send for it."

"But, Diane, think of the risk. If you should n't succeed, you 'd waste the wool; and you do the ducks so well—really, my dear, I think you 'd better be satisfied with the ducks and the canaries!"

"Mamma, it would be something new, something original. I 'm tired of ducks and canaries."

"Well, my dear, I sha' n't oppose you, if you think you can succeed; but it 's a great risk to start out with an entirely new model, and you can't use the wool for the ducks if you should fail; you must think of that, dear,—whether you can afford to lose the wool if you fail."

While this conversation was going on between Mam'selle Diane and her mother, Lady Jane's bright eyes were taking in the contents of the little room. It was very simply furnished, the floor was bare, and the walls were destitute of adornment, save over the small fireplace, where hung a fine portrait of a very handsome man, dressed in a rich court dress of the time of Louis XIV. This elegant courtier was Mam'selle Diane's grandfather, the Count d'Hautreve; and under this really fine work of art, on the small mantelpiece, was some of the handicraft of his impoverished granddaughter, which fascinated Lady Jane to such a degree that she had neither eyes nor ears for anything else.

The center of the small shelf was ornamented with a tree made of a variety of shades of green wool wound over a wire frame; and apparently hopping about among the foliage, on little seal-

ing-wax legs, with black-bead eyes and sealing-wax bills, were a number of little birds made of wool of every color under the sun, while at each end of the mantel were similar little trees, one loaded with soft yellow canaries, the other with little fluffy white things of a species to puzzle an

Madame d'Hautreuve and Mam'selle Diane witnessed her delight with much satisfaction. It seemed a tardy but genuine recognition of genius.

"There, you see, my dear, that I was right. I've always said it," quavered the old lady.



LADY JANE IS PRESENTED TO MADAME D'HAUTREUVE.

ornithologist. Lady Jane thought they were adorable, and her fingers almost ached to caress them.

"Oh, how pretty they are!" she sighed, at length, quite overcome with admiration; "how soft and yellow! Why, they are like real live birds. And they're ever so much prettier than Tony," she added, glancing ruefully at her homely pet; "but then they can't hop and fly, or come when you call them."

"I've always said that your birds were wonderful, and the child sees it. Children tell the truth; they are sincere in their praise, and when they discover merit they acknowledge it simply and truthfully. I've always said that all you needed to give you a reputation was recognition. I've always said it, if you remember. But show her the ducks, my dear, show her the ducks. I think that they are more natural, if possible, than the others."

Mam'selle Diane's sad, grave face lighted up a little as she led the child to a table near the side window, which was covered with pieces of colored flannel, sticks of sealing-wax, and bunches of soft yellow wool; in this table was a drawer which she drew out carefully, and there, on little scalloped flannel mats of various colors, sat a number of small, yellow, downy ducklings.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Lady Jane, not able to find other words at the moment to express her wonder and delight.

"Would you like to hold one?" asked Mam'selle Diane, taking one out.

Lady Jane held out her pink palm, and rapturously smoothed down the duckling's little woolly back with her soft fingers.

"Oh, how pretty, how pretty!" she repeated in a half-suppressed tone.

"Yes, I think they are rather pretty," said Mam'selle Diane modestly; "but then they are so useful."

"What are they for?" asked Lady Jane in surprise; she could not think they were made for any other purpose than for ornament.

"They are penwipers, my dear. You see the pen is wiped with the little cloth mat they are sitting on."

Yes, they were penwipers! Mademoiselle Diane d'Hautreve, granddaughter of the Count d'Hautreve, made little woolen ducklings for penwipers, and sold them quite secretly to Madame Jourdain, on the Rue Royale, in order to earn bread for her aged mother and herself.

Lady Jane unknowingly had solved the financial mystery connected with the D'Hautreve ladies, and, at the same time, she had made another valuable friend for herself.

*(To be continued.)*

## WINGS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"OH, I am dying, dying!" said the worm.

"I feel thick darkness closing o'er my eye,

All things fall from me with my breaking sheath.

Good-byè, sweet leaf! O dear green world, good-bye!

Then the dull mask that had enclosed him fell

Still further. Oh, what lofty space, what light!

And, all about, what happy hovering things

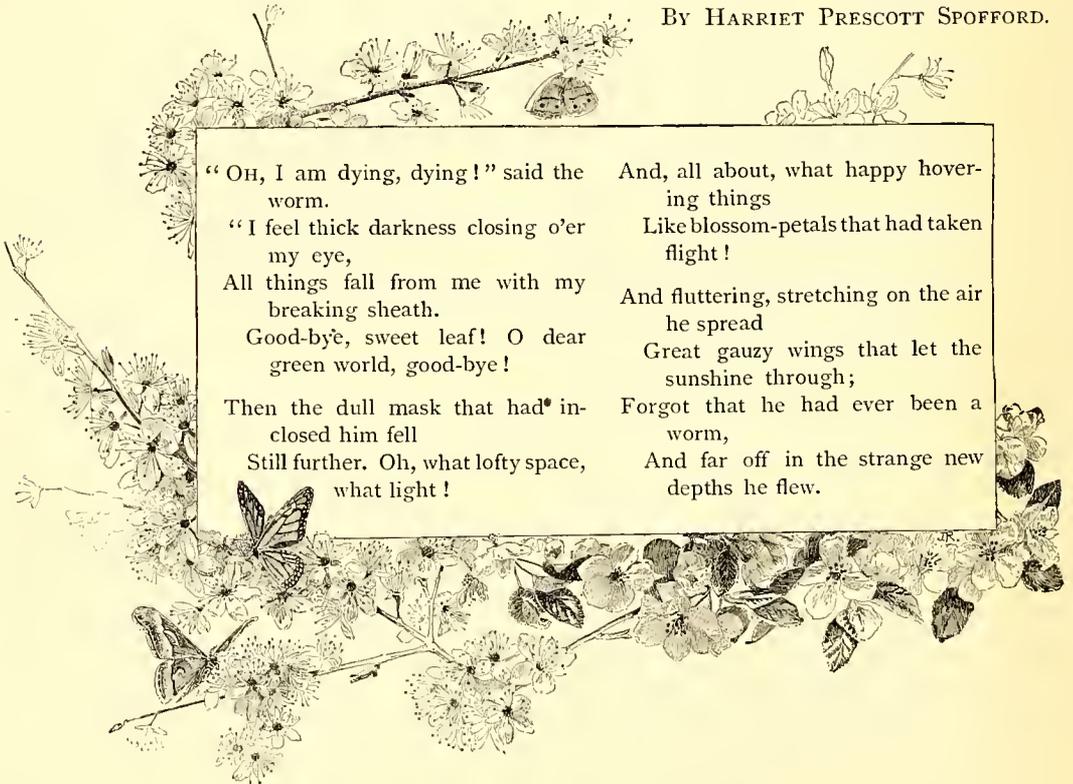
Like blossom-petals that had taken flight!

And fluttering, stretching on the air he spread

Great gauzy wings that let the sunshine through;

Forgot that he had ever been a worm,

And far off in the strange new depths he flew.





BY JULIA C. R. DORR.



HERE the far skies  
soared clear and bright  
From mountain height  
to mountain height,  
In the heart of a forest  
old and gray,  
Castleton slept one Sabbath  
day,—  
Slept and dreamed, on the  
seventh of May,  
Seventeen hundred and seventy-  
five.

But hark! a humming, like bees in a hive;  
Hark to the shouts,—“They come! they  
come!”

Hark to the sound of the fife and drum!  
For up from the south two hundred men —  
Two hundred and fifty — from mount and glen,  
While the deep woods rang with their rallying  
cry  
Of “Ticonderoga! Fort Ti! Fort Ti!”  
Swept into the town with a martial tread,  
Ethan Allen marching ahead!

Next day the village was all astir  
With unwonted tumult and hurry. There were  
Gatherings here and gatherings there,

A feverish heat in the very air,  
The ominous sound of tramping feet,  
And eager groups in the dusty street.  
To Eben's forge strode Gershom Beach  
(Idle it stood, and its master away);  
Blacksmith and armorer stout was he,  
First in the fight and first in the breach,  
And first in work where a man should be.  
“I'll borrow your tools, my friend,” he said,  
“And temper these blades if I lose my head!”

So he wrought away till the sun went down,  
And silence fell on the turbulent town;  
And the flame of the forge through the dark-  
ness glowed,

A square of light on the sandy road.  
Then over the threshold a shadow fell,  
And he heard a voice that he knew right well.  
It was Ethan Allen's. He cried: “I knew  
Where the forge-fire blazed I must look for you!  
But listen! more arduous work than this,  
Lying in wait for some one's;  
And sharpening blades is only play  
To the task I set for him this day —  
Or this night, rather.” A grim smile played  
O'er the armorer's face as his hand he stayed.  
“Say on. I never have shirked,” said he;  
“What may this wonderful task-work be?”

“To go by the light of the evening star  
On an urgent errand, swift and far,—  
From town to town and from farm to farm  
To carry the warning and sound the alarm!  
Wake Rutland and Pittsford! Rouse Ne-  
shobe, too,  
And all the fair valley the Otter runs through,—  
For we need more men! Make no delay,  
But hasten, hasten, upon your way!”



GEORGE WILKINSON DEL. & SCULPT.

He doffed his apron, he tightened his belt,  
To fasten the straps of his leggings he knelt.  
“Ere the clock strikes nine,” said Gershom  
Beach,  
“Friend Allen, I will be out of reach;  
And I pledge you my word, ere dawn of day  
Guns and men shall be under way.  
But where shall I send these minute-men?”  
“Do you know Hand’s Cove?” said Allen then,  
“On the shore of Champlain? Let them meet  
me there  
By to-morrow night, be it foul or fair!”

“Good-bye, I ’m off!” Then down the road  
As if on seven-league boots he strode,  
While Allen watched from the forge’s door  
Till the stalwart form he could see no more.  
Into the woods passed Gershom Beach;  
By nine of the clock he was out of reach.  
But still, as his will his steps outran,  
He said to himself, with a laugh, “Old man,  
Never a minute have you to lose,  
Never a minute to pick or choose;  
For sixty miles in twenty-four hours  
Is surely enough to try your powers.  
So square your shoulders and speed away  
With never a halt by night or day.”

’T was a moonless night; but over his head  
The stars a tremulous luster shed,  
And the breath of the woods grew strangely  
sweet,  
As he crushed the wild ferns under his feet,  
And trampled the shy arbutus blooms,  
With their hoarded wealth of rare perfumes.  
He sniffed as he went. “It seems to me  
There are May-flowers here, but I cannot see.  
I ’ve read of the ‘hush of the silent night’;  
Now hark! there ’s a wolf on yonder height;  
There ’s a snarling catamount prowling round;  
Every inch of the ‘silence’ is full of sound:  
The night-birds cry; the whip-poor-wills  
Call to each other from all the hills;  
A scream comes down from the eagle’s nest;  
The bark of a fox from the cliff’s tall crest;  
The owls hoot; and the very trees  
Have something to say to every breeze!”

The paths were few and the ways were rude  
In the depths of that virgin solitude.  
The Indian’s trail and the hunter’s tracks,  
The trees scarred deep by the settler’s axe,  
Or a cow-path leading to the creek,—  
These were the signs he had to seek;  
Save where, it may be, he chanced to hit  
The Crown Point road and could follow it—  
The road by the British troops hewn out  
Under General Amherst in fifty-nine,  
When he drove the French from the old redoubt,  
Nor waited to give the countersign!  
The streams were many and swift and clear;  
But there was no bridge, or far or near.  
’T was midnight as he clambered down

Near the waterfall by Rutland town,  
 And found a canoe by the river's edge,  
 In a tangled thicket of reeds and sedge.  
 With a shout and a cheer, on the rushing tide  
 He launched it and flew to the other side,  
 Then giving his message, on he sped,  
 By the light of the pale stars overhead ;  
 Past the log church below Pine Hill,  
 And the graveyard opposite. All was still,  
 And the one lone sleeper lying there  
 Stirred not either for cry or prayer.  
 Only pausing to give the alarm  
 At rude log cabin and lonely farm,  
 From hamlet to hamlet he hurried along,  
 Borne on by a purpose deep and strong.  
 He startled the deer in the forest glade,  
 Stealing along like a silent shade ;  
 He wakened the loon that cries and moans  
 With a living grief in its human tones.

At Pittsford the light begins to grow  
 In the wakening east ; and drifting slow,  
 From valley and river and wildwood, rise,  
 Like the smoke of a morning sacrifice,  
 Clouds of translucent, silver mist,  
 Flushing to rose and amethyst ;  
 While thrush and robin and bluebird sing  
 Till the woods with jubilant music ring !

It was day at last ! He looked around,  
 With a firmer tread on the springing ground ;  
 "Now the men will be all a-field," said he,  
 "And that will save many a step for me.  
 Each man will be ready to go ; but still,  
 I must confess, if I'd had my will,  
 I'd have waited till after planting-time,  
 For now the season is in its prime.

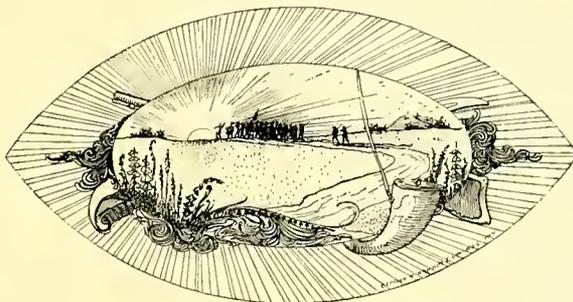
The young green leaves of the oak-tree here  
 Are just the size of a squirrel's ear ;  
 And I've known no rule, since I was born,  
 Safer than that for planting corn !"

He threaded the valleys, he climbed the hills,  
 He forded the rivers, he leaped the rills,  
 While still to his call, like minute-men  
 Booted and spurred, from mount and glen,  
 The settlers rallied. But on he went  
 Like an arrow shot from a bow, unspent,  
 Down the long vale of the Otter, where  
 The might of the waterfall thundered in air ;  
 Then across to the lake, six leagues and more,  
 Where Hand's Cove lay in the bending shore.  
 The goal was reached. He dropped to the  
 ground  
 In a deep ravine, without word or sound ;  
 And Sleep, the restorer, bade him rest  
 Like a weary child, on the earth's brown breast.

At midnight he woke with a quick heart-beat,  
 And sprang with a will to his wayworn feet ; —  
 For armed men swarmed in the dim ravine,  
 And Ethan Allen, as proud of mien  
 As a king on his throne, smiled down on him,  
 While he stretched and straightened each stiff-  
 ened limb.

"Nay, nay," said the Colonel, "take your rest,  
 As a knight who has done his chief's behest !"

"Not yet!" cried the armorer. "Where 's my  
 gun?  
 A knight fights on till the field is won !"  
 And into Fort Ti, ere dawn of day,  
 He stormed with his comrades to share the  
 fray !



# BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

## THIRD PAPER: THE BASEMEN AND THE SHORTSTOP.

DURING all the general training involved in the practice mentioned in the former articles, there must also be particular coaching for each individual position; and it is in this position-work that the players improve most rapidly, later in the season, when each has been assigned to his own place.

The in-fielders are the first to exhibit the good effects of practice, and the methods of perfecting their play are most interesting. For instance, the third-base man usually begins his season by very slow playing. He finds that from third base to first is a considerable distance, and that he has to make an effort in order to get the ball over. As a result of this feeling, it takes him longer to throw than it should, and any ball batted sharply and rather close to his base is a safe hit; because, even if he stop it, the runner will reach the base before the baseman can field it. The first coaching, then, for the third-base man should be with the object of acquiring a sharp, strong throw. He must therefore practice steadily the short-arm throw described in a previous article—the hand being brought back and close to the ear, and nearly level with it, instead of swinging at arm's length, away from the body. For some time it will perhaps seem almost impossible to get the ball over to first by means of this throw, but in a week's practice that result is achieved satisfactorily, and thenceforth the third-base man will be little troubled about his throwing. His speed and accuracy will be increased by every day of his practice, and he will seldom disgrace himself by anything like a wild throw.

Of all the in-fielders, it especially belongs to this player to throw swiftly, and also to get the ball away quickly. To acquire this latter skill should not be nearly so difficult as most ama-

teurs find it. The reason for their difficulty lies in the fact that the ordinary player does not analyze the play sufficiently in his own mind to discover in just what part of it he is deficient. The result is, that the entire play becomes hurried and inaccurate; and once careless, instead of improving the player is likely to retrograde.

Just to illustrate this, let us analyze the play: Suppose a ball to be batted parallel to the third-base line two feet inside that line. The ordi-



“JUMP IN FRONT OF THE BALL!”

nary amateur third-base man, by failing to make a sharp start, is obliged to take such a ball just as it goes by the bag, and as a result he is turned partially away from first base, and is running from that point as well. This makes it necessary for him first to stop his run and then to turn about, so as to face the base before throwing. All this preparation takes so much time that there is seldom much use in his throwing the ball over at all; but as he is too hurried to realize this, over it goes,—not infrequently with a wild throw, into the bargain.

Now let us watch a good professional, and note the difference. I remember seeing Denny, now of the New York nine, execute this play once on a “scorching drive” just inside the line. The instant the bat hit the ball, I saw Denny jump for the third-base line. So quick was the

spring and so clever the intuition by which, from the direction of the stroke, he realized where the ball was coming, that he and the ball met in front of third base; and Denny was actually throwing the ball to first before the runner had taken a half-dozen steps. Of course, all third-base men are not so quick and clever as Denny, but every amateur who fills that position can by an instant start, instead of a slow one, meet the majority of batted balls before they can go so far past him as to turn him away from first. To turn away from first is the great fault, and to its correction the coach must give his attention, and the player must direct his labor. "Jump in front of the ball," is the best coaching order that can be given any in-fielder, but it is particularly good for the third-base man.

Picking up the ball is the next step of the play. If possible it should be taken cleanly in the hands, of course; but that is not of nearly so much moment as to get in front of it early, and thus stop it. If a third-base man gets a sharp hit anywhere in front of the line from second to third, and he is a swift thrower, he can stop the ball by letting it strike him, and, picking it up, get it to first base before the runner. But if the fielder takes the ball a few feet behind that line and while running toward foul ground, the best handling will seldom enable him to catch the runner.

Finally comes the execution of the throw itself. He should use the short-arm throw and lean toward first. This latter suggestion is an important one, and should be continually in the player's mind during his daily practice. Whenever he gets the ball he should recover speedily, and with what becomes almost a second nature, should lean toward the point to which he is to throw. The entire action in detail, then, should be: instantly jump in front of the ball; while picking it up, recover a steady position, and leaning toward first, throw as nearly on a line as possible. Of these, the particular part of the play which can be hurried to least advantage, and yet the part which the inexperienced fielder oftenest endeavors to hurry, is picking up the ball. It is never good policy to snatch at the ball instead of picking it up.

The tenor of this advice is applicable as well to all the in-fielders, but the third-base man's

position is one in which the desirability of thoroughly steady and sharp play is especially marked. In handling balls which must be fielded elsewhere than to first base, second and home are usually the objective points for the third-base man; and it may be laid down as a rule particularly applicable to the amateur, that he should take very few chances in these throws. Unless the hit be a sharp one, and he receive the ball without a fumble, there is little likelihood of his getting the ball to second or home in time to intercept a runner. When the runner is "forced," so that the catcher or the base-man is not obliged to touch him in order to put him out, there is a little better chance, and under such circumstances the play is of course more advisable.

As illustrating the foolishness of ill-judged attempts to catch the man at the home-plate, I recall a championship game between Harvard and Yale, in which, up to the ninth inning, Yale had led. In fact, Yale was then three runs ahead.

Singularly enough, on the afternoon before this game, there had occurred a discussion among members of the Yale nine as to the advisability of the practice (then common among all college nines) of always fielding to the home-plate, when there was but one man out and a runner was on third. In order to make a fair test of this question on its merits, a runner was placed on third and the in-fielders came closer up, as they were accustomed to do under such circumstances. The pitcher then would toss the ball, and the batsman hit it sharply anywhere in the in-field, the runner at the same time trying to come home. Out of twenty trials the runner was put out but five times — getting home safely the other fifteen.

In spite of this experiment, however, when Harvard was at the bat for the last inning, there being one man out, a man on second, and one on third, with three runs to tie and four to win, the Yale in-fielders came further in and tried to throw the man out at the plate. Three of these attempts and one single hit gave Harvard four runs and the game; whereas, had the Yale men thrown to first they would almost to a certainty have put out the side at the sacrifice of but one run, and would have won by two runs.

It is not a difficult matter to see the reasons why a third-base man should seldom attempt to field to the plate, unless the ball comes fast and on a clean bound. If the hit be a very slow one, and the base-runner have anything like the lead he should take, there is no chance to run up on the ball and throw it to the plate in season. The ball must be fielded to the catcher in such a manner as to enable him to touch the runner; and to field the ball thus from third base is no easy matter, as it often involves throwing the ball almost over the runner's shoulder. Under similar circumstances I have seen Hankinson, in attempting this throw, hit the runner squarely between the shoulders, and although fortunately the blow did not injure the runner in the least, unfortunately it was impossible for the catcher to put him out.

In fielding to first the ball may be thrown quite wide, and yet, by leaning out, the first-base man will be able to catch it while one foot remains on the base. If, however, the first-base man were obliged to touch the runner, as the catcher must do, fully one-half the throws he receives would not be sufficiently accurate to enable him to execute the play. Moreover, a runner from third has an advantage of several yards over a runner to first. If a player wishes to convince himself of this fact let him note the exact positions, under these circumstances, of the batsman who starts for first base and a good base-runner who is trying to come home. At the moment the ball leaves the bat, he will find that while the batsman is just starting, the runner from third is nearly half-way home, and besides has a "flying start."

In practicing putting the ball on a runner, the third-base man should accustom himself to receiving the ball from first, second, short, home, and pitcher; and it is no easy matter to acquire the proper way to receive the ball thrown from each of these positions. Any man who thinks the

same motion will answer for all these different cases makes a serious mistake.

In deciding upon the proper method of re-

ceiving the ball, the third-base man will find that much depends upon the position of the runner. If the runner be coming back from home, because the pitcher, having caught him leading off too far, has thrown to third, the third-base man should step almost into the base-line as he receives the ball, and, swinging his right hand low, should bring the ball against the runner. The pitcher, if he understands the play, will throw into the line rather than at the base. If the runner be coming from second, and the first-base man be fielding the ball over, there is little likelihood of the throw being sufficiently accurate to allow the play in the method just described, and the base-man must therefore be prepared to use either hand, according to the position of the runner at the moment when the ball is received. Suppose, for instance, that the ball be thrown five or six feet toward second: the base-man can tell by sight or hearing just where the runner is, and if the runner has not reached him he should turn to the left with the ball in his left hand. If, however, the runner is just passing him, he should swing to the right with the ball in the right hand. In either case, he need not swing so low as he does when the ball is thrown nearer the base. In the latter case he should always almost sweep the ground in his swing, as the runner is sure to slide. Of course, catching the ball *on* the man is the perfect method; but un-



THIRD-BASE MAN INTERCEPTING THE SLIDE OF A RUNNER FROM SECOND.

fortunately the ball so seldom comes to the proper point that these other methods of touching the runner must be practiced faithfully.

In the matter of one player assisting another, the third-base man is more often to be "backed up," than he is called upon to perform that office for some one else.

The shortstop needs the same coaching as the third-base man, in the way of urging him to jump in front of the ball, and to start quickly. The combination method of play, which was mentioned in a previous article as an excellent one to bring out all the possible advantages of playing the two positions of shortstop and third base, requires plenty of practice. Particularly must the two players thoroughly understand each other. A very good way to begin practice upon this method is to station the third-base man where he can, by an effort, just cover the ground to his base, and to tell him to "take everything he can get, out in the diamond." The shortstop is then placed well back of the base-line as far as he can be and yet be sure of throwing to first in time to catch the ordinary runner on a hard hit. He must be instructed to "come in on" the ball as soon as it is hit and he knows its direction.

Irwin was one of the first of the professionals to develop this "deep field" play by a shortstop, and I remember how very strange it appeared to the collegians to see this little fellow station himself almost half way out to left field; but before the game was ended he had shown himself fully able to cover all the space he had taken.

A shortstop has to make one peculiar class of plays in which he should endeavor to become thoroughly expert, and that is taking short flies that go just outside the infield but are too low for the outfielders to get under. There are also occasional flies near the foul-line, ten or a dozen yards behind third base, which an agile shortstop may take. No player has ever been more expert in this line of play than John Ward, the now noted champion of the rights of the play-

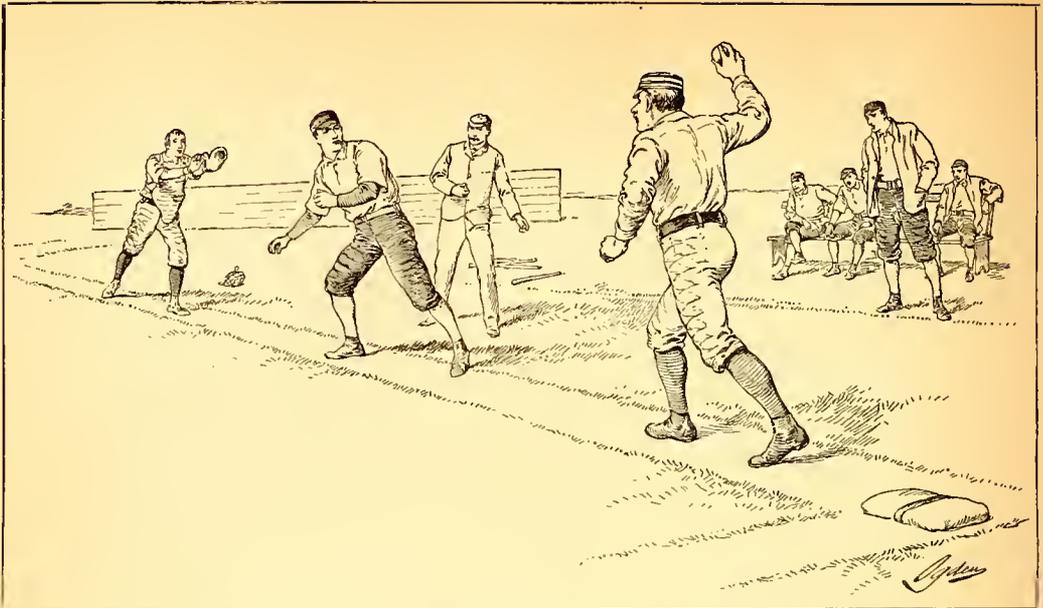
ers. Many a short fly that the scorers were just putting down as a base-hit has found a resting-place in his outstretched hands, simply because he has made a practice of starting instantly, and of never believing any fly too far away for him to get.

"Backing up" is a special feature of the shortstop's duties. Any ball fielded from the other side of the diamond to the third-base or second-base man should find the shortstop behind the man who is to take it. He should be particularly on the alert to back up the third-base man, when the ball is thrown to that point by the catcher, in order to put out an adventurous runner. This precaution is necessary, because any wild throw of the catcher's which the base-man fails to get will surely admit of the runner's going home unless the shortstop secures the ball. Sometimes a very good trick is played upon the runner in this way: The shortstop and third-base man are both advised by a preconcerted signal from the catcher that he will throw to third; and then the shortstop springs out behind the base-man, and the catcher sends the ball, but apparently throws



PLAYING A TRICK ON THE BASE-RUNNER. THE BALL IS PURPOSELY THROWN BY THE CATCHER OVER THE THIRD-BASE MAN'S HEAD INTO THE SHORTSTOP'S HANDS.

it too high — in fact, throws the ball over the head of the base-man to the shortstop, and thus deceives the runner into the belief that he can run home, which, if the shortstop makes an ordinarily accurate throw, is of course impossible.



A RUNNER CAUGHT BETWEEN THIRD BASE AND THE HOME PLATE.

A shortstop must also always back up third when any of the outfielders are throwing to that point. He should likewise make himself useful whenever a man is caught between bases and is being "run down."

It is occasionally the duty of this player to cover second base when a left-handed batter is at the plate and a runner is on first. This is in order that the second-base man may be left freer to run after balls toward right field, than he would be if obliged to come back to the second base when the ball is thrown there. In the execution of this play, the shortstop stands a few yards nearer second, and runs to that base if the ball be thrown. In attempting to intercept a runner at the home-plate, the same remarks apply to the shortstop as to the third-base man, except that, being away from the base-line, he is not obliged to throw over or by the runner, and so has a slightly better opportunity. This advantage, however, is partially compensated for by the greater distance which the ball has to travel. If the shortstop tries to throw to the home-plate to intercept a runner, he should come up sharply on the ball, taking it at the earliest possible bound, and throwing hard. Should he fumble the ball, let him instantly give up his purpose of throwing to the plate, and

field to first instead, as the chance of catching that runner is the better.

The second-base man has the shortest distances to throw of any of the in-fielders; but, on that very account, he should be able to cover more ground than any of the rest. He has more time after a hit, for the distance from the batsman to the position of the second-base man is the greatest. The player in this position should be impressed with these advantages in order that he may develop great activity in the way of covering ground. In no position is a desire to make oneself useful so important: for a sleepy shortstop or third-base man has so many balls batted directly at him that he must "play ball" whether inclined to be active or not; whereas a second-base man may stand like a post and escape being hit with the ball through the entire nine innings. A man who means to play second for all it is worth, must determine that no ball shall go by him between the pitcher and first-base man. It will, however, sometimes happen that a ball will be driven past the pitcher and nearly over the second base. The player at the latter point may reach it, but cannot handle it in time to put out the runner. This particular hit he should regard as his limit, and anything inside of that he should consider it his bounden duty

to take and field to first in time. Many amateur second-base men, otherwise excellent, take as their limit a much narrower field, and hence, while they do not make many errors, their opponents enjoy many little-deserved "safe" hits.

It is well for the second-base man occasionally to practice underhand throwing to first, as it often happens in a game that he runs so far over toward first to receive the ball that he has not time to straighten up and throw the ball overhand, although a quick underhand throw will get the ball into the first-base man's hands in time. Throwing of every conceivable fashion is on this account permissible for a second-base man, and I have seen one of the best professional players almost scoop the ball, with one motion of his hand, from the ground into the first-base man's hands.

When a runner is coming down from first, the second-base man in covering his own base should not be so eager to start over to the bag as to put it out of the question for him to handle a ball batted in his immediate vicinity; for he should bear it in mind that he cannot be of any service standing on the second base if the ball is going along the ground toward right field. When the runner from first is fairly off, and the catcher is throwing the ball to second, the base-man should endeavor to take up such a position in receiving the throw as to be just in front of the base-line and a little toward first. Here he must follow the same instructions relative to touching the runner as those given the third-base man. He must swing low and quickly, taking every advantage of the position of the runner, and making the attempt cleanly and in but one motion. There is very little use in running after a man and "jabbing" at him with the ball, for even if the runner were touched the first time, the umpire naturally judges from the base-man's repeated efforts that he must have failed in the first attempt, and so declares the runner "safe."

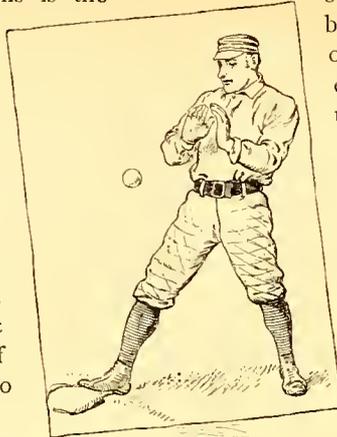
It is sometimes possible for a good combination of catcher, pitcher, and second-base man to put out a runner who takes a long lead from second toward third when the ball is pitched, or who comes back slowly or carelessly. Burdock used to do this very cleverly. He had a signal (consisting of extending his left arm out in a straight line from his body, an action not noticeable to

the runner, but very evident to the catcher) by which he instructed the catcher to perform the play on the next ball pitched. The method was as follows: The catcher, instantly upon receiving the ball, returned it with as swift a throw as the pitcher could well handle, and he in turn swung around and sent the ball at second just a little toward third. Burdock, who had started as soon as the catcher had the ball, would have reached this spot in the line, and it was a very lively undertaking for any runner who was not expecting the trick, to get back to the bag in time. This play, as executed by these men, had little in common with the ordinary attempt of amateurs to execute it—where there is enough shouting and calling to betray the plan long before the ball comes. It must, of course, be done in perfect silence, and the runner should have no warning until the ball comes flying back.

The second-base man occasionally has an opportunity of backing up first base, although the pitcher is able to do a large share of this work.

The first-base man's most regular work is catching thrown balls; but he has other duties by no means unimportant, chief among which is handling ground-hits. Like the third-base man, he stands as far from his base as he can and yet be able to stop any ball sent between him and the bag. Unlike the third-base man, however, he cannot be allowed to take everything he can get in the in-field; for, as a rule, he must not go farther from his base than to a point from which he can return to the bag in time to intercept the runner. Occasionally a ball is batted in such a manner that the play can be made to greater advantage by the pitcher's covering the base, while the base-man himself gets the ball and throws it to the pitcher. This is sufficiently unusual not to be counted on as a regular play, and a first-base man should attempt it only at a call from the pitcher. His best general rule is to "cover the base." In catching balls thrown to him, he should make a point of acquiring the habit of stepping from the base with either foot, keeping the other always on the bag. Many amateurs fall into the trick of always keeping the same foot on the base and twisting themselves about in correspondingly awkward ways. More than this, the man who plays first should never make the mis-

take of "putting the cart before the horse," by keeping his foot on the bag when to do so he must miss the ball. This is the commonest fault of all first-base men. I remember hearing Joe Start, one of the old pioncer base-ball players, who has stood on first base until his hair is white, say contemptuously of many a man playing first base, "Humph! — tied to the bag!" It is the duty of the first-base man to



POSITIONS OF THE FIRST-BASE MAN IN TAKING A LOW THROW.  
I. ON THE LONG BOUND. II. REACHING FORWARD.

catch or stop the ball *any way*. If he can do it with his foot on the base, well and good; if he cannot, then he must leave the base for the purpose. A moment's consideration of the length of time a first-base man has in which to move, while the ball is traversing the entire distance from third, or short, to his base, will give one some idea of how wild any throw (except a high one) must be, to be out of his reach, provided he dare to leave the base when necessary.

In the handling of a low throw, there is the greatest opportunity for the exercise of judgment. If a first-base man will keep one foot upon the bag and step forward with the other, bending the knee, he will see how far he can reach out with his hands into the diamond. Then if he steps backward, and notes how far behind the base he can take the ball, he will have an idea of the field of choice he has on a low throw. He should therefore always endeavor to take a

low throw either on the "pick up," or the "long bound," and avoid that most disagreeable point of a ball's progress known as a "short bound." The best of players can not be sure of taking a short bound,—there is always an element of luck in it,—while taking a pick-up, or a long bound, is far more a question of skill.

Another thing to be remembered by the first-base man in his practice, as well as in games, is to help the thrower. For example, when the ball and the runner seem about to reach the base at the same time, the base-man, by leaning forward into the diamond and toward the thrower, can gain just that almost inappreciable fraction of time that will put the runner out.

The "tied to the bag" fault is apparent sometimes in the player who seems unable to take a high ball. His trouble is usually found to lie in the fact that, while he does reach up after the ball, he feels that his foot must not leave the bag. If the ball be going too high to be reached in that way, he must jump for it. A good illustration of how a first-base man should take

a high ball, is shown in an instantaneous photograph of McBride, a well-known first-base man of Yale. The player should jump so as to alight on the bag, for, if in time, he will put out the man; but he must sacrifice *everything* to stopping the ball. In touching the runner with a ball thrown from the pitcher, the first-base man, likewise, should follow the instructions given the third-base man. All players, however, are far more proficient—owing to greater practice—in sliding back to first than to third. A first-base man must therefore be even quicker in putting the ball on the man.



FIRST-BASE MAN CATCHING A HIGH BALL.

# SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

## FOURTH PAPER.

I HAD been at Bolobo only a few months, when instructions from headquarters deprived me of my friend Liebrechts. He was directed to proceed up-river to take command of another Station. I was left in charge of Bolobo, where I remained but a few months, for the State, desirous of reducing expenses, directed me to abandon the Station.

I returned to England in the middle of June 1886. A new expedition was being fitted out for exploring work, and most of my time, during a brief holiday of ten weeks, was spent in superintending the building of a light-draught steamer, and making other preparations in connection with this new venture, wherein I had elected to serve. On September 26, 1886, I was again at the mouth of the Congo; and, a few months afterward, I was on the upper river for the purpose of visiting in a steam-launch, of which I had command, the villages on the Congo banks, and making excursions into the little-known tributaries. The boat I had contracted for in England arrived in sections; and while the various parts were being fitted together I established myself at Equator Station, several hundred miles further in the interior.

During my stay at this post, I had excellent opportunities for studying the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I found that I was in the midst of the powerful tribes of the *Ba-Nkundu*. The low-lying country round the Station was frequently flooded during the wet season, and the native settlements were built on a strip of dry land along the river bank. Just back of the huts this strip merged into a great swamp which extended for several miles inland.

I was repeatedly hearing rumors in the villages of an expected attack from a large inland tribe called *Monzolé*. As no white man had ever visited these people, I decided that I

would endeavor to make friends with them by visiting their villages, and entering into blood brotherhood with the chief, Euelu. I therefore engaged a few friendly natives to accompany me on this little expedition. Our way led us for twenty miles through swamp and quagmire. In some places the mud was several feet deep, and at these dangerous spots trees had been felled and thrown across to serve as bridges.

Upon my arrival I was received most cordially by Euelu. He seemed delighted to think that a white man had paid such a tribute to his importance as to wade through twenty miles of mud to visit him. He placed his own hut at my disposal, rationed my men, gave me goats, sheep, fowls, and eggs, and made me feel thoroughly at home. When I had removed the coating of mud which covered me from head to foot, I found time to take a good look at my redoubtable host. He had heard of my coming from some of his young hunters, who, surprised at the sight of a band of strangers crossing the swamp, had left their traps and nets and had hurried back to the village with the news.

In view of so important an event, Euelu had donned the very best costume his wardrobe contained. He wore a tall hat, on which was fastened a circular plate of beaten brass, twelve inches in diameter and covered with roughly stamped designs. He clutched a handful of spears and a cane shield; the ever-ready knife hung over his right shoulder, while from his left shoulder was suspended the capacious *bukumbé*, or sack. He was evidently a suspicious old fellow. His restless eyes were sufficient proof of that, and the persistent habit of carrying his belongings in the *bukumbé* was a further confirmation of the fact. His drinking-cup, medicines, razors, hair-pins, colored chalks, adze, monkey skins, copper rings,—all accompanied him every step he took. I asked him the reason for carrying his property in this manner,

and he told me that he had several sons who were always seeking an opportunity to lay their hands on his valuables, and it was therefore necessary for him to take them with him wherever he went.

Euelu was a short man, but of wiry build, with a determined-looking head. His face and body bore many marks of war's ravages. The questions he put to me showed him to be possessed of great intelligence; and he was much amused at my descriptions of the manners and customs in *Mputu* (the white man's country), and by some rough drawings I made with a piece of chalk on the door of his hut. My gun delighted him so much that he at once proposed that we should form a strict alliance and together wage war on the surrounding villages and reduce them to subjection.

"With such a gun as that," said he, "we could fight the whole country!" If not beloved, Euelu was certainly much feared by his neighbors. The other villages in the district were jealous of his power; but whenever they put forward a headman to contend with Euelu for leadership in the country, the native selected for that honor would receive a visit from the old chief, and would in consequence retire from the competition rather speedily.

From Euelu, whose warlike excursions had penetrated far in all directions, I learned a great deal about the land beyond. The village of Monzolé was built on a strip of dry land rising from the swamp. The government of these people was far more intelligent than any I had ever met with among the Congo natives. Here, there was always one responsible chief at the head of affairs.

Euelu visited my station several times after this little trip of mine. But early in '88 he attempted to suppress a drunken squabble which was going on in the village. Some of his enemies, taking advantage of his unarmed condition, treacherously speared him, leaving him dead in his own village. Since that time the name of Monzolé, unaided by the great reputation of Euelu, fails to create such fear among the neighboring tribes.

Near the village of Euelu was an encampment of roving hunters, known as *Barumbe*. These seemed a very peaceful tribe, and wished

to live at peace with their neighbors. They employed their time in hunting the small game in the forests with bow and arrow, while pitfalls and other traps set for big game showed that the larger animals also were objects of their efforts. They were not cannibals, nor, greatly to their credit, did they indulge in human sacrifices. They were keen sportsmen and useful trackers, being able to discern, by a careful scrutiny of the trail, the exact time the animals had passed through the swamps. They had never seen a white man, and I had great difficulty in getting my tracker to go ahead, as he preferred to walk behind me in order to indulge his curiosity by having a good look at me.

The natives around my Station were a light-hearted, friendly people, and it required but a little tact and patience to preserve at all times friendly relations with them. I always engaged a few of the villagers to work on the Station, and found among them some men of sterling worth and admirable character. One youth, named Bienelo, was an exceptionally fine fellow, brave in war and in the chase, and thoroughly trustworthy and devoted. He remained with me the whole of my last three years in Africa, and served me well. He was a slave, having been caught when quite a baby by some raiders; but his determined and fearless character soon raised him from the abject condition of the majority of slaves; and the support and encouragement which I was bound to extend to him gave him a good position in this village. He was my head man, ashore and afloat. Whether with me on the track of a tusker, or exposed to the arrows of the fierce *Ruki*, or laboring through the swampy bog in search of fuel for the steamer, he always remained the same devoted servant. He was a perfect example of what can be made of the African savage when properly handled. With an army of such men, under resolute officers, the Arab slave-raiders and their *Manyema* banditti would before long be driven from their present man-hunting ground, and, if necessary, could be utterly destroyed.

I was enabled to indulge my love of hunting while at Equator Station, as herds of hippopotami could usually be found within a few hours' journey. Occasionally, too, elephants would make their way down to the river, when

a long dry season dried up their inland drinking-pools.

Herd of elephants are to be found, with very few exceptions, throughout the whole territory of the Congo Free State. I suppose at the present time they are to be found there in greater numbers than in any other part of the world. In the deadly swamps and impenetrable forests of Central Africa, they are secure for many years

great animals. They seem to know that the natives have no very powerful weapons of defense, and it is really extraordinary how fearlessly they take possession of a village. The natives naturally are very anxious that a white man should come to shoot these persecutors; and, when a herd appears in a district, news is always brought in to the nearest camp or Station. If the white man is a hunter, and decides to fol-



"WHEN YOU HAVE FIRED YOUR FIRST SHOT, YOU MUST BE WARY." (PAGE 762.)

to come. In South Africa, and other parts where they have been almost exterminated, there is no deadly climate to protect them from the pursuit of the hunters of big game.

An elephant-hunt, although very exciting, is attended by great hardship and risk to life. These animals are not, as a rule, found in open places. They prefer the forest, and seek the shelter of the thick tropical foliage. They are to be found in families of two and three, and in herds of two and three hundred. Some districts are rendered quite uninhabitable to the natives by the depredations the elephants commit on the plantations, and by the very dangerous nature of the midnight maraudings of these

low up the elephants, he takes with him one or two natives of his own training, or men known to be trustworthy, and then, accompanied by the native who has seen the elephants and brought the news, they proceed to follow up the tracks. If it is about the middle of the day, the party will not have much difficulty in coming up to the game, as from about eleven o'clock till about three o'clock the elephants rest. On the other hand, if the time is early morning or evening, it may mean a tramp of many miles before finding the herd.

But, even when you have reached a herd, you have still serious obstacles in your path, as, more often than not, a herd—say, of fifty—will be

scattered over a patch of two or three acres. You have to move about around the outskirts of this resting-place, and find out their positions, and to see which are, and which are not, "tuskers." You must then watch and note in what direction the animals are making, always taking care, of course, to have the wind in your favor—that is, blowing from them to you. It happens sometimes, too, that they are almost completely sheltered by the luxuriant growth of the tropical underbrush. You have to allow for this, and be ready to fire your shot when a little more open ground is reached, and you are able to distinguish some vital spot. It is not at all unusual for an elephant-hunter to be within thirty or forty yards of a herd of elephants for five or six hours without an opportunity to fire a shot. Of course you could hit one; but unless an elephant is struck in some vital part, to wound him is simply downright cruelty. The best places at which to aim are: in the forehead, four inches above the line of the eyes; and between the eye and the ear, four inches above a line drawn between those two points. Another very good place is just behind the ear. Some prefer to shoot at the heart, but to aim at the head is safer, I think.

When you have fired your first shot, you must be wary, as it is likely that you may find elephants on all sides of you. Upon their being startled by the report of your gun, they all close together, preparatory to making their escape, so that you have to be very careful to avoid being trampled under foot. It requires a man of cool temperament and strong and steady nerves to carry on successfully an elephant hunt.

The noise made by a herd of elephants is simply indescribable. Every animal seems to wish to outdo the others in the shrillness of its screeching and trumpeting. This, combined with the crashing down of trees as they plow their way through the matted undergrowth of the forest, once heard, will never be forgotten. An angry elephant will very often charge at the hunter, especially if the animal is a female protecting a young one, so that a hunter seldom fires unless he is close enough to be sure of his aim.

A native from a neighboring village arrived one day at my Station excited and breathless.

He informed me in short gasps that he had seen a large herd of elephants quietly feeding in a forest swamp a few miles away. He volunteered to lead me up to these animals, so I took my rifle, and, accompanied by Bienelo with a spare Martini, I followed our guide to the woods. We had not gone far before we heard the breaking down of branches and the peculiar champing noise which these animals make in their throats when resting. There were certainly a hundred of the great creatures. We crept close up to them, but they were in the midst of a thick undergrowth, and we could discern their whereabouts only by an occasional glimpse of their great bodies through the foliage or the raising of a trunk as one snapped off some young sapling; but, all around us, the rustling among the big leaves and the waving of the slender shrubs denoted the presence of the elephants.

I had approached within a few yards of one several times, but the dense thicket prevented me from clearly distinguishing my game. At last, however, from a patch of tangled bush and creepers, a large elephant came striding along right in my path. I fired, and fortunately dropped the beast on her knees; and then, upon another shot from my Martini, she rolled over on her side, dead. I had been uncomfortably close to this big animal, and after she had fallen she lay just seven yards from where I stood when I fired. Had I not succeeded in bringing her down at the first shot, I am afraid she would have taken such steps as would have been exceedingly unpleasant for me.

A herd of elephants in full stampede create a deafening uproar, as, angrily trumpeting their alarm, they break through the tangled thicket in their retreat.

Elephants live to a very great age, and so accustomed do the natives become to certain ones that they know each by a special name. Sometimes the title is bestowed on account of some well-known incident of the animal's life, and sometimes the elephant is named after a deceased chief. These old fellows are generally bull elephants, and, more often than not, tuskers, who prefer leading a solitary life to joining a herd. I remember one wily old fellow often mentioned among the natives by the name Miongo Moco ("one tusk"), so called from his having only one



"THE WHOLE HERD STAMPEDED THROUGH THE SHALLOW WATER."

tusk. I never saw him, although I have been on his track. It seemed strange to hear these people say, in speaking among themselves after this elephant had visited their plantations, "Miongo Moco paid another visit last night," and then proceed to recount the damage done by him and to abuse him in their quiet way, just as if he were a human being.

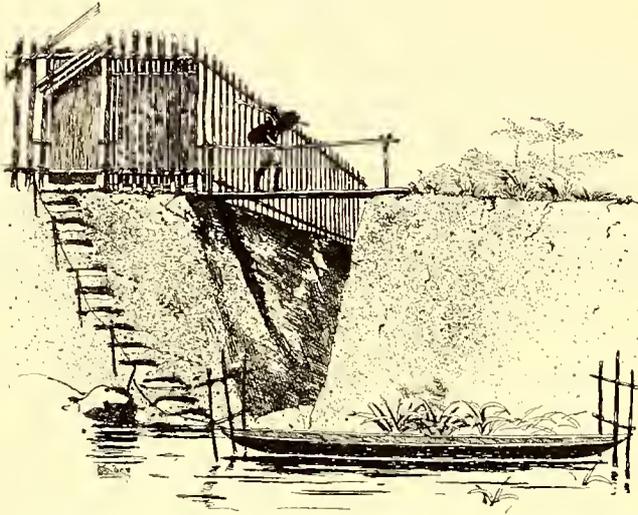
On one trip up the Malinga, my sentry on the boat awoke me and whispered, "Njoku, njoku" ("Elephants, elephants.") Hurriedly dressing, I got out and saw, about fifty yards from the bow of my boat, a small herd of elephants. It was not

yet morning. I could hear their blowing and could dimly perceive their great heads above water, but it was really too dark to shoot with any chance of success. We determined to try, however; so Thompson, the engineer, and myself got into the canoe with our crew, and pushed off toward the animals. They were in shallow water, and as we neared them they became confused and huddled, and jostled each other until one old bull, furiously trumpeting, led the way to the shore. The whole herd stampeded through the shallow water, splashing up the water all around. We lost sight of the black mass as



NATIVES ATTACKING A SLEEPING HIPPOPOTAMUS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

they reached the bank and made off into the woods, where we heard them breaking through the forest in their retreat. We followed them for several miles, but did not come up to them.



“NEARLY EVERY VILLAGE IS SURROUNDED BY A HEAVY STOCKADE OF SHARPENED POSTS.”

If they had arrived half an hour later, it would have been light enough to have seen the bead of the rifle; as it was, although we were within fifteen feet of them, we could see only the black mass of the bodies.

During a two months' voyage which I made on the Oubangi River, I had much experience in dealing with some of the wildest natives in the Congo Basin. The Oubangi has four hundred miles of navigable water before the Rapids are reached. On the lower reaches of the river the Balui, a section of the Bangala tribe, have settled. These people, besides being keen traders, are skillful hunters. They trap the elephant in the forests, and on foot pluckily hunt with spears the buffalo in the plains; nor is the hippopotamus in the river safe from their deadly weapons. They attack him while he sleeps on a sand bank, hurling a heavy spear, to the handle of which a float is attached by a cord, so that if they succeed in only wounding him, his whereabouts may be known by the float.

I ascended this river in the smaller boat, the “New York,” and was accompanied by only fifteen men. Our small numerical strength was taken advantage of by the savages. They tried in every way to impose on me. These Balui

are a most murderous and piratical race, and to their other evil distinctions is added that of cannibalism. They are constantly lying in wait, concealed in their canoes amidst grass and bush, near to some of their neighbors' fishing grounds; and upon the arrival of a small party of fishermen, they will steal out from their hiding-places, give chase, spear the fishermen, and devour the bodies of those who fall in the fray.

Generally speaking, the land through which the Oubangi flows is swampy, and the banks of the river are clothed with densest tropical vegetation,—huge trees, among which lovely creepers trail from branch to branch. Various orchids of

brilliant colors, far overhead, also cling to the branches of the trees, and animals of all kinds roam through the woods.

The Balui have not penetrated far up the river. A hundred miles from the mouth one meets another tribe, speaking an entirely different language, but with habits and tastes as horrible as those of the Balui. These tribes are most confirmed cannibals and freely advertise that fact, exhibiting the bones of their victims. The members of these tribes are constantly at war with one another; each village seems only too anxious to pounce down upon some other. This state of things has maintained a perpetual state of alarm; nearly every village is surrounded by a heavy stockade of sharpened posts, strapped to which are bundles of wooden spears, ready to the hand of the warrior in case of a sudden attack. One is constantly passing patches of cleared ground, which show the charred stumps and general débris of destroyed villages. These, I learned, were once populous villages, that had been destroyed through the avarice and ferocity of their neighbors.

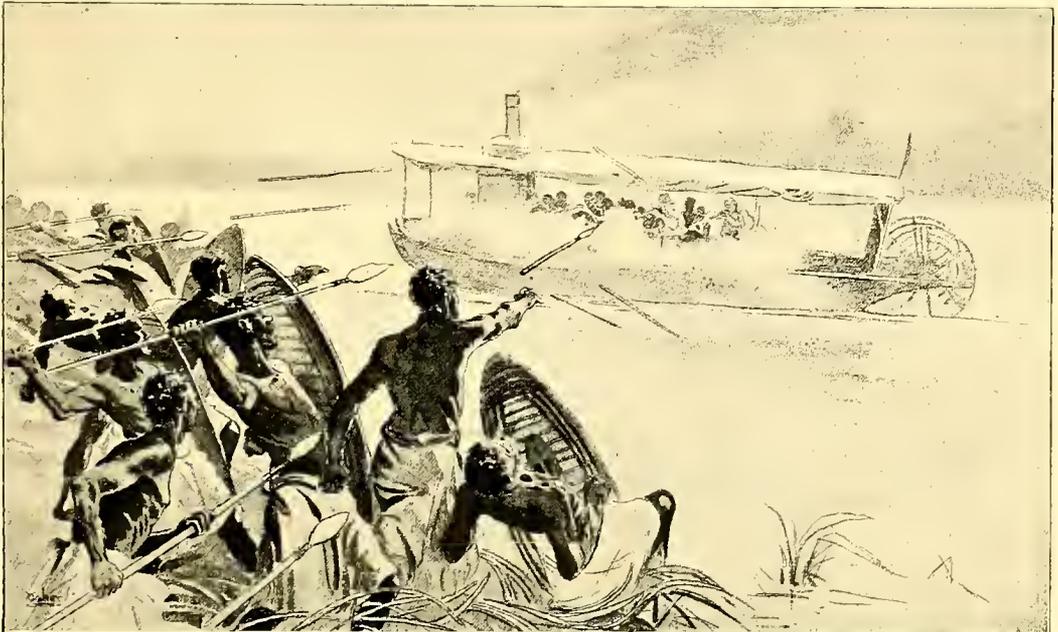
At one place I saw a canoe on its way to war. It was a huge dugout with large platforms fore and aft, and was manned by thirty-five fine young warriors, who for symmetry of

limb and general physique would compare favorably with any band of fighters in the world. In the center, seated on a chair, was the old chief himself, who leaned gracefully, with his arms folded, over his shield. In the bow was a young fellow beating a war-drum. On the platform at the back were two men with war-drums and two men acting as steersmen. In the body of the canoe were the warrior paddlers. Every man had on the usual leather breastplate of tanned buffalo-skin, colored in fantastic patterns with yellow and white chalk. They wore also caps of various colored feathers and skins. The shields and spears were arranged along the sides of the canoe so that, at a moment's notice, every man could be armed.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the bright metal of the knives and spears flashed with every movement, while the wild surrounding scenery completed a striking and impressive picture. These people are fierce, warlike, and aggressive. I had only fifteen of the Ba-Nkundu men with me, and it required all my stock of patience to put up with our pursuers' arrogant behavior. They would surround me in their canoes, and tantalize me by throwing corn-cobs, pieces of wood, and stones; and it was

with the greatest difficulty that I was able to prevent them from smashing the machinery of the steamer, as time after time they chased my boat and tried to drive the prows of their canoes into the wheel. These attacks I repelled by placing some of the crew at the end of my own canoe to guard our wheel with long sticks.

I make it my policy to use the rifle upon the natives only as a last resort, when patience and diplomacy have failed. To my peaceful overtures, these savages only yelled, and informed me that they would eat me and all my crew! I signed to them that it was very possible I might dispute that. Upon my showing them a rifle, they laughed, jeered at me, and said, "The spear is the weapon to kill. The gun won't kill!" They followed me up-river until we came abreast of another long stretch of villages. Here the natives did not confine themselves to verbal insults, and I was compelled to fight them. As I passed close in-shore, steaming slowly past their villages, an ominous sullenness was noticeable on the features of all the men who were sitting crouched along the bank with their eyes fixed on me, and their weapons lying ready just in front of them. At a given signal they all rose and hurled their spears.



THE FIGHT WITH THE CANNIBALS.

One of these stuck into the sun-deck of my boat, just escaping my head by about four inches.

This actual attack I was bound to punish. I put the nose of my boat in-shore and steamed ahead. The enemy huddled together to resist, but we poured such a withering fire into them that they began to throw their spears at random and soon broke and fled for shelter behind the huts and trees.

I was determined to give them a lesson that they would remember—a lesson that would cause them to think twice before they again attacked a white man. I routed them out of their own village; then they made a slight stand behind their palisade, from which we cleared them, and scattered them in full retreat before us. I completed the punishment by burning the houses and capturing their live stock, and camped on an island opposite for the night, keeping a careful watch till the morning. Then I again steamed up-river.

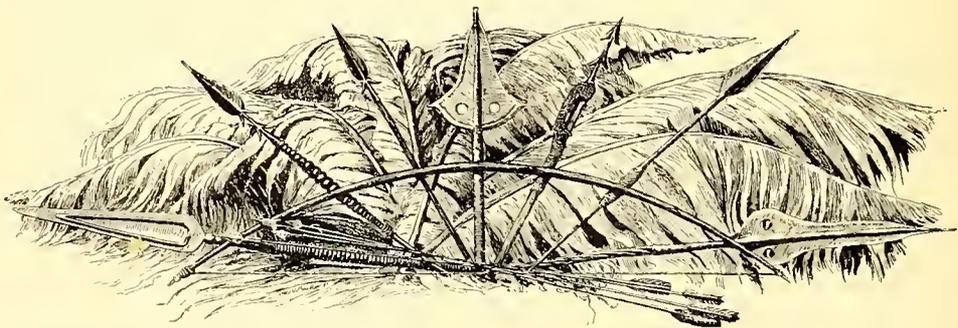
It was surprising how such a lesson improved these people. I came back to the same village twelve days afterward, and although they were dreadfully scared, I succeeded in pacifying them, and, indeed, in making friends with them. They admitted that they had been in the wrong; they thought that I, with so small a party, could be easily overcome, and so had commenced the attack. They paid dearly for their mistake of judgment.

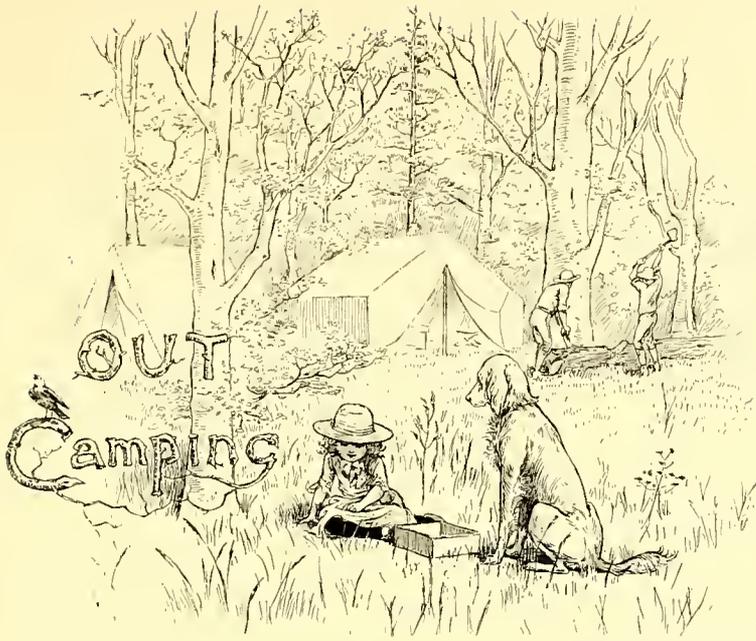
These natives, unlike those of Lukolela, do not plait the hair, but prefer to shave it, and then wait until the head is covered with

three or four days' growth, from which they shave away some of the hair and leave the remainder in half-moon squares and other designs. When their design grows too long, they shave all off again and start afresh. Their faces are rendered exceedingly repulsive by their custom of cutting off the two upper front teeth close to the gum.

The news of my little fight spread far and wide. The speed of my boat greatly increased the awe which the natives felt for us; and at no other village above did the natives dare to receive us with hostility, nor did we again become the recipients of their spare stock of corn-cobs, old roots, and so on.

But, upon coming down-stream, near the mouth of the river, I one night shot a hippo. Next morning, on proceeding to the place where I had left it the night before, I found it surrounded by a crowd of Balui. They jumped into their canoes at my approach and paddled off with all their might, but I followed them, because they had taken all the meat. When they arrived at their homes they jumped ashore and bolted into the bush with the meat. Upon my arrival at the village I found all the huts deserted. A careful inspection proved that the village was inhabited by fishermen, and the quantity of dried fish in the village certainly pointed to the fact that the season had been a very good one. Exchange being no robbery, as they had stolen my hippo, I helped myself to their fish, and as my own men had been having rather too much hippo meat for some time past, the change of diet was welcome to them.





## MARJORIE AND HER PAPA.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT H. FLETCHER.

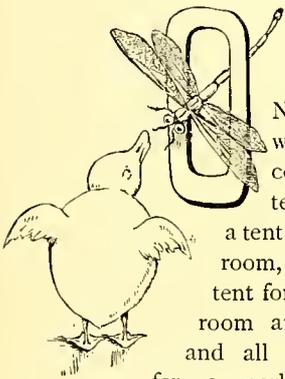
### CHAPTER IX.

#### WE GO CAMPING.

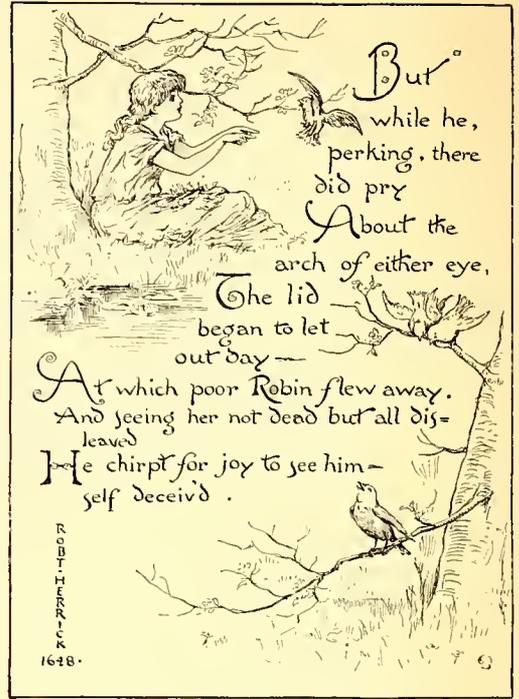
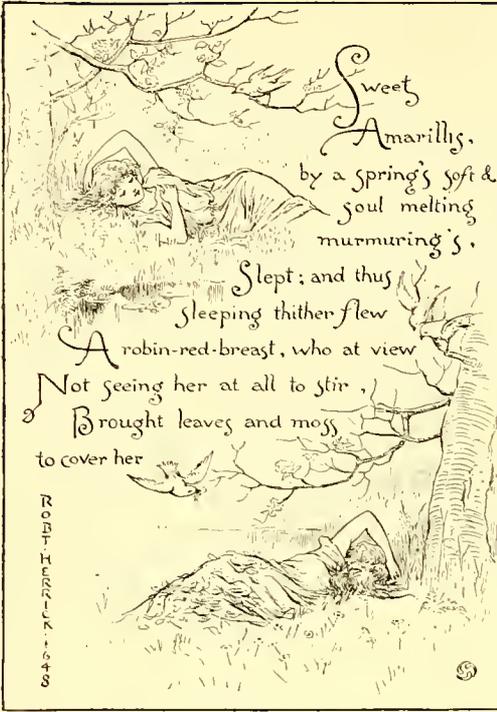
ON the day Marjorie got well, we all went to the country and lived in a tent. That is, we had a tent for the bedroom, and another tent for the dining-room and kitchen, and all out-of-doors for a parlor. When we had dinner, Marjorie could spill the milk all over the grass if she wanted to; and that was fun. And she slept in a hammock, instead of a bed; and that was fun. And one day she almost saw a snake, so she said. Then the birds would come, in the early morning, and sing to us until we got up. Marjorie's mamma said that it would be very funny if the robin-redbreasts should come into the tent some morning before we woke

and, seeing us lying there, should cover us with leaves, as they did the "Babes in the Woods."

"That did happen once," said I, "a long time ago. The robins found a little girl, named



Amaryllis, asleep by a spring, and they thought she was dead, and covered her up with leaves."



“Then could n't she get up?” said Marjorie.

“Oh, yes,” I said. “When she woke up, she laughed at the robins. A friend of the birds, named Robert Herrick, heard about it afterward; I don't know whether it was the robins who told him, or whether it was the little girl. At all events, he put it all in a book. I will tell you about it to-night, if you like.”

So that night, while Marjorie rocked herself in the hammock, I told her Robert Herrick's story of Amaryllis and the robins. And she liked it so well that she said it must go into our book, too.

“And, Jack,” said she, “we must make some pictures for it.”

“Sweet Amaryllis, by a spring's  
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,  
Slept; and thus sleeping thither flew  
A robin-redbreast, who at view  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.

“But while he, perking, there did prye,  
About the arch of either eye;  
The lid began to let out day—  
At which poor Robin flew away.  
And seeing her not dead but all disleaved  
He chirpt for joy to see himself deceiv'd.”

CHAPTER X.

THE SERENADE.

WHEN we became tired of living in a tent, we went back to the city. We were all glad to get home. Marjorie was so glad that, when her mamma put her to bed in her own little crib that night, she could not go to sleep, but wanted to sing.



So then I said that we would have a little concert to celebrate our coming home, and we would put that in to end The Book.



And this is what we sang :

A SERENADE.—*To my little girl.*

Good-night, Sweetheart,  
The sun has gone to rest ;  
The evening star, the night-lamp of  
the world,  
Burns dimly in the west ;  
Tired day has closed its eyelids  
On the blueness of its skies ;  
Do thou, Sweetheart, close thy lids  
On the blueness of thy eyes.

The little birdies' heads have sought  
their wings ;  
Each little flower has closed its  
petals bright ;  
Do thou, Sweetheart, let thy dear  
head,  
With all its little rings of golden hair,  
Sink down upon thy pillow white,  
Whilst low I whisper in thy ear,  
Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night.

THE END.



## A MEMORABLE DAY.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

THE trouble came just with the end of the racket,  
One Fourth of July, as you 'll presently  
learn.  
'T was not a lopped finger, nor torn nor spoiled  
jacket,  
I escaped from all harm—save a very slight  
burn.

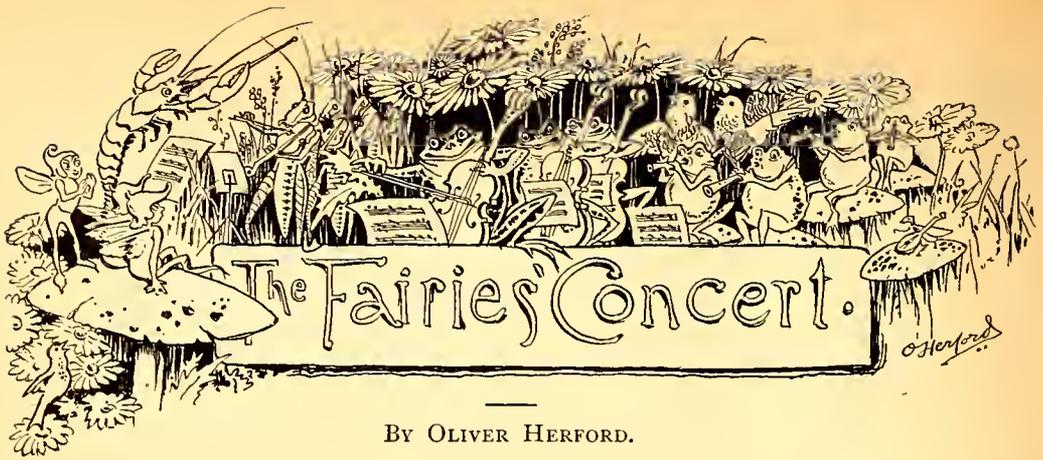
But Papa had provided a new silken banner,  
Which swayed in the evening breeze, far out  
of reach,  
And our guests were discoursing in happiest  
manner,  
When, lo ! some one called upon me for a  
speech.

Oh, never did heart beat to time that was  
faster  
Than mine, as I stood there, not daring to flee !  
For I would far rather have faced grave disaster  
Than make an oration quite *extempore*.

How should I begin ? — with my hands in my  
pockets  
My thoughts seemed to take a precipitous  
flight ;  
I but knew that above me the arrowy rockets  
Left beautiful arches of jewel-like light.

The words "*Fellow-citizens*" loomed up sug-  
gestive,  
And somehow I managed the form to repeat ;  
And then from sheer fright at my voice I grew  
restive,  
And felt I must suffer the shame of defeat.

At last in the kitchen, I heard ice a-shaking,  
And instantly roused from discomfiture's  
dream,  
To say, 'midst applause,—for the motion proved  
taking —  
"I move that the speeches come after the  
cream."



BY OLIVER HERFORD.

IN a fairy forest, known  
 To the fairy-folk alone,  
 Where the grasses meet and spread  
 Like a green roof overhead,  
 Where the dandelion-tree  
 Towers tall as tall can be,  
 And the ferns lift up their high  
 Fairy ladders to the sky,  
 For the elves to climb upon —  
 Here are merry goings-on.

From the forest far and near  
 All the fairy-folk are here,  
 For to-day there is to be  
 Music 'neath the daisy-tree.  
 And the creatures of the wood,  
 One and all, have been so good  
 And obliging as to say,  
 They will gladly come and play  
 For the elves a serenade,  
 In the fairy forest glade.

All the little birds have come;  
 And the bumblebees that hum;  
 And the gnats that twang the lute;  
 And the frogs that play the flute;  
 And the kind of frog whose toots  
 Seem to come from out his boots;  
 And the great big green and yellow  
 Frog that plays upon the 'cello;  
 And the katydid, in green,  
 Who is oftener heard than seen;  
 With the little ladybird  
 Who is oftener seen than heard;  
 And the cricket, never still  
 With his lively legs and trill.



And, in short, each forest thing  
That can hum, or buzz, or sing,  
Each and all have come to play  
For the little elves to-day.

Now the crawfish takes the stand  
To conduct the fairy band.  
First there is a moment's pause,  
Then the leader lifts his claws,  
Waves his wand, and — one — two — three!  
All at once, from gnat and bee,  
Frog, and katydid, and bird  
Such a melody is heard  
That the elves and fairies wee,  
Clapping little hands with glee,  
Make their mushroom seat to sway  
In a very risky way.  
And the creatures in delight

Play away with all their might,  
Feeling very justly proud  
That the elves applaud so loud.

Now the sun is getting low,  
And the elves to bed must go  
Ere the sleepy flowers close  
In whose petals they repose;  
For if they were late they might  
Have to stay outside all night.  
So the last good-byes are said,  
Every one goes home to bed;  
And the creatures as they fly  
Play a fairy lullaby,  
Growing faint and fainter still,  
Fainter and more faint, until  
All is silent — and the shade  
Creeps upon the fairy glade.



THEIR LITTLE MAJESTIES.

# HOW TO SAIL A BOAT.

By F. W. PANGBORN,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

EVERY boy who spends his vacation at the water-side wishes to sail a boat; and nearly every boy who has been permitted to help some older yachtsman in the navigation of his craft, thinks that he knows all about it. But put him aboard a sail-boat alone, and the chances are many that he will come back (if he is not brought back) a sadder and wiser "man" than he was when he set forth, and with his bump of self-conceit reduced to such a degree that one can scarcely discern the ghost of it. Of course, a boy *can* learn to sail a boat without assistance, but this is a method which is very dangerous to life, and not to be recommended. It is better that one should know a little of the things necessary to the acquirement of a good understanding of the subject, before he jumps into his yacht with an "up sail and away," than to begin with an experiment which is almost certain to end in disaster. The boy who desires to be a yachtsman should wish to be an able yachtsman — one who will not have cause to blush with mortification at some bungling manœuver which he has made in the presence of his friends, or to regret all his life that he has been an agent of death to some loved companion. Therefore, boys, I say, learn to sail a boat intelligently, to be a competent commander, and to be at all times ready for emergencies when they come. With this object in view, then, let us proceed to board our boat, and, as the sailors say, "see what she 'll do."

Now, to begin with, I will assume that you know how to use a row-boat. A boy who can not skillfully handle a pair of oars should not attempt to manage a sail-boat. One must learn to swim and to row before he graduates into the ranks of the yachtsmen. I will also assume that you are interested in yachts, and have examined them enough to know their general appearance and their chief characteristics; that you know a mast from a boom, and the difference between a rudder and an anchor in short, that you are al-

ready enthusiastic over a sail-boat, for a water-loving boy generally picks up the names of the parts of a boat long before he learns to sail. Let us also confine our study to boats of one kind, for the management of large yachts is not pertinent to our purpose. We will, then, take for our experiments a cat-boat. The cat-boat is used more than any other kind of yacht in American waters, and it is in such a boat that you will probably have to take your yachting lessons, because nearly all rented boats, and nine-tenths of all other small yachts, are "cats."

The cat-boat has but one sail. This is set on a mast, and stretched out upon a boom and a gaff, as you know. There are three ropes in the rig of such a boat, two to hoist the sail and one to "trim it," that is, to fasten it where you want it. The hoisting-ropes are called "halyards," the one which lifts that part of the sail next the mast being the throat-halyard, the other, which lifts the end of the gaff, being named the peak-halyard. The third rope is the mainsheet, and by means of this you "work" your boat. The yacht should also have a topping-lift, which is a rope fastened to the boom, run through a pulley in the masthead, and thence to the deck. It is to lift the boom when the sail is lowered, or when emergency requires. The rig, as you will see, is simple; yet you will find the catboat one of the liveliest contrivances that you ever tried to ride. A bicycle and a skittish horse are tame in comparison.

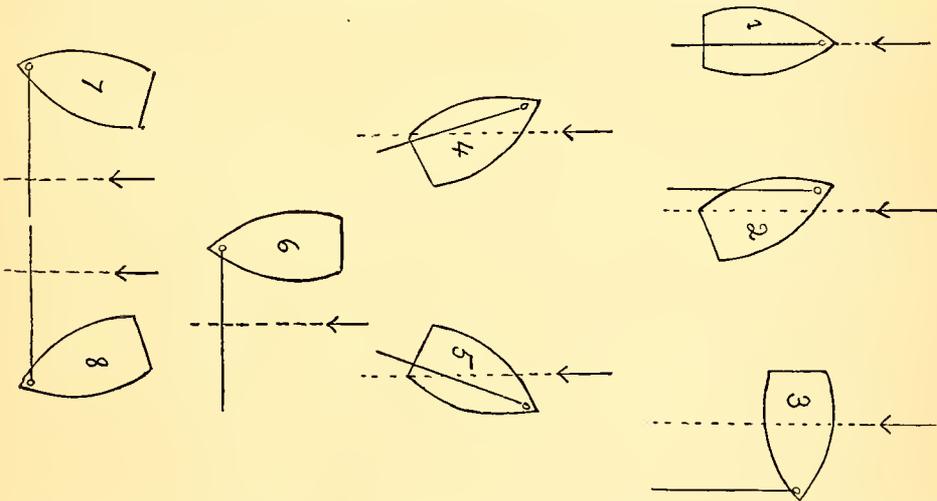
A boat, in sailing, never goes in but one direction — forward. Sailing vessels are not designed to move backward. Remember this. An old waterman once gave me a piece of advice which I have never forgotten. "My lad," said he, "when you 're sailin' a boat, always do one o' two things: keep 'er a-goin', or down with your sail." There is good sense in that, for nearly all the upsets that occur are caused by not "keepin' 'er a-goin'," or by leaving the sail standing when it should be down. You see, a

boat under way is manageable, while a boat at rest upon the water is not. If your boat does not go, you can not steer her; and if you can not steer a boat, she will capsize if struck by a squall. Therefore, make it a point to always keep your sail full, in order that your boat may be under your control.

To sail a boat, you should understand that her canvas must receive the pressure of the wind either at an angle or directly from behind, and that, except when sailing with the wind "dead aft," your boat's bow must point farther away from the wind than does her sail. A boat can not sail if the wind blows directly at her bow or upon the edge of her canvas. You can sail a vessel close to the wind, but never directly against it.

The following diagrams will explain this to you: 1, 2, and 3 are positions in which a boat will not sail, because the wind can not

Now, let us suppose that you have your yacht, and are ready to try her. You have hoisted your sail, coiled the halyards neatly on both sides and the mainsheet upon the floor in the stern, dropped the center-board (if the boat has one), and cast off the "painter," or rope which fastened her. You wish to lay your course to windward, the land being on your left. So trim in the mainsheet and guide the boat with the rudder, until she points close to the wind (see Fig. 5), and let her go. You will at once perceive that she tries to "luff," that is, she wants to turn her nose into the wind, as in Fig. 1. (This is because the pressure on the after-part of the sail drives the boat's stern around, and is what is known as "carrying a weather helm." Therein lies your safety, for it is thus that a sail-boat rights herself if struck by a squall.) To counteract this, hold the rudder over a little until the actions of sail and



exert any force upon the canvas; 4 and 5 show a boat upon two tacks, one to the left, "port," called the starboard tack, because the wind strikes on the starboard side; the other to the right, "starboard," and called the port tack; 6, 7, and 8 show a boat going with the wind behind, the position in 6 being dangerous, because the wind may throw the sail over to the other side, if you steer carelessly, causing what is known as a "jibe," a perilous event at all times, and, as a rule, one to be avoided whenever possible.

rudder neutralize each other, and the yacht will keep a straight course. How she bowls along! What a sense of buoyancy and life there seems to be in her, and how pleasant is the "feel" of the whole fabric as you guide it by the tiller in your hand! Steady there! Aha! You got a "knock down," and had the breeze been stronger it would have been a capsize. Let me show you. When a little squall comes at you, as that one did, be ready for it. You can see it ruffling the water before it strikes, and, as soon as it reaches you, turn your boat gently

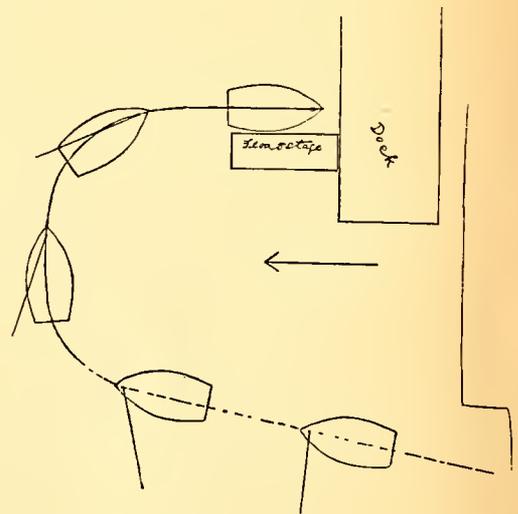
toward the wind, not too much nor too quickly; and if it is very severe let her point directly at the wind for a moment, until the gust shall have passed. But take care not to let your boat lose her headway, for then she will be helpless when the next squall strikes. If a squall is very sudden and severe, you must cast off your mainsheet, letting the sail flap in the wind, in order to save yourself from an upset. But trim it in so soon as the squall shall have passed. There! you are all right again now, and flying along in fine style.

But you have gone as far as you need on the port tack, and wish to "go about," that is, to sail up the wind on the other tack. So give your yacht a good headway by steering her a little to the right. This is called "keeping her rap-full." Now steer to the left, firmly and quickly, and the yacht will at once turn into the wind and away from it in the direction shown in Fig. 4, the sail will fill and swing to the other side, and off you go once more. This is called tacking, and you must sometimes do considerable of it, particularly if you are sailing in a narrow channel.

It is now time to go home, and you must prepare for a run before the wind. So ease off the mainsheet, turning your yacht at the same time to the left, until the sail is in the position shown in Fig. 6, and the breeze is dead astern. Take up the center-board. Oh, how she goes now! She seems literally to be running away with you, and to be trying a race with the waves which are following behind. Be careful now, and look lively. Zip! Boom! Crack! What 's the matter? Oh, yes; you 've let her jibe, and may be thankful that you have not overturned the yacht or carried away her mast. You see, in sailing before the wind, if you steer a trifle away toward the side on which you are carrying sail, or if the wind itself shifts a little, that the wind will catch the canvas in front and hurl the sail to the other side of the boat. A jibe should never be a matter of accident. A sailor who lets a vessel jibe stands a good chance of getting the "rope's end" from his officer, and a yachtsman who does it deserves to be laughed at for being a lubber. The best way to sail before the wind is to keep a little bit off the straight course, as in Figs. 7 and 8. Some-

times, however, you must jibe, in order to put the sail over to the other side of the boat. To do this properly requires experience and care. First, steer your boat toward the wind, and as you do so trim in the mainsheet as quickly as possible, keeping a firm hold. When the wind throws the sail over, let it go gently and steer the boat back to her course. Then let the sheet run, and go on as you did before.

Well, you are now on the home-stretch, running free with the sail on the port side, and wish to land. To do this, sail down near the dock, keeping well clear of it, and run past it, giving yourself plenty of sea-room. Then drop the center-board, round up your boat, trim in the sheet, and, by means of a long, swinging sweep, bring the vessel's head to the wind, as she nears the landing-place. This is a manœuvre that requires much practice, and you can experiment at it when out in open water until you are perfect. It is quite a feat to land a sail-boat neatly, and if you do not do it deftly and in good style everybody on shore will laugh at you. Remember this: you can never land a

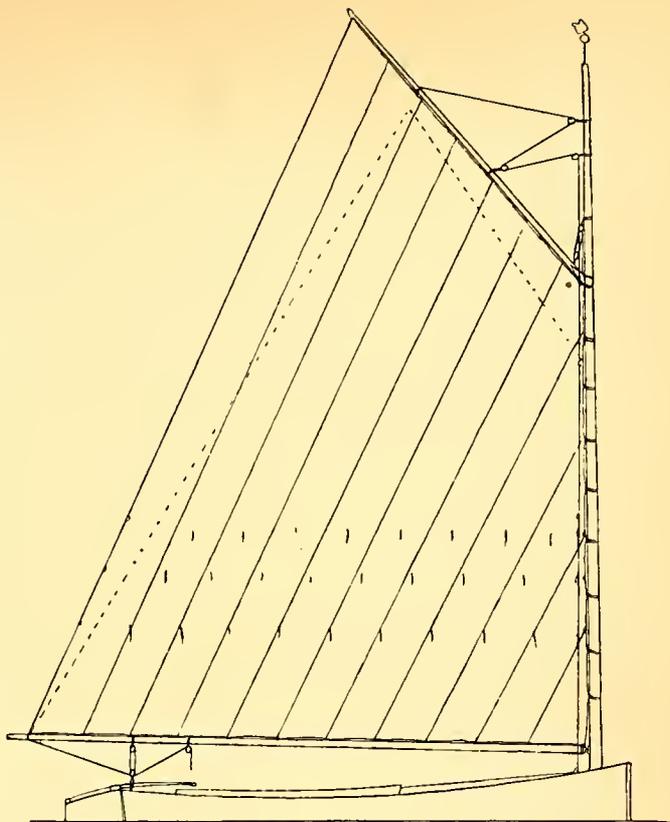


MAKING A LANDING.

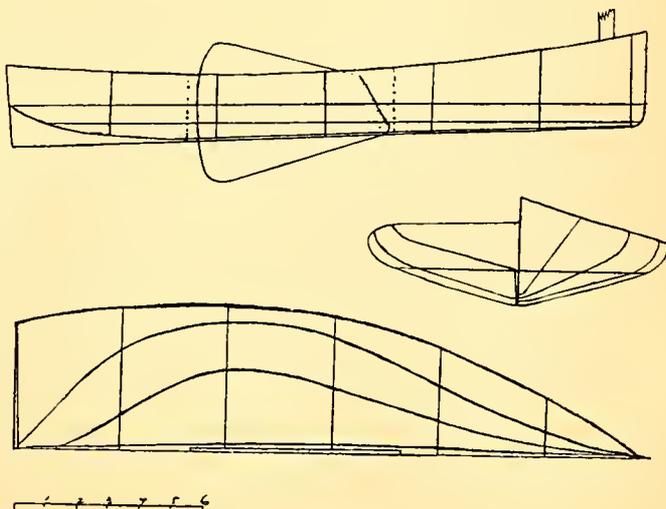
yacht head-on before the wind. To drive a boat before the wind against a dock is almost sure to wreck her. If there is no landing to windward, you must anchor or go elsewhere for a mooring. Never try to land a sail-boat upon a "lee-shore." Many a nice little yacht

has been wrecked by greenhorns who have tried that experiment.

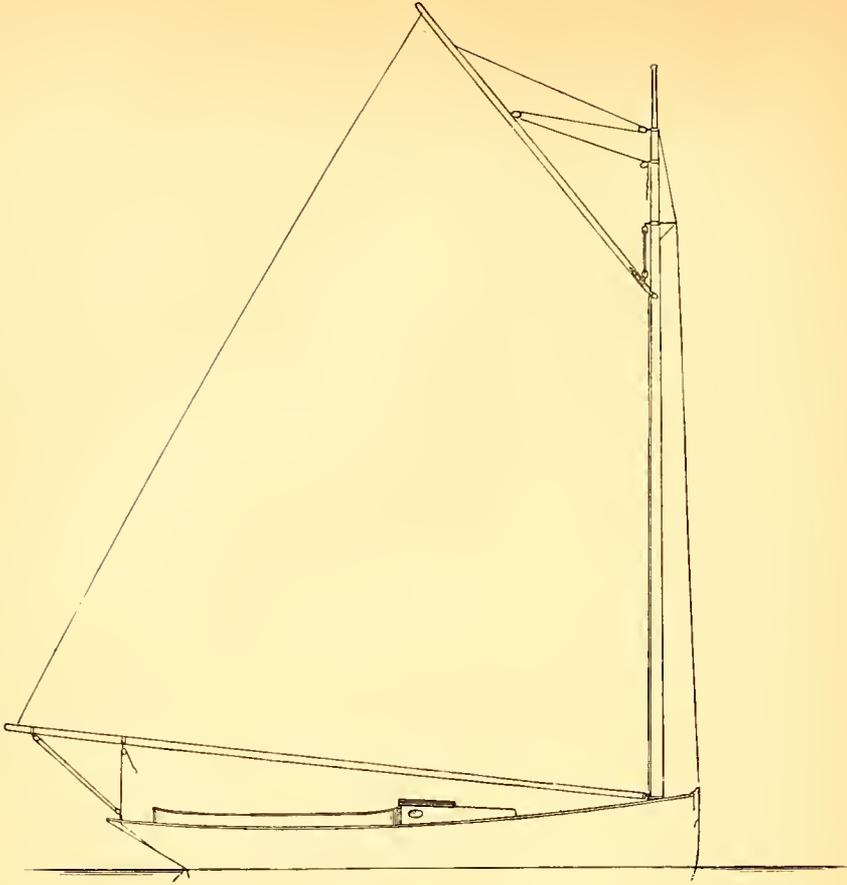
You have had an agreeable fair-weather sail. But suppose the weather is a little stormy, or the breeze fickle and squally. Then you must sail under reefs. You have noticed those rows of little cords sewed to the sail at intervals parallel with the boom. Those are the reef-points, and are used to tie the sail down when it is necessary to reduce canvas. Never fasten them around the boom; that's a land-lubber's way, and provokes mirth among sailors and yachtsmen; but tie them under the lower edge of the sail. You will also perceive a rope fastened at the outer edge of the sail and leading through the end of the boom. This is to "outhaul," or stretch, the sail, and is the reef-pennant. Now then, to reef your boat for a hard blow, first set the sail at the proper height, tie the reef-points as directed, outhauling the sail with the reef-pennant, and then set up the halyards. The easiest way to reef a boat is when at anchor or fast to a mooring; but you will often have to put in a reef under less favorable circumstances. In that case, slack down the peak-halyard and lower the throat-halyard until the sail is where you want it; then reef as before, and be lively about it, too, or you may get into trouble. Reefing a small yacht in squally weather is dangerous at all times, and a man alone in a boat finds it all that he can do. Make it a point to know how to take a reef before you venture out far upon the water; for the task of reefing requires both a practiced hand and a steady nerve.



SHOAL-WATER CAT-BOAT.



WORKING PLANS FOR SHOAL-WATER CAT-BOAT. (SEE PAGE 777.)



KEEL CAT-BOAT FOR BOYS. DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY EDWARD BURGESS,—DESIGNER OF "THE PURITAN,"  
"THE MAYFLOWER," "THE VOLUNTEER," ETC.

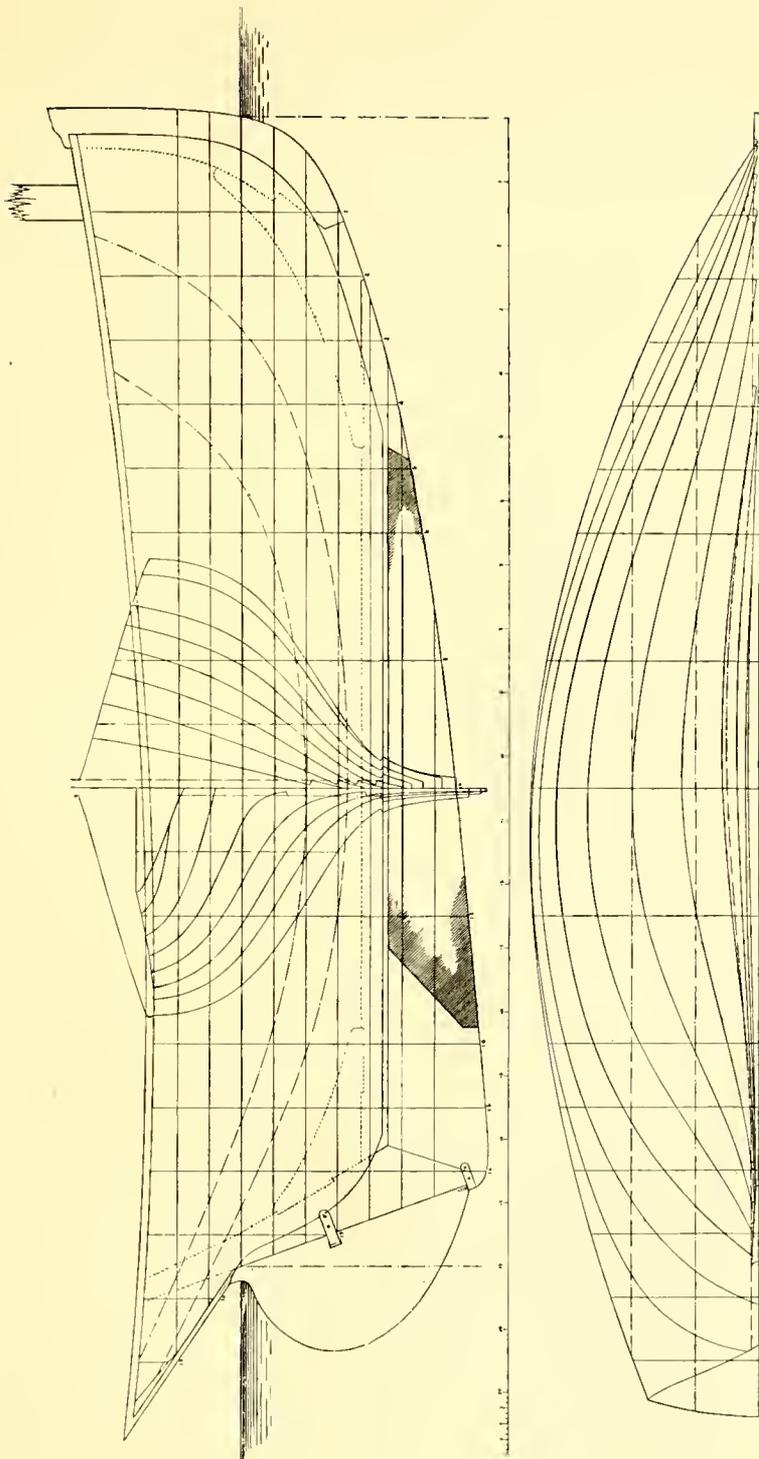
Should you be caught by bad weather in such a fix that you cannot safely take a reef at once, lower the peak of the sail. This will reduce the canvas, and still leave your boat manageable. It does not look pretty, but it is safe.

And now a few words of caution, and you need not be ashamed to heed them, for old yachtsmen do just what I am about to advise you to do. It is only the foolhardy greenhorn sailor who "takes chances" with a yacht. In squally weather never fasten the sheet; always reef before you start, and if the wind is very strong take two reefs. It is easy to "shake them out," but hard to put them in; so reef before you cast off. Never take ladies and children with you in bad weather, and generally, if you are taking out a party of that kind, keep

your boat under reefed canvas. Then, if emergency arises, your sacred trust is safe; for remember that a capsize with ladies and children means almost certain death to some, perhaps to all. It is wise also to have a small row-boat in tow on such occasions, for it is worth more than a hundred life-preservers.

While sailing a yacht keep your attention strictly upon your business. A sailor must have eyes all around his head, and be ready for anything that may happen. A moment of inattention may result in much trouble and turn your pleasuring into a time of terror. Keep a cool head at all times and never lose your nerve, and you are not likely to meet with anything really formidable.

Of course, I assume that you will have to



WORKING-PLANS FOR BURGESS KEEL CAT-BOAT. (SEE PAGE 779.)

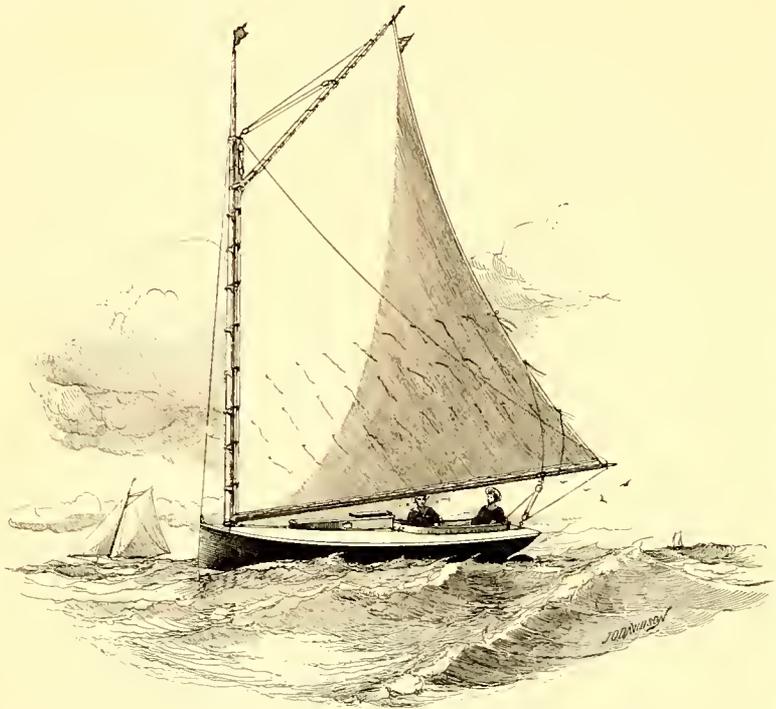
Dimensions given by designer: length over all, 21 feet; length at water line, 18 feet; beam [moulded], 7 feet 3 inches; draught, 3 feet 10 inches; least freeboard, 1 foot 6 inches; mast, deck to throat band, 20 feet 6 inches; mast-head, 3 feet 6 inches; boom, 22 feet 9 inches; gaff, 13 feet 3 inches; hoist of mainsail, 17 feet 9 inches; area of mainsail, 370 square feet. Lead keel, weighing 3000 pounds.

hire your boat, so a word upon this subject may be timely. At every water-side resort there are boats to let, and many of them are unseaworthy.

ure-boat quite another. Yachts with huge rigs are not safe, excepting in the hands of experts, and none too safe even when well handled.

When you have developed into a first-rate, all around yachting man, a racing-boat will be a very good thing to have, but don't hire one for practice or pleasure-sailing. If you can find no boat excepting one with a big rig, put a reef in her sail, and she will then have all the canvas she needs for good speed, safety, and comfort.

Many of my readers may spend their summers at the sea-side, in places where the waters are very shallow, and perhaps some of them are expecting to build boats suitable for shoal-water sailing. In that case a boat, like the



A CRUISE IN SUNSHINE.

Before you hire a sail-boat, examine her carefully; see that her rigging is not rotten, that every rope runs freely in its pulleys, that her rudder is secure, and her center-board free in its trunk. Never go out in a yacht which is not well ballasted, provided with a good anchor and cable, and free from leaks. Most boats leak a little, but a boat that is half full of water every day is sure to be old, rotten, and unseaworthy. See to it that the yacht has a pump, and that the pump is in order. Any boy can determine these matters for himself, if he will be observant and cautious. You must always remember that almost any waterman will rent you a boat, no matter how bad she may be; for the waterman cares more for your money than for you. There are exceptions, but they are few. In selecting a cat-yacht, try to secure one that is roomy and wide, and avoid boats with very large sails. These latter go fast, but they also capsize quickly. A race-boat is one thing, a pleas-

one shown in the plans, will be found very satisfactory. Such a yacht is always a fast sailer, and will carry you anywhere where you can find eighteen inches of water. You will notice that I have drawn the plans for two sizes of sails: one, the larger, gives the yacht her full sail-carrying complement of canvas, and will make her a winner in a race; the other, and smaller sail, shown by the dotted lines, is a suitable rig for general cruising and pleasure-sailing. This yacht can be rigged either as a cat or a sloop, being modeled for both purposes, and is just as correct for one rig as for the other.

Now, there may be some among you who intend to have your boats built. Sometimes a boy has money enough to do this, or his father gives it to him, or Uncle John feels liberal, or some other nice thing happens to make such an event possible; and if this be your case, you will do well to study the drawings which Mr. Burgess, designer of the "Puritan," the "May-

flower," and the peerless "Volunteer," has prepared especially for Sr. NICHOLAS.

You will observe that the yacht, of which Mr. Burgess gives full working plans, is a very roomy, safe, and handsome little craft, eighteen feet long on the water-line, and cat-rigged. She is high-sided and deep, and will therefore be steady and dry under sail, and, with her ballast placed at the lowest possible point, uncapsizable. She has, as you can see, a roomy cockpit aft, and a nice little cabin forward in which two or three boys can sleep overnight as cozily as mice in a cupboard. Everything about her rig is simple and strong, and her whole appearance is very graceful. In such a yacht as this, one could cruise all summer long in safety and comfort.

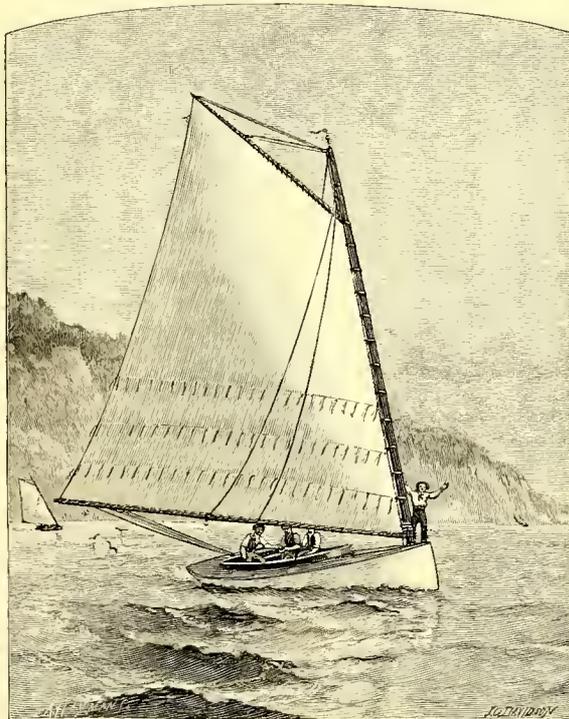
The lines of the boat, as shown in the drawings, are what sailors call "fine," which means that she has a graceful shape, and that her model is delicate and clean-cut. There is nothing of the "tub" about this boat; she is a veritable beauty.

So, if you intend to build a yacht, and can

afford to do so, take these plans to a skillful boat-maker, insist that he shall follow them exactly, and you will then possess one of the finest little cruisers that can be made, able to carry you almost anywhere, and competent to hold her own with the best of the yachts of her class, for she is undoubtedly fast and seaworthy; and then she 'll be a "Burgess boat," too, which is always something to brag about.

There are, of course, a thousand other things which I could tell you about yachting, but not in this short article. You desire to begin at the beginning, and to learn to sail a boat; and if you will master the simple lesson which I have given you in these pages, you can do it.

Remember that sailing, delightful sport as it is, is not a business for careless people, for it requires intelligence, quick perception, and calm self-possession to be a good sailor. So, if you would be a yachtsman, cultivate these qualities, learn to be the master of your boat under all conditions of wind and weather, and don't forget that you must either "keep 'er agoin'," or down with your sail."





# TWO. DOROTHYS

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

A LITTLE maid with downcast eyes,  
And folded hands and serious face,  
Who walks sedately down the street,  
Her dainty dress all smooth and neat,  
Each curl and ribbon in its place ;

A dove-like maid with brow demure,  
Beneath her bonnet's shady brim,  
Who quiet sits within the pew,  
And gravely reads the service through,  
And joins in every hymn ;

The sweetest maid that could be found  
From Cuba to the Bay of Fundy ;  
A flower, the loveliest that springs,  
A saint, an angel without wings,—  
That 's Dorothy on Sunday.

A little maid, in breathless haste,  
With glowing cheeks and tangled hair,  
Who races up and down the street,  
And with her skipping, tripping feet  
Is here, and there, and everywhere ;

A saucy maid, with cap askew  
Upon her rumpled yellow curls,  
With twinkling feet and chattering tongue,  
And breezy skirts about her swung  
In swift, ecstatic whirls ;

The merriest maid that ever shocked  
The servile slaves of Mrs. Grundy ;  
A bird, a spark of dawning light,  
A romp, a rogue, a witch, a sprite,—  
That 's Dorothy on Monday.

## CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER XII.

JACK OGDEN stood like a boy in a dream, as the "Columbia" swept gracefully into her dock and was made fast. Her swing about was helped by the outgoing tide, that foamed and swirled around the projecting piers.

A hurrying crowd of people was thronging out of the Columbia, but Jack's German friend did not join them.

"De ceety vill not roon away," he said, calmly. "You comes mit me."

They went to the cabin for the ladies, and Jack noticed how much baggage the rest were carrying. He took a satchel from Miss Hildebrand, and then the Polish lady, with a grateful smile, allowed him to take another.

"Dose crowds ees gone," remarked Mr. Guilderaufenberg. "Ve haf our chances now."

Afterward, Jack had a confused memory of walking over a wide gang-plank that led into a babel. Miss Hildebrand held him by his left arm while the two other ladies went with Mr. Guilderaufenberg. They came out into a street, between two files of men who shook their whips, shouted, and pointed at a line of carriages. Miss Hildebrand told Jack that they could reach their hotel sooner by the elevated railway.

"He look pale," she thought, considerably. "He did not sleep all night. He never before travel on a steamboat!"

Jack meanwhile had a new sensation.

"This is the city!" he was saying to himself. "I 'm really here. There are no crowds, because it 's Sunday,—but then!"

After walking a few minutes they came to a corner, where Mr. Guilderaufenberg turned and said to Jack:

"Dees ees Proadvay. Dere ees no oder street in de vorlt dat ees so long. Look dees vay und den look dat vay! So! Eh? Dot ees

Proadvay. Dere ees no oder city in de vorlt vere a beeg street keep Soonday!"

It was indeed a wonderful street to the boy from Crofield, and he felt the wonder of it; and he felt the wonder of the Sunday quiet and of the closed places of business.

"There 's a policeman," he remarked to Mr. Guilderaufenberg.

"So!" said the German, smiling; "but he ees a people's boleeceman. Eef he vas a king's boleeceman, I vas not here. I roon away, or I vas lock up. Jack, ven you haf dodge some king's boleecemen, like me, you vish you vos American, choost like me now, und vas safe!"

"I believe I should," said Jack, politely; but his head was not still for an instant. His eyes and his thoughts were busily at work. He had expected to see tall and splendid buildings, and had even dreamed of them. How he had longed and hoped and planned to get to this very place! He had seen pictures of the city, but the reality was nevertheless a delightful surprise.

Miss Hildebrand pointed out Trinity Church, and afterward St. Paul's.

"Maybe I 'll go to one of those big churches, to-day," said Jack.

"Oh, no," said Miss Hildebrand. "You find plenty churches up-town. Not come back so far."

"I shall know where these are, any way," Jack replied.

After a short walk they came to City Hall Square.

"There!" Jack exclaimed. "I know this place! It 's just like the pictures in my guide-book. There 's the Post-office, the City Hall,—everything!"

"Come," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, beginning to cross the street. "Ve must go ofer und take de elevated railway."

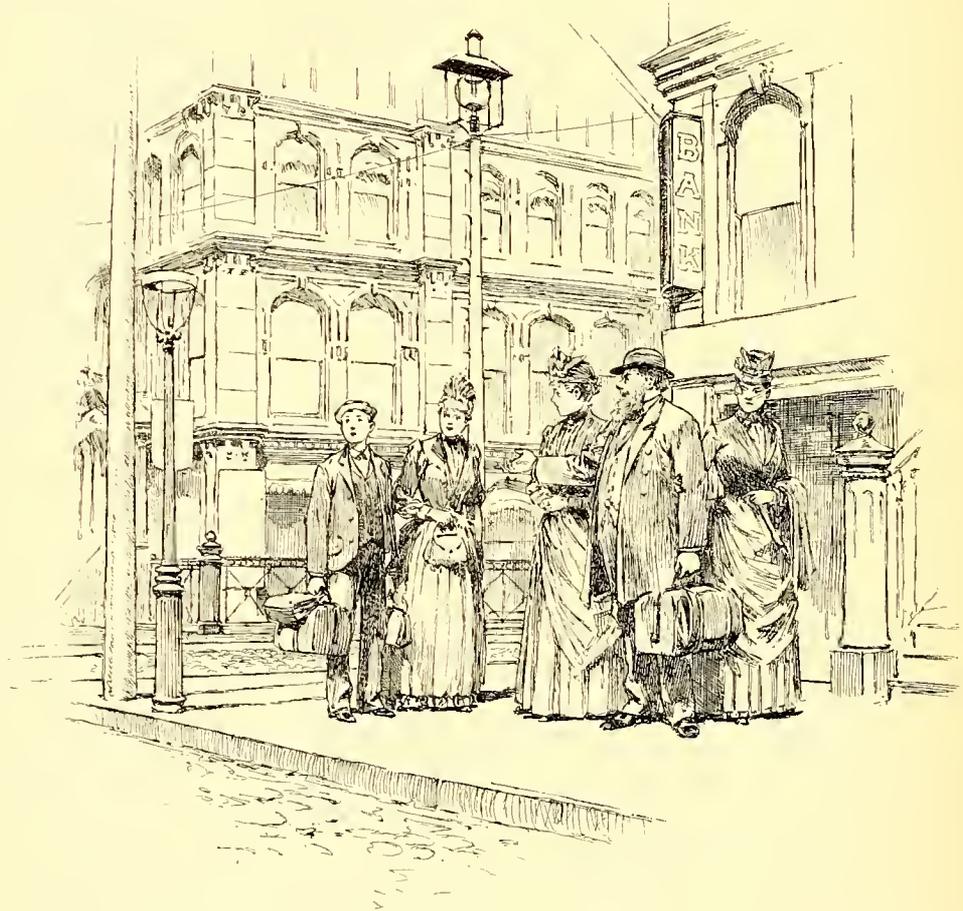
"Come along, Meester Jack Ogden," added Mrs. Guilderaufenberg.

"There are enough people here now," said Jack, as they walked along, "— Sunday or no Sunday!"

"Of course," said Miss Hildebrand, pointing with a hand that lifted a small satchel. "That's the elevated railway station over there, across both streets. There, too, is where you go to the

it hard to rid himself of the notion that possibly the whole long-legged railway might tumble down, or the train suddenly shoot off from the track and drop into the street.

"Dees ees bretty moch American," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, as Jack stared out at the third-story windows of the buildings. "You nefer vas here before? So! Den you nefer feels again choost like now. You ees fery moch a poy. I



ON BROADWAY, AT LAST!

suspension bridge to Brooklyn, over the East River. You see, when we go by. You see tomorrow. Not much, now. I am so hungry!"

"I want to see everything," said Jack; "but I'm hungry, too. Why, we're going upstairs!"

In a minute more Jack was sitting by an open window of an elevated railway car. This was another entirely new experience, and Jack found

dell you, dere is not soch railways in Europe; I vonce feel like you now. Dot vas ven I first come here. It vas not Soonday; it vas a day for de flags. I dell you vat it ees: ven dot American feels goot, he hang out hees flag. Shtars und shtripes—I like dot flag! I look at some boleece, und den I like dot flag again, for dey vas not hoont, hoont, hoont, for poor

Fritz von Guilderaufenberg, for dot he talk too moch!"

"It's pretty quiet all along. All the stores seem to be closed," said Jack, looking down at the street below.

"Eet ees so shtill!" remarked Mr. Guilderaufenberg. "I drafel de vorlt ofer und I find not dees Soonday. In Europe, it vas not dere to keep. I dell you, ven dere ees no more Soonday, den dere ees no more America! So! Choost you remember dot, my poy, from a man dot vas hounted all ofer Europe!"

Jack was quite ready to believe Mr. Guilderaufenberg. He had been used to even greater quiet, in Crofield, for after all there seemed to be a great deal going on.

The train they were in made frequent stops, and it did not seem long to Jack before Mrs. Guilderaufenberg and the other ladies got up and began to gather their parcels and satchels. Jack was ready when his friends led the way to the door.

"I'll be glad to get off," he thought. "I am afraid Aunt Melinda would say I was traveling on Sunday."

The conductor threw open the car door and shouted, and Mr. Guilderaufenberg hurried forward exclaiming: "Come! Dees ees our station!"

Jack had taken even more than his share of the luggage; and now his arm was once more grasped by Miss Hildebrand.

"I'll take good care of her," he said to himself, as she pushed along out of the cars. "All I need to do is to follow the rest."

He did not understand what she said to the others in German, but it was: "I'll bring Mr. Ogden. He will know how to look out for himself, very soon."

She meant to see him safely to the Hotel Dantzig, that morning; and the next thing Jack knew he was going down a long flight of stairs, to the sidewalk, while Miss Hildebrand was explaining that part of the city they were in. Even while she was talking, and while he was looking in all directions, she wheeled him suddenly to the left and they came to a halt.

"Hotel Dantzig," read Jack aloud, from the sign. "It's a tall building; but it's very thin."

The ladies went into the waiting-room, while Jack followed Mr. Guilderaufenberg into the

office. The German was welcomed by the proprietor as if he were an old acquaintance.

A moment afterward, Mr. Guilderaufenberg turned away from the desk and said to Jack:

"My poy, I haf a room for you. Eet ees high oop, but eet ees goot; und you bays only feefty cent a day. You bay for von veek, now. You puy's vot you eats vere you blease in de ceety."

The three dollars and a half paid for the first week made the first break in Jack's capital of nine dollars.

"Any way," he thought, when he paid it, "I have found a place to sleep in. Money'll go fast in the city, and I must look out. I'll put my baggage in my room and then come down to breakfast."

"You breakfast mit us dees time," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, kindly. "Den you not see us more, maybe, till you comes to Vashington."

Jack got his key and the number of his room and was making his way to the foot of a stairway when a very polite man said to him:

"This way, sir. This way to the elevator. Seventh floor, sir."

Jack had heard and read of elevators, but it was startling to ride in one for the first time. It was all but full when he got in, and after it started, his first thought was:

"How it's loaded! What if the rope should break!"

It stopped to let a man out, and started and stopped again and again, but it seemed only a few long, breathless moments before the man in charge of it said: "Seventh, sir!"

The moment Jack was in his room he exclaimed:

"Is n't this grand, though? It's only about twice as big as that stateroom on the steamboat. I can feel at home here."

It was a pleasant little room, and Jack began at once to make ready for breakfast.

He was brushing his hair when he went to the window, and as he looked out he actually dropped the brush in his surprise.

"Where's my guide-book?" he said. "I know where I am, though. That must be the East River. Away off there is Long Island. Looks as if it was all city. Maybe that is Brooklyn,—I don't know. Is n't this a high

house? I can look down on all the other roofs. Jingo!"

He hurried through his toilet, meanwhile taking swift glances out of the window. When he went out to the elevator, he said to himself:

"I'll go down by the stairs some day, just to see how it seems. A storm would whistle like anything, round the top of this building!"

When he got down, Mr. Guilderaufenberg was waiting for him, and the party of ladies went in to breakfast, in a restaurant which occupied nearly all of the lower floor of the hotel.

"I understand," said Jack, good-humoredly, in reply to an explanation from Miss Hildebrand. "You pay for just what you order, and no more, and they charge high for everything but bread. I'm beginning to learn something of city ways."

During all that morning, anybody who knew Jack Ogden would have had to look at him twice, he had been so quiet and sedate; but the old, self-confident look gradually returned during breakfast.

"Ve see you again at supper," said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, as they arose. "Den ve goes to Vashington. You walks out und looks about. You easy finds your vay back. Goot-bye till den."

Jack shook hands with his friends, and walked out into the street.

"Well, here I am!" he thought. "This is the city. I'm all alone in it, too, and I must find my own way. I can do it, though. I'm glad it's Sunday, so that I need n't go straight to work."

At that moment, the nine o'clock bells were ringing in two wooden steeples in the village of Crofield; but the bell of the third steeple was silent, down among the splinters of what had been the pulpit of its own meeting-house. The village was very still, but there was something peculiar in the quiet in the

Ogden homestead. Even the children went about as if they missed something or were listening for somebody they expected.

There were nine o'clock bells, also, in Mertonville, and there was a ring at the door-bell of the house of Mr. Murdoch, the editor.

"Why, Elder Holloway!" exclaimed Mrs. Murdoch, when she opened the door. "Please to walk in."

"Thank you, Mrs. Murdoch, but I can't," he said, speaking as if hurried. "Please tell Miss Ogden there's a class of sixteen girls in our Sunday-school, and the teacher's gone; and I've taken the liberty of promising for her that she'll take charge of it."

"I'll call her," said Mrs. Murdoch.

"No, no," replied the elder. "Just tell her it's a nice class, and that the girls expect her to come, and we'll be ever so much obliged to her. Good-morning!"—and he was gone.



"IF A FELLOW WISHED TO GO TO THIS CHURCH, HOW WOULD HE GET IN?" ASKED JACK." (PAGE 786.)

"Oh, Mrs. Murdoch!" exclaimed Mary, when the elder's message was given. "I can't!

I don't know them! I suppose I ought; but I'd have said no, if I had seen him."

The elder had thought of that, perhaps, and had provided against any refusal by retreating. As he went away he said to himself:

"She can do it, I know; if she does, it'll help me carry out my plan."

He looked, just then, as if it were a very good plan, but he did not reveal it.

Mary Ogden persuaded Mrs. Murdoch to take her to another church that morning, so that she need not meet any of her new class.

"I hope Jack will go to church in the city," she said; and her mother said the same thing to Aunt Melinda, over in Crofield.

Jack could not have given any reason why his feet turned westward, but he went slowly along for several blocks, while he stared at the rows of buildings, at the sidewalks, at the pavements, and at everything else, great and small. He was actually leaving the world in which he had been brought up—the Crofield world—and taking a first stroll around in a world of quite another sort. He met some people on the streets, but not many.

"They're all getting ready for church," he thought, and his next thought was expressed aloud:

"Whew! What street 's this, I wonder?"

He had passed row after row of fine buildings, but suddenly he had turned into a wide avenue which seemed a street of palaces. Forward he went, faster and faster, staring eagerly at one after another of those elegant mansions of stone, of marble, or of brick.

"See here, Johnny," he suddenly heard in a sharp voice close to him, "what number do you want?"

"Hallo," said Jack, halting and turning. "What street 's this?"

He was looking up into the good-natured face of a tall man in a neat blue uniform.

"What are you looking for?" began the policeman again. But, without waiting for Jack's answer, he went on, "Oh, I see! You're a greeny lookin' at Fifth Avenue. Mind where you're going, or you'll run into somebody!"

"Is this Fifth Avenue?" Jack asked. "I wish I knew who owned these houses."

"You do, do you?" laughed the man in blue. "Well, I can tell you some of them. That house belongs to—" and the policeman went on giving name after name, and pointing out the finest houses.

Some of the names were familiar to Jack. He had read about these men in newspapers, and it was pleasant to see where they lived.

"See that house?" asked the policeman, pointing at one of the finest residences. "Well, the man that owns it came to New York as poor as you, maybe poorer. Not quite so green, of course! But you'll soon get over that. See that big house yonder, on the corner? Well, the cash for that was gathered by a chap who began as a deck-hand. Most of the big guns came up from nearly nothing. Now you walk along and look out; but mind you don't run over anybody."

"Much obliged," said Jack, and as he walked on, he kept his eyes open, but his thoughts were busy with what the policeman had told him.

That was the very idea he had while he was in Crofield. That was what had made him long to break away from the village and find his way to the city. His imagination had busied itself with stories of poor boys,—as poor and as green as he, scores of them,—born and brought up in country homes, who, refusing to stay at home and be nobodies, had become successful men. All the great buildings he saw seemed to tell the same story. Still he did say to himself once:

"Some of their fathers must have been rich enough to give them a good start. Some were born rich, too. I don't care for that, though. I don't know as I want so big a house. I am going to get along somehow. My chances are as good as some of these fellows had."

Just then he came to a halt, for right ahead of him were open grounds, and beyond were grass and trees. To the right and left were buildings.

"I know what this is!" exclaimed Jack. "It must be Central Park. Some day I'm going there, all over it. But I'll turn around now, and find a place to go to church. I've passed a dozen churches on the way."

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Jack turned away from the entrance to Central Park, he found much of the Sunday quiet gone. It was nearly half-past ten o'clock; the sidewalks were covered with people, and the street resounded with the rattle of carriage-wheels.

There was some uneasiness in the mind of the boy from Crofield. The policeman had impressed upon Jack the idea that he was not at home in the city, and that he did not seem at home there. He did not know one church from another, and part of his uneasiness was about how city people managed their churches. Perhaps they sold tickets, he thought; or perhaps you paid at the door; or possibly it did not cost anything, as in Crofield.

"I'll ask," he decided, as he paused in front of what seemed to him a very imposing church. He stood still, for a moment, as the steady procession passed him, part of it going by, but much of it turning into the church.

"Mister—," he said bashfully to four well-dressed men in quick succession; but not one of them paused to answer him. Two did not so much as look at him, and the glances given him by the other two made his cheeks burn—he hardly knew why.

"There's a man I'll try," thought Jack. "I'm getting mad!" The man of whom Jack spoke came up the street. He seemed an unlikely subject. He was so straight he almost leaned backward; he was rather slender than thin; and was uncommonly well dressed. In fact, Jack said to himself: "He looks as if he had bought the meeting-house, and was not pleased with his bargain."

Proud, even haughty, as was the manner of the stranger, Jack stepped boldly forward and again said:

"Mister?"

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

The response came with a halt and almost a bow.

"If a fellow wished to go to this church, how would he get in?" asked Jack.

"Do you live in the city?" There was a frown of stern inquiry on the broad forehead; but the head was bending farther forward.

"No," said Jack; "I live in Crofield."

"Where's that?"

"Away up on the Cocahutchie River. I came here early this morning."

"What's your name?"

"John Ogden."

"Come with me, John Ogden. You may have a seat in my pew. Come."

Into the church and up the middle aisle Jack followed his leader, with a sense of awe almost stifling him; then, too, he felt drowned in the thunderous flood of music from the organ. He saw the man stop, open a pew-door, step back, smile and bow, and then wait until the boy from Crofield had passed in and taken his seat.

"He's a gentleman!" thought Jack, hardly aware that he himself had bowed low as he went in, and that a smile of grim approval had followed him.

In the pew behind them sat another man, as haughty looking, but just now wearing the same kind of smile as he leaned forward and asked in an audible whisper:

"General, who's your friend?"

"Mr. John Ogden, of Crofield, away up on the Cookyhutchie River. I netted him at the door," was the reply, in the same tone.

"Good catch?" asked the other.

"Just as good as I was, Judge, forty years ago. I'll tell you how that was some day."

"Decidedly raw material, I should say."

"Well, so was I. I was no more knowing than he is. I remember what it is to be far away from home."

The hoarse, subdued whispers ceased; the two gentlemen looked grim and severe again. Then there was a grand burst of music from the organ, the vast congregation stood up, and Jack rose with them.

He felt solemn enough, there was no doubt of that; but what he said to himself unconsciously took this shape:

"Jingo! If this is not the greatest going to church I ever did! Hear that voice! The organ too—what music! Don't I wish Molly was here! I wish all the family were here!"

The service went on and Jack listened attentively, in spite of a strong tendency in his eyes to wander among the pillars to the galleries, up into the lofty vault above him, or around among

the pews full of people. He knew it was a good sermon and that the music was good, singing and all — especially when the congregation joined in "Old Hundred" and another old hymn that he knew. Still he had an increasing sense of being a very small fellow in a very large place. When he raised his head, after the benediction, he saw the owner of the pew turn toward him, bow low, and hold out his hand. Jack shook hands, of course.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ogden," said the gentleman gravely, with almost a frown on his face, but very politely, and then he turned and walked out of the pew. Jack also bowed as he shook hands, and said, "Good-morning. Thank you, sir. I hope you enjoyed the sermon."

"General," said the gentleman in the pew behind them, "pretty good for raw material. Keep an eye on him."

"No, I won't," said the general. "I 've spoiled four or five in that very way."

"Well, I believe you 're right," said the judge, after a moment. "It 's best for that kind of boy to fight his own battles. I had to."

"So did I," said the general, "and I was well pounded for a while."

Jack did not hear all of the conversation, but he had a clear idea that they were talking about him; and as he walked slowly out of the church, packed in among the crowd in the aisle, he had a very rosy face indeed.

Jack had in mind a thought that had often come to him in the church at Crofield, near the end of the sermon:—he was conscious that it was dinner-time.

Of course he thought, with a little homesickness, of the home dinner-table.

"I wish I could sit right down with them," he thought, "and tell them what Sunday is in the city. Then my dinner would n't cost me a cent there, either. No matter, I 'm here, and now I can begin to make more money right away. I have five dollars and fifty cents left, anyway."

Then he thought of the bill of fare at the Hotel Dantzie, and many of the prices on it, and remembered Mr. Guilderaufenberg's instructions about going to some cheaper place for his meals.

"I did n't tell him that I had only nine dollars," he said to himself, "but I 'll follow his advice. He 's a traveler."

Jack had been too proud to explain how little money he had, but his German friend had really done well by him in making him take the little room at the top of the Hotel Dantzie. He had said to his wife:

"Dot poy! Vell, I see him again some day. He got a place to shleep, anyhow, vile he looks around und see de ceety. No oder poy I efer meets know at de same time so moch and so leetle."

With every step from the church-door Jack felt hungrier, but he did not turn his steps toward the Hotel Dantzie. He walked on down to the lower part of the city, on the lookout for hotels and restaurants. It was not long before he came to a hotel, and then he passed another, and another; and he passed a number of places where the signs told him of dinners to be had within, but all looked too fine.

"They 're for rich people," he said, shaking his head, "like the people in that church. What stacks of money they must have! That organ maybe cost more than all the meeting-houses in Crofield!"

After going a little further Jack exclaimed:

"I don't care! I 've just got to eat!"

He was getting farther and farther from the Hotel Dantzie, and suddenly his eyes were caught by a very taking sign, at the top of some neat steps leading down into a basement:

"DINNER. ROAST BEEF. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS."

"That 'll do," said Jack eagerly. "I can stand that. Roast beef alone is forty cents at the Dantzie."

Down he went and found himself in a wide, comfortable room, containing two long dining-tables, and a number of small oblong tables, and some round tables, all as neat as wax. It was a very pleasant place, and a great many other hungry people were there already.

Jack sat down at one of the small tables, and a waiter came to him at once.

"Dinner, sir? Yessir. Roast beef, sir? Yessir. Vegetables? Potatoes? Lima-beans? Sweet corn?"

"Yes, please," said Jack. "Beef, potatoes, beans, and corn!" and the waiter was gone.

It seemed to be a long time before the beef

and vegetables came, but they were not long in disappearing after they were on the table.

The waiter had other people to serve, but he was an attentive fellow.

"Pie, sir?" he said, naming five kinds without a pause.

"Custard-pie," said Jack.

"Coffee, sir? Yessir," and he darted away again.

"This beats the Hotel Dantzig all to pieces," remarked Jack, as he went on with his pie and coffee; but the waiter was scribbling something upon a slip of paper, and when it was done he put it down by Jack's plate.

"Jingo!" said Jack in a horrified tone, a moment later. "What's this? 'Roast beef, 25; potatoes, 10; Lima-beans, 10; corn, 10; bread, 5; coffee, 10; pie, 10: \$0.80.' Eighty cents! Jingo! How like smoke it does cost to live in New York! This can't be one of the cheap places Mr. Guilderaufenberg meant."

Jack felt much chagrined, but he finished his pie and coffee bravely. "It's a sell," he said, "—but then it *was* a good dinner!"

He went to the cashier with an effort to act as if it was an old story to him. He gave the cashier a dollar, received his change, and turned away, as the man behind the counter remarked to a friend at his elbow:

"I knew it. He had the cash. His face was all right."

"Clothes will fool anybody," said the other man.

Jack heard it, and he looked at the men sitting at the tables.

"They're all wearing Sunday clothes," he thought, "but some are no better than mine. But there's a difference. I've noticed it all along."

So had others, for Jack had not seen one in that restaurant who had on at all such a suit of clothes as had been made for him by the Crofield tailor.

"Four dollars and seventy cents left," said Jack thoughtfully, as he went up into the street; and then he turned to go down-town, without any reason for choosing that direction.

An hour later, Mr. Guilderaufenberg and his wife and their friends were standing near the front door of the Hotel Dantzig, talking with the proprietor. Around them lay their

baggage, and in front of the door was a carriage. Evidently they were going away earlier than they had intended.

"Dot poy!" exclaimed the broad and bearded German. "He find us not here ven he come. You pe goot to dot poy, Mr. Keifelheimer."

"So!" said the hotel proprietor, and at once three other voices chimed in with good-bye messages to Jack Ogden. Mr. Keifelheimer responded:

"I see to him. He will come to Washington to see you. So!"

Then they entered the carriage, and away they went.

After walking for a few blocks, Jack found that he did not know exactly where he was. But suddenly he exclaimed:

"Why, if there is n't City Hall Square! I've come all the way down Broadway."

He had stared at building after building for a time without thinking much about them, and then he had begun to read the signs.

"I'll come down this way again to-morrow," he said. "It's good there are so many places to work in. I wish I knew exactly what I would like to do, and which of them it is best to go to. I know! I can do as I did in Crofield. I can try one for a while, and then, if I don't like it, I can try another. It is lucky that I know how to do 'most anything."

The confident smile had come back. He had entirely recovered from the shock of his eighty-cent expenditure. He had not met many people, all the way down, and the stores were shut; but for that very reason he had had more time to study the signs.

"Very nearly every kind of business is done on Broadway," he said, "except groceries and hardware,—but they sell more clothing than anything else. I'll look round everywhere before I settle down; but I must look out not to spend too much money till I begin to make some."

"It's not far now," he said, a little while after, "to the lower end of the city and to the Battery. I'll take a look at the Battery before I go back to the Hotel Dantzig."

Taller and more majestic grew the buildings as he went on, but he was not now so dazed and confused as he had been in the morning.

"Here is Trinity Church, again," he said. "I remember about that. And that 's Wall Street. I 'll see that as I come back ; but now I 'll go right along and see the Battery. Of course there is n't any battery there, but Mr. Guilderaufenberg said that from it I could see the fort on Governor's Island."

Jack did not see much of the Battery, for he followed the left-hand sidewalk at the Bowling Green, where Broadway turns into Whitehall Street. He had so long been staring at great buildings whose very height made him dizzy, that he was glad to see beside them some which looked small and old.

"I 'll find my way without asking," he remarked to himself. "I 'm pretty near the end now. There are some gates, and one of them is open. I 'll walk right in behind that carriage. That must be the gate to the Battery."

The place he was really looking for was at some distance to the right, and the carriage he was following so confidently had a very different destination.

The wide gateway was guarded by watchful men, not to mention two policemen, and they would have caught and stopped any boy who had knowingly tried to do what Jack did so innocently. Their backs must have been turned, for the carriage passed in, and so did Jack, without any one's trying to stop him. He was as bold as a lion about it, because he did not know any better. A number of people were at the same time crowding through a narrower gateway at one side, and they may have distracted the attention of the gatemen.

"I 'd just as lief go in at the wagon-gate," said Jack, and he did not notice that each one stopped and paid something before going through. Jack went on behind the carriage. The carriage crossed what seemed to Jack a kind of bridge housed over. Nobody but a boy straight from Crofield could have gone so far as that without suspecting something ; but the carriage stopped behind a line of other vehicles, and Jack walked unconcernedly past them.

"Jingo!" he suddenly exclaimed. "What 's this? I do believe the end of this street is moving!"

He bounded forward, much startled by a thing so strange and unaccountable, and in a moment more he was looking out upon a great expanse of water, dotted here and there with canal-boats, ships, and steamers.

"Mister," he asked excitedly of a little man leaning against a post, "what 's this?"

"Have ye missed your way and got onto the wrong ferry-boat?" replied the little man gleefully. "I did it once myself. All right, my boy. You 've got to go to Staten Island this time. Take it coolly."

"Ferry boat?" said Jack. "Staten Island? I thought it was the end of the street, going into the Battery!"

"Oh, you 're a greenhorn!" laughed the little man. "Well, it won't hurt ye; only there 's no boat back from the island, on Sunday, till after supper. I 'll tell ye all about it. Where 'd you come from?"

"From Crofield," said Jack, "and I got here only this morning."

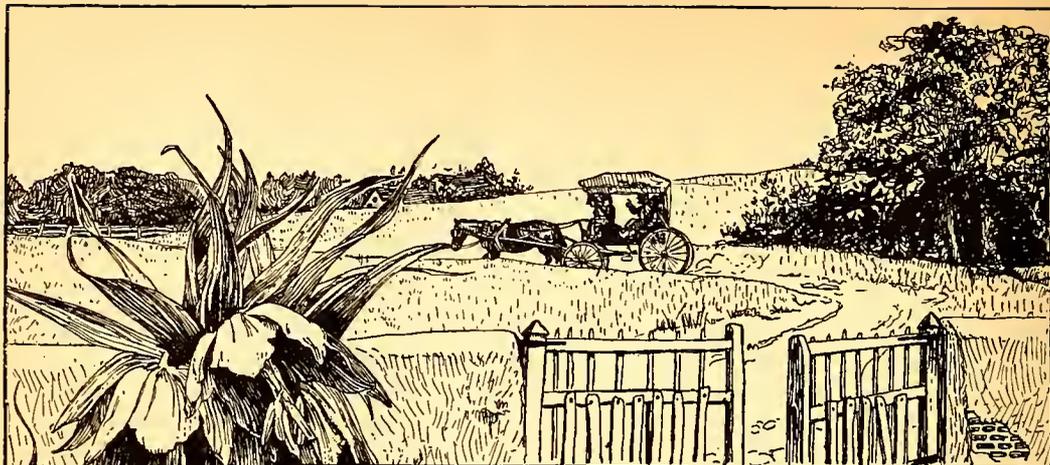
The little man eyed him half-suspiciously for a moment, and then led him to the rail of the boat.

"Look back there," he said. "Yonder 's the Battery. You ought to have kept on. It 's too much for me how you ever got aboard of this 'ere boat without knowing it!" And he went on with a long string of explanations, of which Jack understood about half, with the help of what he recalled from his guide-book. All the while, however, they were having a sail across the beautiful bay, and little by little Jack made up his mind not to care.

"I 've made a mistake and slipped right out of the city," he said to himself, "about as soon as I got in! But maybe I can slip back again this evening."

"About the greenest bumpkin I 've seen for an age," thought the little man, as he stood and looked at Jack. "It 'll take all sorts of blunders to teach him. He is younger than he looks, too. Anyway, this sail won't hurt him a bit."

That was precisely Jack's conclusion long before the swift voyage ended and he walked off the ferry-boat upon the solid ground of Staten Island.



## uly.

Past the meadows, parched and brown,  
We drove across the hills to town  
    To see the big parade;  
The sunny pavements burned our feet.  
It was so noisy in the street;  
    That Tommy felt afraid.

Through the crowds, with fife and drum  
And flags, we saw the soldiers come,  
    And boys marched either side,  
And one big fat man rode ahead  
Who had a sword, and Billy said,  
    “ They’re captains when they ride.”

They carried flags, red, white and blue.  
I wished I was a soldier too;  
    Then when the big drum beat  
The people all would run to see,  
And little boys would stare at me  
    As we marched up the street.

K.Pyle.

K.P.

## HAWKS, AND THEIR USES.

BY H. W. HENSHAW.

“DARN all hawks!” I once heard a farmer’s boy say; and this highly objectionable but pithy exclamation very tersely expresses the general estimation in which birds of prey are held, the whole country over. Too often the dislike of the farmer-boy takes a more deadly form than a foolish remark, and the ever-ready gun is called upon as a final means of righting all assumed injuries.

In truth, the idea that every bird with beak and talons is a harmful creature, to be got rid of at first opportunity, is a widespread one, and so popular, withal, that legislators are ever ready to pass laws, not only permitting hawks and owls to be slaughtered at any and all seasons of the year, but putting a price upon their heads. In a period of eighteen months, the county treasuries in the State of Pennsylvania paid out \$100,000 as bounties for the slaying of animals supposed to be harmful, of which amount, probably not less than \$65,000 was paid for hawks and owls!

Nor need we seek far for the reasons of the feeling against birds of prey. The general dislike arises in large part from an utter ignorance of their habits and the useful purpose which they serve, and more directly from a bad practice, indulged in by a few species, of preying upon the farmer’s poultry-yard, or of attacking game-birds. Let us then glance at the matter as impartially as we may, giving credit for usefulness where credit is due, placing guilt where it belongs, and then see to which side the balance falls.

For present purposes, our hawks may be roughly divided into two classes, though the two grade together: large and small, or slow fliers and swift fliers; for most of the big hawks are slow of movement, while all the small species are swift of wing. Singling out two of the largest species, which happen to be very numerous in the eastern United States, we find

them to be the Red-tailed Hawk (Fig. 1, page 794) and the Red-shouldered Hawk (Fig. 2). Though, at a distance, it may trouble you to tell one from the other, their larger size generally distinguishes them from other kinds, whether they be sitting motionless in a dead stub, or sailing in wide circles high in air.

These especially are known as the “hen hawks,” by the farmer, and they are considered to be fair game for all, to be shot, trapped, or poisoned whenever seen, for the good of the farm. As a matter of fact, are these hawks poultry-thieves, deserving their bad name? The answer is, no. The food of the two species has been most carefully studied, numerous specimens of these two kinds being among the more than a thousand hawks and owls which have been examined by the Agricultural Department at Washington. It would teach a farmer something to note how rarely in the food of the hundreds examined has any trace of poultry, or indeed of any bird, been found.

Naturalists who have noted how frequently these hawks are found near the edges of small ponds and streams and about meadows, are not surprised to learn that, in the spring, frogs and snakes constitute the chief part of their fare, and that at other times the meadow-mouse (*Arvicola*) is their usual food. Others, however, who have never paid any special attention to their habits, will probably be surprised to hear this.

Certainly no one will begrudge the hawks all the frogs they choose to catch; and while snakes are far from useless, they are not favorites with the people, and the thinning out of their number by these hawks will not be at all regretted. As for meadow-mice and such vermin, they are destructive, and though small, yet so rapidly do they increase, and so great are their numbers, that they do the crops very considerable injury — injury which would be a thousand-

fold greater were it not for the services of these hawks. The mice destroy much grass in summer, and in winter they injure large numbers (sometimes hundreds in a night) of young fruit-trees. Tunneling beneath the snow, they girdle the bark under its cover, so that there is no visible sign of their work until the snow melts. No doubt both these hawks do some damage to poultry, and doubtless both species snatch an occasional rabbit or partridge, but so heavy of wing and clumsy are they, that such acts are but rare happenings in their lives. Admitting the worst that can be said against them, however, the occasional mischief they do in this way is made up for, many times over, by their constant warfare against rats, mice, and similar animals.

It is said that when a tiger once tastes human blood, he ever after prefers it to all other food. It is doubtless much the same with a hawk, whether of the species we are now considering or of others to be mentioned. A poultry-yard being once visited, and a taste of chicken secured, the visit is very sure to be repeated. Under such circumstances, surely, the farmer is justified in acting as judge, jury, and executioner of the wrong-doer; but, it is to be added, he is hardly justified in declaring war against the whole hawk tribe, and in destroying the innocent and guilty alike.

The Rough-legged Hawk (Fig. 3, page 794) is another large species, a little larger than either of the others, and even heavier on the wing. Breeding further north, it visits New England and the Middle States chiefly in fall and winter. Doubtless he is often mistaken for his cousins, and called a "hen hawk." At all events, he is usually shot on sight; if for no other reason, then because of his fierce looks. And truly, with his heavy hooked bill and cruel-looking claws, he would seem to be dangerous enough to the poultry. Yet, notwithstanding his size and strength, he, too, is equipped for no more daring raid than an attack on a defenseless frog or snake, or the slaying of meadow-mice. Of the last this hawk consumes a great number,—probably all but a twentieth of his food consists of them,—while he rarely touches poultry or birds at all.

Very different in appearance and habits from the above species is the goshawk (Fig. 4) or, as

he is ominously styled in northern New England, the "blue hen-hawk." Of rather slender build, when full-grown, a hawk of this sort measures from twenty to twenty-four inches in length. It is bluish slate-color above; below, white, crossed with many zigzag slate-colored lines. Though more numerous in the mountains of the far West and in the British possessions, the goshawk is not uncommon in our northernmost States in fall and winter, and occasionally even builds its nests in that region. It is a bird that loves the woods, and is oftener met in the shade of the dense pine and spruce woods than any other hawk. For strength and bravery, this hawk is not surpassed by any bird of prey.

It feeds upon ducks, pigeons, hares, grouse, and poultry. It is the type of a true hunting-falcon, flying rapidly a few feet above the ground, and descending with a swift rush on the luckless prey detected by its sharp eyes. It is daring to rashness, and unlucky is the farmer whose poultry-yard becomes familiar ground to one of these hawks. Almost before the frightened fowls have had time to sound the alarm, it has selected and seized its victim, and is away more quickly than the gun can be snatched from its corner.

Audubon once saw one of these falcons rush upon a flock of the birds called grackles as they were crossing the Ohio River. The birds in their fright collected into a compact mass, the hawk dashed among them, and, seizing first one and then another, killed five before the flock could escape to the woods on the further bank.

A closely related European species was one of the falconers' favorites in the old days, and was used in hunting hares, pheasants, partridges, teal, doves, and crows. Doubtless our own goshawk could readily be trained to hunt game, but of course the falconers' days are practically over, though it is said a few falcons are still trained in England.

The American Peregrine Falcon or Duck Hawk (Fig. 5) is another notable species, though one in which the farmer takes less interest, both because it is a rather uncommon bird, and because it is found chiefly on the seashore and the banks of rivers.

Like the goshawk, the duck hawk is dark blue above, while the white underparts are barred and streaked with black. It is more



THE QUARRY.

(FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

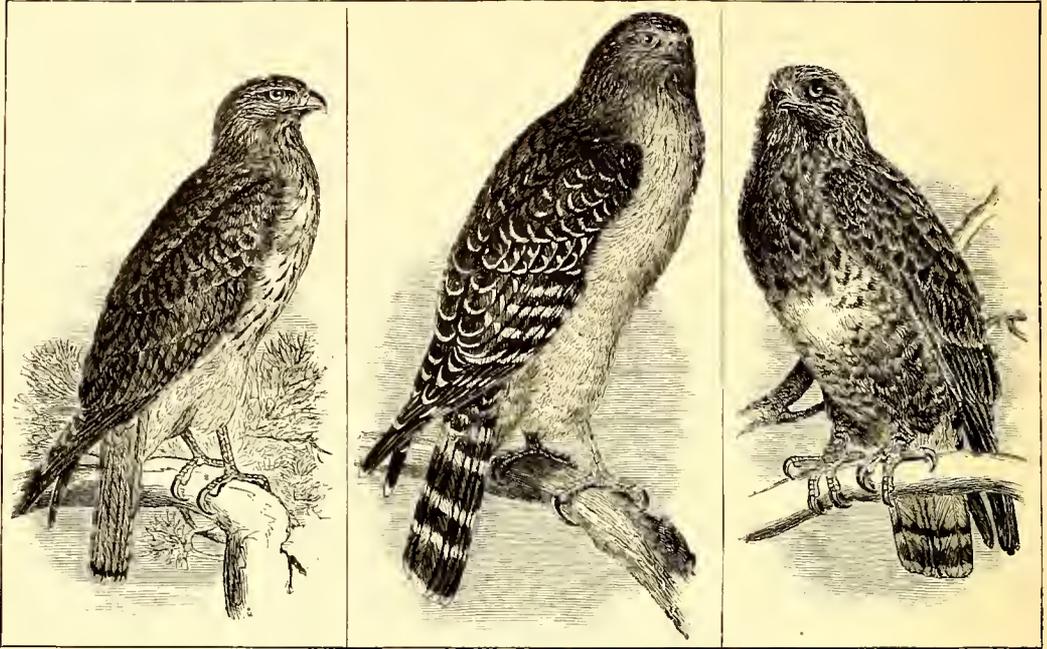


FIG. 1. RED-TAILED HAWK.\*

FIG. 2. RED-SHOULDERED HAWK.

FIG. 3. ROUGH-LEGGED HAWK.

compactly built than the goshawk, and is smaller, being only about seventeen inches long. Unlike most other hawks, it rarely or never builds in trees, but

places its nest on lonely and inaccessible ledges in the mountains or on cliffs by the sea.

Though smaller than the preceding, the duck-hawk is in no wise inferior to it in prowess and strength of wing. It attacks any bird that is not larger than a mallard duck. It has been known even to kill and eat the sparrowhawk. Its favorite food, nevertheless,



FIG. 4. AMERICAN GOSHAWK.

seems to be water-fowl; and I have more than once seen it in pursuit of them far out at sea—a flight of fifty or

even a hundred miles being but pastime to this fierce wanderer. It often proves its barbarity by killing more than it needs for food, apparently just for the pleasure of the hunt. Confident of its power of flight, the duck-hawk makes no attempt to conceal itself, but boldly starting the game, pursues it until it closes with its victim and bears it struggling to the ground.

While out one day on a little stream near Tucson, Arizona, I heard a loud quacking, and presently I saw a mallard duck coming toward me at a tremendous pace, hotly pursued by a duck-hawk. Though pressing forward for dear life, the duck's outcries told of its distress, and it evidently felt that escape was impossible. The greater danger blinded it to the lesser,—or was it sagacity that prompted it to fly straight to me? At all events, its trust in man saved its life; for when the hawk had come almost within gunshot, the fear of man overcame appetite, and it gave up the chase in disgust, while the duck sought safer quarters.

The gunners know this hawk well, and many a duck that the hunter has laid low falls to the share of this robber of the air. The European

\* The pictures of hawks in this article are from "The Birds of North America," and are used by kind permission of Mr. Robert Ridgway, one of the authors of that work.

peregrine, which ours much resembles, formerly played an important part in falconry, and became the pet of kings and nobles, and it was the fe-

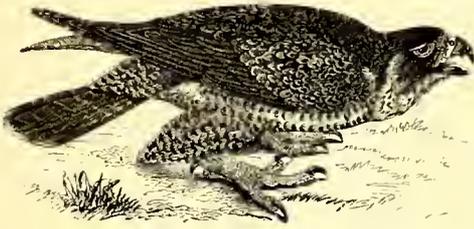


FIG. 5. DUCK-HAWK, OR PEREGRINE FALCON.

male of this species that was called the "gentil" or "gentle falcon." Herons were the principal game hunted with this bird, and he who knew not "a hawk from a hernshaw," as Hamlet says, was regarded as ignorant indeed. The favorite time for the sport was when the herons were passing from the heronry to the ponds after food, or upon their return in the evening, especially if the herons had to fly against the wind.

When a couple of hawks were flown at a heron, the latter at once threw out any food he happened to have, "to lighten ballast" as a sailor would say, and endeavored to mount in air so as to give the hawks no chance to strike him from above; and thus all three ascended in a series of spirals. When one of the falcons reached an advantageous point above, he immediately endeavored to close with the heron, and if he missed, the other took a turn. When one of them finally seized the heron, his companion "bound" to him, as it was termed, and the three descended lightly to the ground, the hawks breaking the fall with outstretched wings.

In days past, this falcon was carefully protected by man for his sport, and severe penalties were visited upon any one who molested or destroyed it. We live now, however, in more prosaic days; and, noble bird though it be, few claims to mercy can be urged in favor of the peregrine falcon. Its food consists largely of useful birds, and as its talons are against every creature it can master, so must the hand of man be raised against it.

Fig. 6.—The Broad-winged Hawk, though smaller than most of the foregoing, is still a large bird, an old male hawk measuring somewhere from thirteen to fifteen inches from tip of bill to end of tail, while the female measures

from sixteen to eighteen inches. It may be said that as a rule among birds of prey, the female is always considerably the larger. As their strength is according to size, it is supposed that its larger size enables the female to provide better for her family; though the male, however, lends his best assistance. Now as to their food. Most people will admit that our Broad-wing has a just claim upon gratitude, when they know that its chosen bill-of-fare includes snakes, toads, and frogs, but not many mice, and very few birds of any sort. It is, moreover, very fond of the larvæ (or caterpillars) of the big night-flying moths.

Fig. 7.—The Marsh Hawk, also, has a broad expanse of wing, and is, perhaps, from its peculiar habits, much easier to know than any of our large hawks. His long tail and slim body with its white rump, and his habit of "beating" lightly, but not swiftly, over meadows and fields, just above the tops of the grass, cause him to be readily recognized. He sometimes trespasses by snatching a sparrow or lark, but the food he prefers, and that upon which he chiefly lives, is mice, ground squirrels, and such little gnawers. No impudent raider of the hennery is he, but a living mouse-trap, and so carefully does he quarter and beat over his hunting-ground that he is called the "marsh harrier."

His family connections, however, give him a bad name, his good deeds are forgotten, and many a harrier thus falls victim to the ignorant crusade against the whole hawk tribe, or to the thoughtlessness of the sportsman to whom a wing shot is a temptation not to be resisted.



FIG. 6. BROAD-WINGED HAWK.

There are many other large hawks scattered over the United States, but the above are the ones oftenest found in the eastern section of our



FIG. 7. MARSH-HAWK.

country. As will be seen, they are, with two exceptions, really useful to farmers, feeding upon creatures that for the most part are certainly useless and injurious to man, while the harm they do the poultry and game is so slight as to scarcely weigh in the balance against them. The two injurious species, besides being uncommon, may readily be known from the others.

Passing now to what we may call the small hawks, let us glance at the two most important,

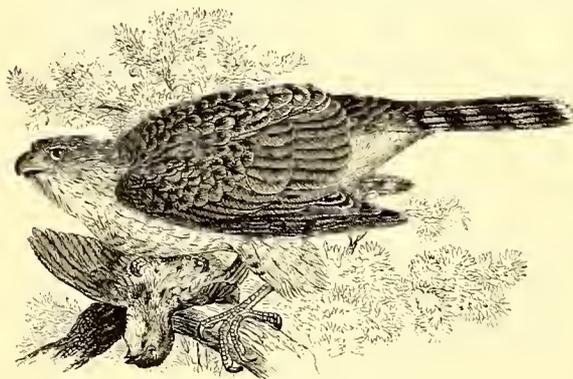


FIG. 8. COOPER'S-HAWK.

—important by reason of size and misdeeds: the Cooper's and Sharp-shinned Hawks.

Fig. 8.—The old male Cooper's Hawk is

from 14 to 17 inches long; the female 18 to 20 inches. Fig. 9.—The male Sharp-shinned Hawk, a miniature of the last-named, measures from 10 to 11½ inches, while the female measures 12½ to 14 inches. Size, however, does not count for much in the matter of hawk effectiveness, and the two rascals now on trial before us, though small, are remarkable for speed and impudence. Woe betide the flock of small birds that attracts the attention of one of these winged bullets! Possessing speed and courage in the highest degree, they search along hedgerows and copses, pass in graceful flight among the orchard trees, and follow their winding paths through tangled brush and vine, with the hope of surprising some luckless sparrow, dove, or quail. The terrified bird tries to fly, or, better, to dodge into some

friendly brush pile or thorny patch. The hawk instantly pursues; and fortunate indeed is the fugitive he has once started if it escape the clutch of his sharp talons. Well have both these rascals earned the name "chicken hawk,"

for both of them are true hardened thieves of the barn-yard, and do not hesitate to snatch a pullet from under the very nose of the irate farmer—and even to return in the afternoon of the same day to repeat the robbery.

Little can be said in their favor, but so sudden are their attacks and so rapid their flight, either in charge or retreat, that only now and then do they come to grief, while their sins are visited on their larger, more honest, and more stupid relatives.

I am sure that hawks enjoy bullying weaker birds, and that not infrequently they chase them about, so as to enjoy their fright and discomfit-



FIG. 9. SHARP-SHINNED HAWK.

ure, when they do not mean to prey upon them. I have seen a Cooper's hawk pursue a raven, and evidently consider the chase a huge joke, and I have seen other hawks enjoying the same sort of fun.

Fig. 10.—The Pigeon Hawk, so called from its size and bluish color, makes a fit comrade of the other two. Though no less destructive to bird-life, since it is smaller it must necessarily prey upon smaller birds; and the poultry-yards are usually free from its visits unless, indeed, a yard contains young chickens. It is a beautiful hawk, but its presence in a neighborhood is a constant danger to everything it dares to attack.

Fig. 11.—The Sparrow Hawk, our smallest hawk and the most abundant of its tribe, is certainly a very valuable ally to the farmer. When it can obtain them, grasshoppers are its favorite food, and it rarely eats anything else. When these are not to be had, it captures mice and small birds, many more of the former than of the latter. The destruction of grasshoppers means little in the East, but in the far West, in the regions of the grasshopper plague, it means much; and the number of the winged pests destroyed by the sparrow hawk is not easily reckoned.

Notwithstanding this fact, the State of Colorado passed a law, a few years ago, offering a bounty on hawks, owls, and various animals, and vast numbers of sparrow and other hawks were sacrificed and paid for by the State, because the hawks of other species were supposed to be guilty of stealing poultry. The sparrow hawk

when captured young is readily tamed, and makes a gentle and interesting pet, perching upon the hand, readily recognizing its friends, and becoming quite friendly.

The West contains another hawk, of large size, the Swainson's Hawk, which also appears to live entirely upon grasshoppers in their season. It seems remarkable that birds of such powerful build and provided with such talons should be fitted out so providably for the destruction of a humble insect prey!

The time may come when some of the Western States will be glad to buy back the aid of these winged friends of the farmer at twice the price now paid for their destruction.

For the sake of its curious food, I will call attention to the remarkable Everglade Kite of Florida. It feeds almost entirely upon a kind of large snail. The talons of this kite are long, and curved just enough to enable it to grasp the globular shell, while the long, abruptly hooked mandible is admirably fitted to extract the contents. Wonderfully sharp eyes these hawks must have, for I never was able to find one of these mollusks alive in the Everglade marshes, yet the hawks have no trouble to find all they want, judging from the number of empty shells.

The Swallow-tailed Kite, perhaps the most graceful of all our hawks, is also a bird of sunnyskies. It feeds very largely upon snakes, and when it has seized one it mounts high in air, and then, as it floats in graceful circles, it leisurely devours its prey. This hawk is very fond of wasps' larvæ, and it adroitly dives under the palmetto leaves and picks off the wasps' nests.



FIG. 10. PIGEON-HAWK.



FIG. 11. AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! Vacation days are here again! and so are hosts and hosts of city youngsters, all ready for a summer in the country!

Well, I wish you joy, one and all, and everybody,—city folk who go to the woods, fields, and seashores, and country folk who seek the sights of the town, and charms of bricks and mortar. And I specially wish joy to all city young folks who do what they can toward helping along the “fresh-air funds” devoted to giving the poor children of big cities a breath of pure country air and some of the sweet delights of country life.

Who 'll do it? Yes, all speak at once, if you wish. It is n't one bit impolite to do so on such occasions as this, the dear Little Schoolma'am tells me.

#### SAILS ON BICYCLES.

MY birds are beginning to watch the bicyclers, and bicyclers I think must have been taking special notice of the birds. At least I have heard hints that small sails or wings may be attached to spry three-wheelers and the speed increased thereby—while their riders' labors are much lessened.

Sails have been tried by a very few cyclers in England. Who will try them here, boys? Be sure to have your masts strong and very light; be careful in the handling; and don't frighten the horses!

#### A NEW EIFFEL TOWER.

A COOL and refreshing variety of the Eiffel Tower may yet be standing near St. Petersburg, in Russia, unless the warm weather has melted it away. At all events, it was standing there in March last, on the banks of the river Neva,—a beautiful structure built of thousands of blocks of ice, towering at least one hundred and fifty feet into the air.

It had restaurants, too, and observation plat-

forms; and I am told that the Russians, little and big, seemed to enjoy it very much.

If it were possible for an enterprising American to bring this fine Eiffel Tower over here as successfully as the Obelisk was brought over, what a delightful summer resort it would make!

Now you shall hear Lottie's account, drawn from life, of

#### HOW THE BEETLES BURIED A SNAKE,

PORT MONMOUTH, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I live on a farm; something quite interesting happened here about three weeks ago, so I want to tell you about it. One day my father was walking in the melon patch, when he saw a snake, about seventeen inches long, trying to swallow a toad. Now we do not like snakes, but toads are very useful in destroying insects. Father stepped on the snake's neck, and the toad, escaping from the suddenly opened mouth, hopped away. Father then killed the snake. The next day he went out again and not seeing the snake at once, looked around for it. He soon saw about three inches of tail sticking up from the earth; he pulled it and out came the rest of the snake. It was “standing on its head,” being buried head downward in a perpendicular hole fourteen inches down. There were a quantity of red beetles inside and around the skin, a good deal of the flesh having been eaten. Father thought that the beetles pushed their way down and let the snake drop after. The snake was what is called a “garter” snake. I do not know the name of the beetle; perhaps you do; it is large and of a bright red color.

Your interested reader

LOTTIE E. W.—.

#### STOP THIEF!

MY birds have brought in a startling story of last summer, calculated to alarm all lovers of good order. It is a true story, the particulars of which may be of interest to you all.

It appears, according to V. I. A, who sends you the account, that in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., live two brothers who have been much interested in bee-culture. For some years they have had hives of fine Italian bees, which they have kept upon the roof of their house; and from them they have for several seasons taken as much as sixty pounds of honey at a time. There were three hives, set one above another, containing, early in September, about fifty pounds of honey in the comb.

It became needful to make some repairs upon the roof or the chimney, and workmen were busily engaged therewith, when all at once the bees came in swarms, dashed at them right and left, buzzing and stinging furiously.

The men struck them down and fought them off as well as they could, and finally threw hot water upon them, destroying a great number. The owners hoped that when the commotion had subsided the few that were left would return to the hives; hence they carefully avoided going to the roof, trusting that the bees would become quiet and resume work.

The next day was warm and beautiful. As the sun's rays suffused the atmosphere, such numbers of bees settled down upon the house that it was dangerous to go in or out of the doors, and the windows had to be closed to shut out the noise of

their humming. They were insects of larger size than the Italian bees, and for some days they held the fort; postman, iceman, milkman, paper-carrier, and grocer yielding the premises to their possession. A number of persons were stung by them, and it was with great relief that the beleaguered household saw them depart, thus raising the blockade. The young men waited for two whole days to be assured that all was "quiet along the Potomac," and then went softly up to the roof to find that the robber-bees had carried off every scrap of honey, comb and all! Not a particle was left of what had been fairly estimated to be between forty and fifty pounds.

It was thought that in the first tumult, the queen bees, probably alarmed at the unusual noise of the hammering, had left the hives, and had possibly been among the slain in the hot-water conflict. This had bewildered the swarms and completely broken them up. But how the robber-bees came to know of the fray, and where they came from, and whither they carried honey and wax, as well as *how* they did it in so short a time, are questions as yet unanswered. That they could carry off in a few days what those workers had been three or four months in collecting seems marvelous. It is true that they may have devoured some of it, but if it was for food alone that it was seized, the wax would have been left behind.

It is easy to cry "Stop thief!" But how can such thieves as these be stopped?

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

YOUR Jack is glad that, following up his suggestion, many of you are reading the Life of Audubon, the great naturalist. So far the best letters have come from A. Simpson, W. Cutler, and R. P. Kent.

PUZZLED FAIRY-FOLK.

ON one sole eve of the bright, long year,  
There is trouble in Fairyland;  
There is dread, and wonder, and elfin fear  
At something they never can understand.

For "why?" says the Queen,  
And "why?" say the elves,  
And "what does it mean?"  
They ask of themselves.

"We'd like to know why,  
On the Fourth of July,  
These mortals should make such commotion?  
Rattle and flash! Fountains of fire  
Play low, play round, play higher and higher;  
Now, what it's about,  
This terrible rout,  
We have n't the ghost of a notion."

Poor little fairy-folk, dear little sprites!  
What can you know of wrongs and of rights,  
Battles and victories, birth of a nation?  
Heed not these jubilant echoes of fights; —  
Dance and rejoice in your lightsome creation.

M. M. D.



"THERE IS TROUBLE IN FAIRYLAND."

# THREE LITTLE BIRDS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THREE little birds  
Sat upon a tree.

The first said "Chirrup!"

The second said "Chee!"

The third said nothing  
(The middle one was he),

But sat there a-blinking,  
Because he was a-thinking.

"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!

Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

Three little birds

Sat upon a bough.

The first said, "When is dinner-time?"

The second said "Now!"

The third said nothing

(The middle one was he),

But sat there a-blinking,

Because he was a-thinking,

"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!

Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

Two little birds

Flew down to the ground,

And soon, by working very hard,

A fine fat worm they found.

The third flew down between them

(The middle one was he),

And ate it up like winking,

Because he had been thinking.

"Pee-wit! pee-wit! Yes, that is it!

Pee-wip, pee-wop, pee-wee!"

## HOW HUGH WENT TO THE PARTY.

By H. H. EWING.

ELSIE BURTON was going to give a party, and there had been little else thought about by the children on the block for several days. Almost all of the families on this particular block, in this pleasant Southern town, are friends; and as there are twenty children, counting all in the different houses, they form a little set among themselves.

They have many pleasant times together: picnics in the spring, nutting parties in the autumn, and coasting in the winter on the rare occasions when there is snow enough.

It was June, and no one had yet left town, and Elsie was going to give a party. Now, of course, all of these twenty children could not be invited. Many of them were too young, and in some families there were too many; so the line had to be drawn, and the great question was "Where?" Who would be asked, and who would be left out? Now Hugh is a third child, and is a sturdy, heedless, honest fellow of seven. But Mrs. Burton very properly thought two from that family was enough, and so,—oh, sad to tell!—Hugh was not invited.

For the few intervening days, it was funny to watch him.

He seemed unable to believe that the fates were going to be so cruel to him. He seemed to feel that, at the last moment, some way would be opened to him, that something would surely turn up. What amount of "hinting" went on to the little Burton boy during these days, I do not know and dare not conjecture; but nothing was accomplished up to the afternoon of the entertainment.

When his sister and brother went upstairs to dress for the party, Hugh went too, and soon came down magnificent in his best clothes and new cravat. "But, you know, my darling," I said, "you cannot go. You have no invitation." Then began a scene of agony. Hugh took his seat on the front steps, and indulged without restraint in the luxury of deepest woe.

After his sister and brother went off looking very happy, and perhaps just a little triumphant, his cup seemed full; but as, one after another, the fortunate children who had been invited came out from their homes, and walked up to the house at the corner, which was brightly lighted, and from which came the sound of music, his wretchedness seemed too great to be borne. He buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud, only to raise his head every now and then to look ruefully at some festive little figure as it passed.

"Now, there goes Paul James! He's no older than I am, he told me so yesterday; and there goes Eustis Turner! Just look at him! Mother, you *know* he is a year younger than I am!"

It was useless to explain that those children were the oldest in their households, and that he was unfortunate in being the third in his own. Still came the wail, "I think I *ought* to have been invited." His father and a friend who had come in to take tea with us, tried to laugh him out of his misery; but it was of no use, his grief was too deep for ridicule to touch.

My sympathies had become warmly excited for the little fellow, but I could do nothing to help him. It was one of those sad cases where the little heart must bear its own bitterness.

When we went to tea, Hugh, who had eaten his bread-and-milk some time before, was still sitting on the front steps "deject and wretched." After a while it occurred to me that if he came into the room where we were, and got out of sight of the house at the corner, and had some tea with us, particularly as there was an ice (and there are few childish griefs that ice-cream will not cure), perhaps his spirits might revive a little. So I sent the maid to tell him to come in.

After being absent some little time, she returned to say that, not finding him on the steps, she had been looking for him, and had at last

discovered him *at the party*; and she added that Mrs. Burton said: "Please do not make him come home, for I believe it would break his heart."

So I waited, wondering how it had come to pass. After a while they all came back, May and Ralph, the two older ones, very mortified and indignant, and Hugh very quiet, but with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. It seems that after we went in to tea, his misery became very great, and he thought he would walk up to the house and look in. So he did, and to get a better view he climbed upon the fence and sat perched in that mysterious way known only to

boys of his age on the top of a spiked iron fence.

There he had a full view of the entrancing interior: of the lights, the dancing, the pretty little girls (Hugh is very gallant), and the happy boys. The sight was too much, and he broke forth into wails so loud and long that they were audible even above the music: "Oh, I want to come in *so bad!* — I want to come in *so bad!*" Mrs. Burton heard him; her heart was touched; and, going out, she brought this despairing one into the delights of Paradise.

And so Hugh went to the party.

---

## SUMMER COSTUMES.

BY ROSE MUELLER SPRAGUE.

---

THE sketch shows three gowns, for young girls, from six to sixteen years of age.

In the costume of the eldest young girl, a dress intended for evening wear, "bengaline" of the shade called "salmon-pink" will do well for the main part of the gown; and the same material should be used for the sleeves, over-dress, and under-dress, and back of the bodice, as well as for the full front which is tucked in under the broad, crinkled belt of "cigare" brown velvet. The belt finishes at the under arm-seam. The over-dress is cut at the hem into large, irregular points, and the edges of the hem and the sides, partly, are trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon of the same shade as belt. Deep "Pointe Genè" lace is set on the hem of the under-skirt. The soft frill and puff which finish the neck and sleeves are of "salmon-pink" silk mousseline.

A pair of bronze slippers will tastefully complete the toilette.

For the "outing" costume worn by the girl of twelve — French twill flannel is an excellent

material — use dark blue for the body of jacket, the sleeves, cuffs, and collar; white for the little shirt (fastening with tiny pearl buttons), and large, dark, blue-and-white plaid for the skirt. The jacket may be trimmed, as indicated in the sketch, with blue military braid. The buttons are covered with the dark-blue flannel. A dark-blue sailor hat, either of the flannel or of straw, may be worn with this dress.

The child's frock and entire costume is to be made of white piqué, trimmed, somewhat as shown, with white cotton braid. The buttons, of two sizes, are covered with the white piqué. The little white vest is braided with the braid laid on in arabesques. The hat is of white straw, surmounted with becoming flowers, as bachelor's buttons, or poppies, whichever are most becoming to the child.

This costume could, of course, be made of any light, plain flannels, substituting silk braid for cotton, and pearl or tailor-made buttons, of the same shade as the gown, for those covered with the piqué.

Summer Costumes.



Rose Mueller Sprague

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of the ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MRS. PENNELL, author of "Cycling" published in this number, writes that Major Knox-Holmes and his granddaughter, whose pictures are given in one of the illustrations, are "the oldest and the youngest cyclists in England." She also says that the little girl rode over 200 miles between the first of January and the first of May.

MARCH, 1890.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, born in Florence, Italy. I am eleven years old, and have never seen America.

As the other day I read in your last number (for March) of a doll, I would like to tell you about one which we have, and who is eighty years old. She was bought abroad, in a town in Germany; she was given to my grandmother in 1810 by a captain of a ship, a friend of my great-grandfather; she was dressed in pink satin, and she was called then "Glementina Mortimer Montmorency." When my mother had her, she was naturally rather old; then she had a rather hard life from my uncle, who buried her alive and also put her in a cistern; and my mother's uncle cut her nose off. My own uncle also gave her a new name, "Lignum Vitæ," and she has always been called "Lig." I must tell you that she is of wood.

I am, your affectionate reader,

JAQUELINE MARY C—.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to write to you a long time. I live on a ranch, five miles from San Antonio. I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much. I went to the window the other day, and saw a big lobo wolf in our little pasture; it had killed our little pig. Papa shot at it, but it ran away. There are a great many rattlesnakes out here. One day I found one under the gallery. Papa killed it with a hoe. When a rattlesnake rattles it is very mad, and it sounds something like a cricket; but the sound makes you feel very different. I am nine years old.

MARY V—.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing very few letters from this part of the world, I thought some of your readers might like to know a little about the Australian bush, and the doings there. Last Christmas I went for my holidays a few hundred miles north of Melbourne, right into the bush. Leaving home at six in the morning, we traveled by train for six hours and reached Wangaratta. Then we jumped into a large open buggy, and set out on a forty-mile drive. For fifteen miles the road lay flat and dreary, very hot, with a red dust flying up, and every now and then turning into little whirlwinds that lost themselves in the sky. Then we came to a township, consisting of three houses and a rude hotel. A few stray animals were strolling about, but that was all. After passing that, the road became prettier. On each side were

large paddocks, inclosed with post-and-rail fences and filled with gum-trees; most of the trees were dead, having been ringed to make the grass grow for the cattle, for the Australian farmers are great traders in sheep and cattle. In a number of fields there were tobacco crops, with Chinamen dotted about here and there hoeing, and generally near by you saw a Chinaman's hut. Perhaps some of your correspondents do not know what a bark hut is like. It is very small and brown, and very rustic. The walls are low, being made of slabs of stringy bark, and the roof is generally gable-shaped, made of bark, kept down by two poles fixed across each side. Sometimes the roof is thatched.

As we neared our destination, blue hills became visible. The road now wound in and out among the wattles and gum-trees very prettily, and as we drove on we reached the hilly country. Our road was now cut out on the hill-sides, and very pretty it was, looking from the high buggy into depths below us, seeing little winding creeks edged with fern and scrub, tall reeds standing gracefully out of the water, and rabbits and hares scuttling at the sound of our horses. Above us sloped the hill, thick with gum-trees and birds—parrots, magpies, groundlarks, plover, and cranes. Those are the most common Australian birds. At half-past six we reached our destination: a little homestead built on a plain stretch of ground and surrounded with hills. There we staid five weeks. Mountains and hills met our gaze everywhere. We rode a great deal, and one day were taken to visit a turquoise reef, which was very interesting. We saw only two kangaroos. They are very graceful creatures, hopping away at the slightest sound; but when once their anger is aroused, they become dangerous. Snakes are the animals most to be dreaded. They even visit the houses, spend a night there, and leave a track behind them. We always had to search our beds before going to sleep; and all through the night you would hear the low, melancholy wail of the curlew. If any of your correspondents should visit Victoria, I should advise them to spend a month among the "Australian Alps." EDITH A—.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little girl and I are very anxious to express to you how dearly we love to read your bright, charming stories. She is very much interested in "Lady Jane," and quite impatient to hear of her fate.

She has a heron for a pet also, but hers is white. It is very tame, and we call it "Suds," from the resemblance of its fluffy white wings to soap-suds.

With many thanks from myself for the good you have done my little daughter, we remain,

PAPA AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recognize in the base-ball series some pictures of the Yale athletic grounds and building. I was in the Elm City Military School for two years, and this school was in sight of the Yale grounds.

Those of your readers who visit New Haven to-day,

will find that the "old fence" around the college campus has been removed.

I saw a professor at Yale take a specimen of meat broth, which had been kept for many months, and which was perfectly preserved. He took a needle-point and dipped it in some spoiled broth and shook off all adhering drops, and put the needle into the good broth, and then he put away the needle. He then, after corking it let the good broth stand for seven days, and at the end of that time he opened the broth, and it was just as bad as the old specimen. If your readers (those who have tried the experiments mentioned in the piece about bacteria,—in the February number) will try this experiment, I think they will get the same results, although I have been told that this experiment sometimes fails.

I am an old reader. Have taken ST. NICHOLAS for twelve years. From the time I first knew the magazine I wished to take it, but I could not do so until 1878. I am a member of Nathan Hale Camp, "Sons of Veterans," of New Haven, Conn., also a member of the Conn. Society "Sons of the Revolution." I am so busy that I have scarcely time to read you through. Hoping that this is not too long to print, I remain, yours very truly,

An old reader,

CARROLL S. S.—

P. S.—I have an old sword which was picked up on the evening after the battle of Bunker's Hill, by my great-great-grandfather; also, I have his commission as a major of a Revolutionary regiment.

THIS interesting letter is printed as it came to us— spelling and all:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS. Washington is lovely. I went to the Treasury I held in my one hand \$210,000. I went to the Soldiers home and they told me a little While ago that a Soldier died 104 years old that fought in the battle of Whaterlou. I shook hands with President Harrison. I went to the museum and I saw George Washingtons coat that he resigned his cammesian to become President. my Cosen's kitty plays the bangos it is so funny to hear her I have a kitty that dances with me. Good by.

GEORGE H. E.—

Plays print the letter.

BESSEMER, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August number, I read Elizabeth Bisland's "Flower-ladies," in which the author says that she has never known any children but those of her own family who knew about the game. Well, I would like to tell you, if you have room, how my sister and I used to play it, when we lived in the old city of Charleston, S. C.

We played it at my grandfather's. There was a low brick piazza, opening on the garden, which ran down to the river. In this piazza was a long "joggling-board"; this was our court, for we played "kings and queens."

In the garden grew two kinds of begonia, or trumpet-vine. The long, slender, dark-red blossoms of one furnished us with queens, arrayed in stiff pointed waists and flounced skirts. The other vine gave us our kings, short and pompous, in gorgeous orange robes. White and red pomegranate flowers were courtiers; the queens had waiting-women of their own kind; monetas were demure maids in scanty red skirts, and dear little white-stockinged, brown-slippered legs and feet, made of their own stamens. Pale blue, filmy plumbagoes were dancers; petunias were servants; lilac-gray nierembergias were ladies who were presented at court. I do not know why, but we seldom used roses. A gay, short life our court led, on the joggling-board; for, alas! the sovereigns were as blood-thirsty as the Queen in "Alice in Wonder-

land," who was always exclaiming, "Off with his head!" When the kingly halls became uncomfortably crowded, the whole set of courtiers, ladies, maids, etc., were beheaded. A sharp piece of tin was the fatal axe. Often the relentless sovereigns, with a cruelty worthy of the Dark Ages, ordered some unfortunate to be chopped up like mince-meat. The remains were then consigned to a grave beneath an orange-tree. The relatives from distant countries (personated by my sister and myself) brought crape-myrtle blossoms to cover the melancholy tombs with, and chips for head-stones. After a short period of mourning, a fresh court was selected. Occasionally, the whole bevy would spend a summer in an upper piazza, overhung by a crape-myrtle tree.

We spent many happy days in this way, in the old "City by the Sea."

Your constant reader,

MAY A. W.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if any of your readers have ever heard of this interesting fact:

If you let a mosquito alight on your hand and wait until he has imbedded his proboscis well into the skin, you can then take a pair of scissors and cut off the after part of his body; and even part of his wings and hind legs if they happen to be in the way. The mosquito will not pay any attention to this; but will keep on pumping until quite a large clot of blood has been collected by flowing through his body. As the mosquito does not feel his stomach fill with blood, he keeps on with his work until, apparently, he gets tired, when he withdraws his proboscis and flies off in his maimed condition.

This goes to show that the mosquito has little or no nerves in the after part of his body; but if so, it is difficult to see how those parts of him are able to act at any time. Perhaps he is so intent, while sucking, that his nervous system is concentrated in the fore part of him, or the blood he drinks may have a stupefying effect. Can any of your readers tell me?

ECKFORD C. DE K.—

AMIENS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in Amiens, about two hours' railway journey from Paris.

It was at the time of the Paris Exhibition that we four— Papa, Mamma, my cousin, and myself—went for a few days to Paris. We started on a Friday afternoon, arrived in Paris about six o'clock, went to the Hotel Bergère, where we dined, and then went to the Hippodrome, the largest circus in the world—it has three movable rings, each the size of an ordinary circus ring.

I can not tell you all they did as it would take up too much space.

One time they fixed a kind of cage up, and then a young lion and a horse were brought in; the lion jumped through rings, and then came down again upon the horse—the horse had a wide saddle on. The lion performed many other clever tricks.

They finished up with a hunt, which I will try to explain. First they had the meet, the ladies and gentlemen were all dressed in red, and kept arriving in carriages. At one side there was a forge with some blacksmiths in; the men turned on a red light and then played tunes on the anvils. But now I must go back to the huntsmen after they had met. They started off after a little fawn, with about sixty dogs. They jumped over hedges, ditches, and walls. For the finish they brought in an imitation fawn for the dogs to worry.

The next day we went and looked at the shops, and then went to the Exhibition. We went in a little railway, open at the sides, which took us from the gates into the Exhibition grounds. We thought the Exhibition a very handsome looking building, particularly

the middle dome. At first we did not think it was clear enough to go up the Eiffel Tower, but in the afternoon it cleared up, and up the tower we went. The first lift going up had seats in, but the lift going up the rest of the tower had none; when you get out of the first lift you have to walk all round the tower to keep your place, what they call here "making a tail." It took us two hours to go round the second platform. When we arrived at the top we had a splendid view of Paris. Coming down was much quicker work, as one went straight down. In the evening we watched the fairy fountain. We went up into the operating room, and had a splendid view, as there was a large crowd below.

The next day was the 14th of July, and Sunday. There was a review of all the troops, to which we were going, and had started, but did not arrive there owing to the rain. When we were in the Champs Elysées the rain came down in torrents, and ran down the streets almost like a river. We might have gone if we could have gone under shelter, but we had not bought any tickets. We should have had to sit on the uncovered stand. In the evening we saw the illuminations, which were very pretty, though many were spoiled by the rain. The Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde were like a fairy scene, with their festoons of white and colored lamps.

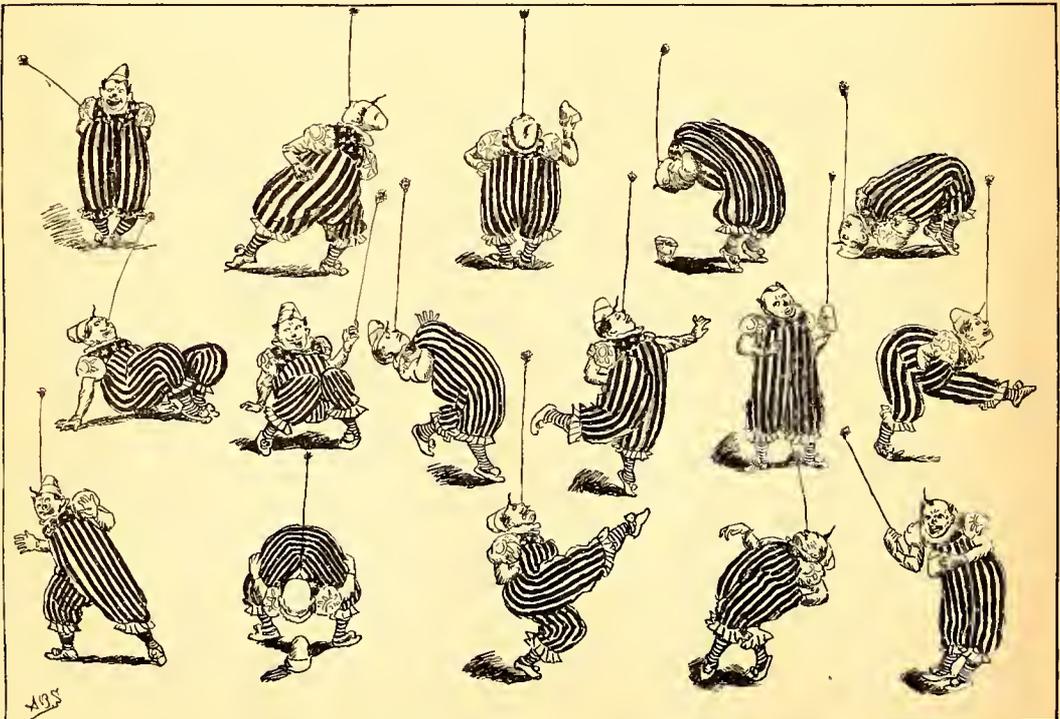
Of course we saw many other things also, but it would take too much of your space to tell you, for I am hoping that if it is not too long you will be able to print it, as it is the first letter I have written to you. We always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of St.

NICHOLAS at the beginning of the month. I like most of your tales very much, particularly those by Mrs. Burnett. I have taken you for two years, and my cousin, who is staying with me, has taken you from the commencement.

Your loving friend,

MARY MATHER.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Margie V., Maie H. F., Frederikke H. L., Ralph Waldo E., Craig B., Fannie C., Gracie W., Edwina B., Alfred and Rodney, Edgar M. P., Lilian Pearl O., Ruth K. P., Margaret Cicely P., Eahel Violet O., Kitty R., Muriel E. M. P., Stella C. A., Cora S. M., Wm. M. U., Audella H. Q., Edith E., Ethel S., Nellie May H., Ethel E., B., Chaffel Y., W. S. W., John H. M., Bessie B. O., Teresa S., Norman R. McL., Annie C. S., Eleanor G., Geo. H., Dorothy, Ione L., Marguerite H., Eunice R. O., Gertrude M. B., Sidney O., Amy L. G., J. DeW., Jr., Maybel C., May G. R., Violet, Daisy, and Rose, Ella W. W. and Florence W., Alice K., Washington L. G. S. S., M. G. B., Hugh E., Marie R. DuB., S—p—y, E. T., Agnes B. D., Marian M. and Ruth W., H. F. S., Willie K., Jr., Mabel S. G., Harriet B. M., A. H. E., J. F. E., C. C. F., S. Maude M., Tina C., Gladys W., Elmer B. M., Tom B., Sophie St. C., Gertrude and Elise, Hattie F., Julie M. C., George T. O., Christabelle S., H. M., Knowlton D., Alma W., Ethel, An Inquisitive Subscriber, Paul S. R., Hoosier, Lilian C., Martha B., Henry C.



THE CLOWN AND THE FEATHER.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. DAVIS. Cross-words: 1. Dream. 2. Taste. 3. Waves. 4. Stain. 5. Flies.  
COMBINATION PUZZLE. Jackson and Dickens. 1. Jointed. 2. Lasonic. 3. Bicycle. 4. Lacking. 5. Guesses. 6. Andron. 7. Saffron. HALF-SQUARE. Across: 1. D. 2. It. 3. Lip. 4. Aver. 5. Totem. 6. Elated. 7. Dilated. Downward: 1. Dilated. 2. Tivoli. 3. Petal. 4. Reta. 5. Met. 6. De. 7. D.  
EASY ACROSTIC. Daisy and Roses. Cross-words: 1. Odor. 2. Halo. 3. Bits. 4. Isle. 5. Eyes.  
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Nut. 3. Tulip. 4. Tip. 5. P. II. 1. P. 2. Rep. 3. Pewit. 4. Pic. 5. T. III. 1. P. 2. Pip. 3. Pilot. 4. Pot. 5. T. IV. 1. P. 2. Dip. 3. Pivot. 4. Pod. 5. T. V. 1. T. 2. Tag. 3. Tapir. 4. Gin. 5. R.  
WORD-BUILDING. A, as, sea, east, steal, staple, plaster, pilaster, particles.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Slop. 2. Love. 3. Oval. 4. Pelt. II. 1. Gasp. 2. Area. 3. Seer. 4. Part. III. 1. Ting. 2. Idea. 3. Neap. 4. Gaps. IV. 1. Tong. 2. Olio. 3. Nias. 4. Goss.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Charles Beaufort—Russell Davis—Ernest Serrell—Nardyl and Thida—The Wise Five—Ida C. Thallon—Wm. H. Beers—E. M. G.—J. B. Swann—Hubert Bingay—A. L. W. L.—Mary Keim Stauffer—E. and A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 2—Lucia and Co., 3—Elsa H., 1—N. Cahn, 1—Evie S. B., 1—W. E. Ward, 1—Maud S., 1—Frances O. Dufourcq, 2—Faith, Hope, and Charity, 2—Alice Rice, 1—C. Devin and N. Sullivan, 2—Grace Jadwin, 3—M. Woodford, 1—Geordie, Ailie, and Lily, 1—Katie Van Zandt, 3—F. Kloeber, 1—"Squibs," 1—Mamma, Margaret, and Marion, 2—Bess and Lalla, 1—Florence Bettmann, 2—"W. T. K.," 1—B. MacMahon, 1—Amy F., 1—"Sunny," 2—"Budge and Toddie," 2—M. A. Bates, 1—T. Calonem, 1—S. W. French, 3—J. H. W., 1—"Little Women," 2—B. Fernald, 1—F. Carter, Jr., 1—Alice V. Farquhar, 2—Frank B., 1—"Jenny Wren," 1—Philip O. Gravelle, 2—H. and H., 2—K. L. Rogers, 1—M. and G., 3—J. S. N., 1—No Name, Albany, 3—Mamie Crump, 3—Harriet S. H., 3—K. L. Kenney, 1—M. Padelford, 1—Haverford, 1—J. R. Williamson, 3—O. Allison, 1—M. Rockwell, 1—W. E. Eckert, 2—S. Maude Moore, 1—M. Brown, 1—Ernest Schom, 2—Lottie C. Mitchell, 3—Paul Reese, 5—Carrie K. Thacher, 4—G. C. Rockwell, 1—Florence Buchanan, 2—"Lady Malapert," 1—Otto J. Sieplein, 3—Joe F. and Lucy F., 1—K. McG. Martin, 1—Helen Schussler, 4—E. Shirley, 1—J. Herron, 1—J. Swords, 1—Bessie Davis, 3—Clara and Emma, 4—Florence and Lillian S., 3—F. Abeken, 1—L. S. Vail, 1—H. Hughes, 1—M. Wilber, 1—Helen M. Walker, 2—L. H. Ripley, 1—Mary Gabrielle C., 2—Elizabeth Adams, 2—B. L. Adair, 1—J. E. Taylor, 1—E. H. Rossiter, 5—W. Reynolds, 3—R. Gunther, 1—J. M. Ridgeway, 1—E. C. A., 2—H. Mencke, 1—J. Oelberrmann, 1—G. V., 1—C. Wilkins, 1—Leo and Elsa, 4—Esther W. Ayres, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—A. W. Coe, 1—J. Mumford, 1—Beth C. T., 3—Mamma, Helen, and Alfred, 1—H. H. Francine, 4—Mabel and Alfred, 2—John Berry, 2—"McG.," 2—Charles L. and Reta Sharp, 3—Douglas Adams, 2—B. C. and C. W. Chambers, 2—Two Dromios, 3—Majorca and Ivica, 2—Nellie C., 1—B. Hetter, 1—S. N. Mitchell, 1—"Cockle Shells," 3—Little Women, 3—B. Dorman, 1—E. E. F., 1—Grace Ely, 1—C. B. Powell, 1—Bertha Snyder, 4—Maud Huebener, 4—Sarah P. Judson, 2—C. P. Linville, 3—J. A. Miller, 1—Ida E. Mackey, 3—L. McCune, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 3—"The Lancer," 3—Madge Lyons, 2—"Infantry," 5—Bertha W. G., 2—"Peace and Happiness," 3—Marian S., 3—F. Ramsey, 1—Marie and Flo Foote, 4—"Hypothenuse and X.," 3—"May and '79," 4—Alexis J. Colman, 4—E. and S. Ryerson, 3—R. Maude Wilson, 2—Elsa, 2—Capt. White, 1—McG. and friends, 1—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 4—No Name, Berkeley, 2—Mamma and Millie, 3—Lillian C., 2—M. D. and C. M., 4—Adelle Walton, 4—Lucy R., 1—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 4—Doctor and I, 2—Nellie and Reggie, 4—Mamma and Marion, 5—M. G. M., 1—R. Bennett Bean, 4—Geoffrey Parsons, 2—G. Howland, 1—Two Book Worms, 3—J. A. Fisher, 1—Kittie and Bess, 3—E. Jernegan, 1—E. N. Johnston, 1—C. S. Harmon, 1—Maud S. A. Taylor, 4—Irene, 2—E. Webster and M. Hore, 2—Willie Kerr, Jr., 1—L. Duane, 1—H. Smith, 1—Eunice, 1—L. H. Stoffel, 1—F. Kloeber, 1—Elsie Shaw, 1—Irene, 2—O. and G. Marix, 1.

### EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. A NAME beloved by a certain nation. 2. To be borne in a carriage. 3. A notion. 4. Tidy.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

FIRST, find a little modest *flower*,  
Refreshed by many a summer shower;  
Next, *colors* you may call to mind,  
Which in an artist's box, you 'll find;  
A strong *desire* please write down,  
It is possessed by king and clown;  
An *article* must now be found,  
In many a book it does abound.  
Transpose these words to spell a time,  
Written about in prose and rhyme;  
For "if it rains upon this day,  
'T will rain for forty more," they say. C. D.

### EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a large bundle, and leave a beverage. 2. Behead custom and leave a man of wisdom. 3. Behead not any, and leave a unit. 4. Behead part of a ship, and leave a snake-like fish. 5. Behead a church festival occurring in the spring, and leave a flower. 6. Behead to contend in running, and leave a unit. 7. Behead a shelter, and leave a bower. 8. Behead angry, and leave

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Govern the lips  
As they were palace doors, the king within.  
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words  
Which from that presence win.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Summer Solstice; Finals, Midsummer Night. Cross-words: 1. Salam. 2. Uthai. 3. Monad. 4. Mavis. 5. Elibu. 6. Realm. 7. Shawm. 8. Obole. 9. LITER. 10. Sivan. 11. Tutti. 12. Icing. 13. Conch. 14. Eclat.

Pt. Sunshine over the meadows wide  
Where the bees hummed in the clover,  
And sunshine filling the lily cups  
Till every one brimmed over.  
Sunshine over the hazy hills,  
And over the dimpling river,  
And I wished the sun and the summer day  
Might shine and last forever. EBEN E. REXFORD.

A HEXAGON. 1. Fete. 2. Ewers. 3. Tenets. 4. Eremite. 5. Stiver. 6. Steer. 7. Errs.

a fixed allowance. 9. Behead the first of the six mechanical powers, and leave always. 10. Behead a series of steps, and leave a venomous serpent.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

ETHEL C. J. AND D. V. D.

### SINGLE ACROSTIC.

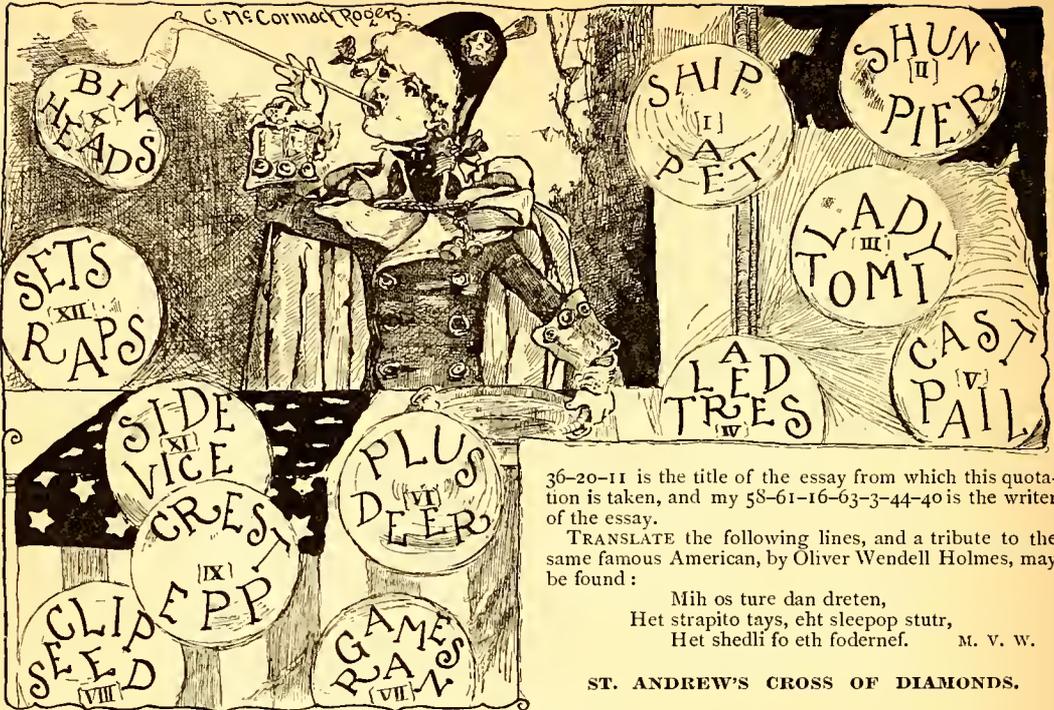
EACH word described contains eight letters. When these are placed one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous French author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A reigning sovereign of Europe. 2. To water. 3. Seized by force. 4. Not to restrain. 5. Pertaining to a musical drama. 6. Turning about an axis. 7. A mounted soldier. 8. To wave. 9. A jelly-like substance. 10. An impediment. EMMA SYDNEY.

### ZIGZAG.

THE zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the delight of every boy.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of tree. 2. An article of dress. 3. Much used in winter. 4. A snare. 5. A vehicle. 6. Skill. 7. A body of water. 8. Much used in summer. 9. Relatives. 10. A wager. 11. A sailor. "TOM."



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

REARRANGE the letters in each of the circles, so that a word of eight letters may be formed. When this has been done, and the twelve words are placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the third row of letters will spell exemption from control; the sixth row, a city where an important document was signed on July 4, 1876.

F. S. F.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in barn, but not in shed;  
 My second, in copper, but not in lead;  
 My third is in gate, but not in door;  
 My fourth is in ceiling, but not in floor;  
 My fifth is in land, but not in reef;  
 My sixth is in joy, but not in grief;  
 My seventh, in west, but not in east;  
 My eighth, in dinner, but not in feast;  
 My ninth is in bonnet, but not in hat;  
 My tenth is in rounded, but not in flat.

If all the letters are rightly selected,  
 They 'll spell a battle when connected.

"NODGE."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND PI PUZZLE.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and am a selection from a famous essay.

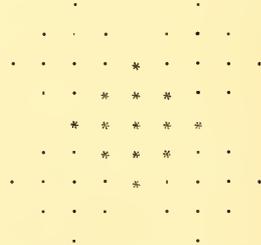
My 35-43-62-49 is that part of a plant which grows underground. My 57-2-18 is to strike. My 68-46-28-51-9 is one bereaved of a husband. My 15-25-37 is a file. My 31-22-7-65-12-50 is the pharynx. My 4-70-53-55 is a cowl. My 54-41-21-39 are distinct parcels. My 24-26-60-13-32-27-5 is to contend. My 66-10-45-48-71-34 is a general scarcity of food. My 1-19-30-14-33-8-64 is arrogant. My 6-29-42-17-52-38-59 is the Christian name of the person alluded to in the quotation on which this enigma is based. My 72-69-23-67-56-47-

36-20-11 is the title of the essay from which this quotation is taken, and my 58-61-16-63-3-44-40 is the writer of the essay.

TRANSLATE the following lines, and a tribute to the same famous American, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, may be found:

Mih os ture dan dreten,  
 Het strapito tays, eht sleepop stutr,  
 Het shedli fo eth fodernef. M. V. W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In troubled. 2. Depressed. 3. A cloth for the hands. 4. Texture. 5. In troubled.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In troubled. 2. To sever. 3. Dismal. 4. A nickname. 5. In troubled.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In troubled. 2. A small piece. 3. Of a lead color. 4. A metal. 5. In troubled.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In troubled. 2. A snare. 3. Black and blue. 4. A point. 5. In troubled.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In troubled. 2. To be drowsy. 3. The property which a woman brings to a husband in marriage. 4. A haunt. 5. In troubled.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the nine cross words contains ten letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initials will spell a human affliction, which the profession, spelled by the initials, aims to alleviate.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Menaced. 2. Manifest. 3. The act of kissing. 4. Victorious. 5. The language of the Hindoos. 6. Warns of a fault. 7. Delicate flattery. 8. One who heightens. 9. That part of zoölogy which treats of insects.

"TWO SUFFERERS."





MR. GEX GIVES LADY JANE A LESSON IN DANCING.

(SEE PAGE 821.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1890.

No. 10.

## A LESSON OF THE SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a beautiful spring afternoon, and the sun was so warm that it made the soft westerly breeze feel like a summer wind. Little Johnny Franklin, who thought he was really a big boy because he was ten years old and wore hip rubber-boots when it rained, was visiting his uncle, who lived at the Highlands of Navesink not far from the twin lighthouses. He thought it was too fine a day to stay on the hillside, so he started down toward the beach intending to pick up shells, or amuse himself by throwing pebbles into the sea. On his way down, he met Harry and Eddie Brownlow, who lived next door to his uncle. They were going to the beach, too, so all three boys walked along together. And when they came to the beach, they found various kinds of amusement. They threw pebbles, and they tried to see how close down to the surf they could follow the receding water without being caught by the next wave. Johnny, however, wet his feet from trying to go down as far as the two other boys. They could run faster than he could, for Eddie was twelve years old, and Harry was fourteen and a big boy for his age. As they ran along the beach, they came upon a sea skiff, a fisherman's boat, drawn up on the sands.

"Oh, look, look, boys!" exclaimed Johnny. "Here are a sail and a pair of oars. Let us play that we are out sailing."

"Oh, yes," said Eddie, "that will be great fun."

So they climbed into the boat, unrolled the sail, and stepped the mast. Johnny did not know how to do this, and Eddie was not quite sure of the way; but Harry said:

"You just leave it to me; what I don't know about boats is torn out!"

And so with great admiration, they watched Harry ship the sprit and made up their minds that he was a very remarkable boy and ought to be considered a man, even if he *was* no older than fourteen. The three boys played at sailing for nearly an hour. Then Harry said:

"I don't see much fun in this. It is not sailing, nor anything like it."

Johnny and Eddie looked rather blank at this remark.

"Now, what I say," Harry continued, "is, why should n't we really have a sail?"

The two smaller boys looked astonished.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"Why," said Harry, "there 's a very light

breeze, and hardly any surf. Let's take this boat and go sailing."

"What, on the ocean?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, to be sure," replied Harry.

"Can you sail a boat?" Johnny inquired.

"Of course," answered Harry, confidently. "I've been out with father dozens of times, and he always lets me steer a part of the time."

"Oh, yes," said Eddie; "that's so. Father always lets Harry steer. He wants him to be a good sailor."

Johnny was a little alarmed at the notion of sailing in so small a boat on so large a body of water; but then the fishermen always went out in such boats, and it must be all right. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the surf was no more than a ripple; so the boys had very little trouble in getting off the beach. As soon as they were a little out from under the lee of the beach, the light breeze filled the sail, and Harry put an oar against the quarter of the boat and steered very easily. He let the boat run before the wind straight away to the eastward. She went so smoothly and the swells were so low and broad that Johnny's timidity soon vanished and he began to enjoy the new experience.

"Oh, see!" he cried; "there's a steamer coming!"

"That's no steamer," said Eddie. "That's nothing but a moss-bunker."

"What's a moss-bunker?"

"A vessel that catches fishes called moss-bunkers and takes them over to Port Monmouth, where they make sardines out of them."

"Well, she's going by steam, anyhow," said Johnny.

"Yes, and so she's a steamer," said Harry. "But look away off yonder. There's an ocean steamer coming in from Europe."

"Oh, what a big one!" exclaimed Johnny. "What's her name?"

"I can't tell for sure," said Harry; "but she's the 'City of Paris,' the 'City of New York,' or the 'City of Rome.'"

"How do you know?" asked Eddie.

"Because she has three smoke-stacks in a row, fore and aft," said Harry.

Thus they sailed along talking about the sights of the sea, till suddenly the little boat's canvas began to flap and then hung limp.

"What's the matter with the sail?" asked Johnny, his doubts arising again.

"Wind's died out," said Harry; "it'll come in from the south presently. Father says the wind is 'never lost but it's found in the south.'"

"I guess we'd better turn back, Harry," said Eddie; "look at the shore."

Harry looked around for the first time, and was much alarmed to find that they were fully four miles out.

"I think we'll have to row," he said, getting out the oars.

"What makes the sky such a funny color over there?" asked Johnny.

Harry turned and saw something that frightened him very much. It was a heavy black cloud over toward Raritan Bay, and it was growing larger and coming closer every moment. Presently a flash of lightning broke from its edge, and the dull boom of distant thunder was heard.

"I'm afraid that it's going to be a thunder-storm," said Johnny.

"Yes, and rain, too," said Eddie. "We'll be soaked."

"I hope it will not blow hard," said Harry, who was taking the sprit out of the sail. "But father always shortens canvas when he thinks it's going to blow."

Harry seated himself, and with all his strength began to row toward the beach. All three boys were pale and silent. The click of the oars in the rowlocks and the threatening peals of the approaching thunder were the only sounds to be heard. Soon the cloud had spread from north to south, and was almost over their heads. The thunder peals became louder, and the flashes of lightning sharper. Then a few drops of rain began to fall. In another minute, it began to rain hard, and the three boys were very quickly wet to the skin. Eddie and Johnny began to cry. It was dark all around them. They could not see the shore. The pelting of the rain upon the ocean raised a great hissing sound like the escape of steam. The thunder bellowed and the lightning flashed incessantly. Harry was as white as a sheet, but he kept on rowing. Presently they heard a sort of humming sound, in the distance, but rapidly drawing nearer.

"What's that?" cried Eddie.

"I don't know," said Harry, stopping to listen.

Suddenly the sail gave one or two flaps, and they felt a puff of cool air. The next moment a powerful blast of wind swept upon them, heeling their little boat far over on one side so that the sea ran over the gunwale. The air was full of flying spray and of fearful howling noises. Eddie and Johnny, terrified, fell upon

The wind seemed to blow harder every minute, and the angry green waves rose in tumultuous fury around the little boat. Oh, how the three boys wished that they had contented themselves with playing at sailing! And how Harry realized that he did not know anything at all about managing a boat! For half an hour the wind continued to blow. The little skiff sometimes stood straight up and down in its mad



"THE THREE BOYS SHOUTED AGAIN AND AGAIN, FRANTICALLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

their knees in the bottom of the boat and tried to pray. Harry lost one of his oars. He seized the end of the painter and tied it to the handle of the other. At that moment another heavy gust of wind swept over the boat. Her little mast broke short off and fell overboard, knocking the other oar out of Harry's hand. Fortunately for the boys, the oar became tangled in the sail, and the canvas and sticks, held by the painter floated out ahead of the boat, making an excellent "sea drag," and keeping the little craft head on to seas, which now began to roll up in threatening height. Harry did not know what to do. He tried to comfort his younger companions, but they were terrified.

plunges over the waves, but, since the drag kept its head to them, it rode safely.

Presently the heavy clouds began to break away, and the thunder, lightning, and rain passed off to the eastward. The sun came out, and for a moment the boys felt the cheering influence of his rays. Then the wind shifted to the northwest, turned very cool, and blew quite as hard as it did during the squall. The boys looked toward the shore. They could see only the Highlands rising above the distant purple rim of the sea. Sandy Hook and the beach were out of sight. Off to the northward of them, a good three miles away, they could see the swaying masts of the red lightship. They

were being driven farther and farther out to sea by the cruel northwest wind which is even too strong for the fishermen at times. The poor boys gave themselves up for lost; wet and chilled and shivering, they sank down in the bottom of the boat and, with their arms around one another, cried silently. By and by Eddie and Johnny, worn out, sobbed themselves to sleep. Then Harry sat up and looked around him. To his surprise and joy he saw, not more than half a mile away to leeward, a pilot-boat, heading southward, under reefed main and fore-sails and jib. He stood up and waved his hat, and nearly fell overboard in so doing. He shouted, and that aroused the two other boys.

"Let 's all scream at once," said Johnny. So they each drew a long breath, and Harry counted one, two, three, with his hand, and they uttered piercing shrieks. Something black was seen moving up the weather fore-rigging of the pilot-boat. Then the vessel's head came up into the wind, her jib flapped heavily, she lifted her green forefoot clear out of the white foam, and then filled away on the port tack, heading directly away from the little boat.

"Oh, she 's going to leave us!" screamed Johnny.

The three boys shouted again and again frantically. They did not understand the movements of the pilot-boat, that was all. In two minutes she came about and then headed straight at them. Down she came, hurling the foam aside in great clouds of smoke-like spray.

"Oh," cried Eddie, "she 'll run over us!" But, no; as she came near, the helm was eased down, the jib was hauled to windward, and the pilot-boat glided alongside of them gracefully and easily.

"Catch this line and make it fast in the bow!" cried a voice.

A coil of rope came circling and unwinding through the air, and the end fell into the boat. Harry secured it and made it fast as directed.

"All of you get into the stern!" cried the man.

The boys did as directed, and were hauled up under the pilot-boat's lee quarter and pulled aboard. The pilots took them into the cabin, gave them warm drinks, and put them to bed.

"Who made that drag?" inquired the oldest pilot, after hearing their story.

"What drag?" asked Harry.

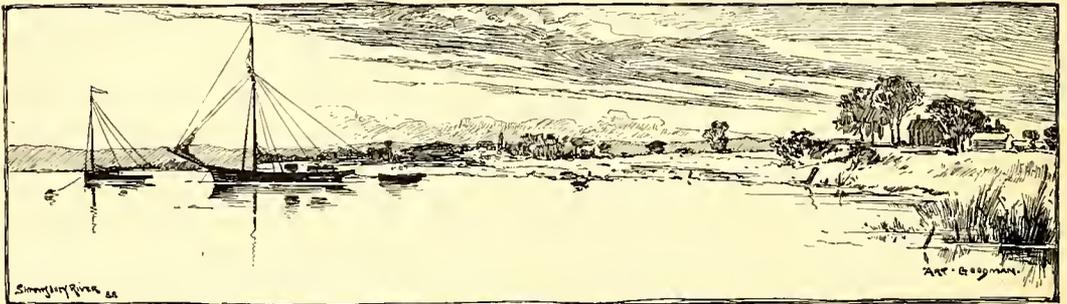
The pilot explained, and Harry said:

"It made itself."

He told the pilot how it happened; and the old man, slapping his leg, said:

"Then the Great Pilot up aloft meant this as a lesson for you. That drag is all that saved you. Now, boys, take my advice about two things. First, never take anything that does n't belong to you, without permission. Second, never undertake to handle a boat alone till you know all about it."

And when they were safe at home, Mr. Franklin said that the old pilot's advice was very good.



# LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LADY JANE FINDS A MUSIC TEACHER.

ON the occasion of Lady Jane's first visit to the d'Hautreuve ladies, she had been so interested in Mam'selle Diane's works of art, that she had paid no attention whatever to the piano and the flowers.

But on the second visit, while Tony was posing as a model (for suddenly he had developed great perfection in that capacity), she critically examined the ancient instrument.

Presently she asked a little timidly, "Is that what you make music on when you sing, Mam'selle Diane?"

Mam'selle Diane nodded an affirmative. She was very busy modeling Tony's leg in sealing-wax.

"Is it a piano?"

"Yes, my dear, it's a piano. Did you never see one before?"

"Oh, yes; and I've played on one. Mamma used to let me play on hers; but it was large, very large, and not like this."

"Where was that?" asked Mam'selle Diane, while a swift glance passed between her and her mother.

"Oh, that was on the ranch, before we came away."

"Then you lived on a ranch. Where was it, my dear?"

"I don't know"; and Lady Jane looked puzzled. "It was just the ranch. It was in the country, and there were fields and fields, and a great many horses, and sheep and lambs—dear little lambs!"

"Then the lady you live with is not your mamma?" said Mam'selle Diane, casually, while she twisted the sealing-wax into the shape of the foot.

"Oh, no; she's my *Tante* Pauline. My mamma has gone away, but Pepsie says she's

sure to come back before Christmas; and it's not very long now before Christmas." The little face grew radiant with expectation.

"And you like music?" said Mam'selle Diane, with a sigh; she saw how it was, and she pitied the motherless darling from the bottom of her tender heart.

"Did n't you ever hear me sing when I used to stand close to the window?" Lady Jane leaned across Mam'selle Diane's table, and looked at her with a winsome smile. "I sang as loud as I could, so you'd hear me; I thought, perhaps, you'd let me in."

"Dear little thing!" returned Mam'selle Diane, caressingly. Then she turned and spoke in French to her mother, "You know, Mamma, I wanted to ask her in before, but you thought she might meddle with my wools and annoy me; but she's not troublesome at all. I wish I could teach her music, when I have time."

Lady Jane glanced from one to the other gravely and anxiously.

"I'm learning French," she said. "Pepsie's teaching me; and when I learn it you can always talk to me in French. I know some words now."

Mam'selle Diane smiled. "I was telling Mamma that I should like to teach you music. Would you like to learn?"

"What!—to play on the piano?" and the child's eyes glistened with delight.

"Yes, to play and sing, both."

"I can sing, now," with a little shy, wistful smile.

"Well then, sing for us while I finish Tony's leg, and afterwards I will sing for you."

"Shall I sing 'Sleep, baby, sleep'?"

"Yes; anything you like."

Lady Jane lifted her little face, flushed like a flower, but still serious and anxious, and broke into a ripple of melody so clear, so sweet, and so delicately modulated, that Mam'selle Diane

clasped her hands in ecstasy. She forgot her bunch of wool, the difficulty of Tony's breast-feathers, the impossible sealing-wax leg, and sat listening, enchanted; while the old lady closed her eyes and swayed back and forth, keeping time with the dreamy rhythm of the lullaby.

"Why, my dear, you have the voice of an angel!" exclaimed Mam'selle Diane when the child finished. "I must teach you. You *must* be taught. Mamma, she *must* be taught. It would be wicked to allow such a voice to go uncultivated!"

"And what can cultivation do that nature has n't done?" asked the old lady, querulously. "Sometimes I think too much cultivation ruins a voice. Think of yours, Diane; think of what it was before all that drilling and training; think of what it was that night you sang at Madame La Baronne's, when your cousin from France, the Marquis d'Hautreuve, said he had never listened to so wonderful a voice."

"It was the youth in it, Mamma, the youth. I was only sixteen:" and Mam'selle Diane sighed over the memory of those days.

"It was before all the freshness was cultivated out of it. You never sang so well afterwards."

"I never was as young, Mamma, and I never had such an audience again. You know, I went back to the convent; and when I came out things had changed, and I was older, and — I had changed. I think the change was in me."

Here a tear stole from the faded eyes that had looked on such triumphs.

"It is true, my dear, you never had such an opportunity again. Your cousin went back to France; and — and — there were no more *fêtes* after those days, and there was no one left to recognize your talent. Perhaps it was as much the lack of recognition as anything else. Yes, I say, as I always have said, that it's recognition you need to make you famous. It's the same with your birds as with your singing. It's recognition you need."

"And perhaps it's wealth too, Mamma," said Mam'selle Diane, gently. "One is forgotten when one is poor. Why, we have been as good as dead and buried these twenty years. I believe there's no one left who remembers us."

"No, no, my child, it's not that," cried the

old lady, sharply. "We are always d'Hautreves. It was our own choice to give up society; and we live so far away, it is inconvenient,—so few of our old friends keep carriages now; and besides, we have no day to receive. It was a mistake giving up our reception-day. Since then people have n't visited us."

"I was thinking, Mamma," said Mam'selle Diane, timidly, "that if I did as well with my ducks next year as I have this, we might have a day again. We might send cards and let our old friends know that we are still alive."

"We might, indeed," said the old lady, brightening visibly. "We are always d'Hautreves"; then her face fell suddenly. "But, Diane, my dear, we have n't either of us a silk dress, and it would never do for us to receive in anything but silk."

"That's true, Mamma. I never thought of that. We may not be able to have a day after all," and Mam'selle Diane bent her head dejectedly over the sealing-wax and wool.

While these reminiscences were exchanged by the mother and daughter, Lady Jane, whose singing had called them forth, slipped out into the small garden, where, amid a profusion of bloom and fragrance, she was now listening to the warbling of a canary whose cage hung among the branches of a Maréchal Niel rose. It was the bird whose melody had enraptured her while she was yet without the paradise, and it was the effigy of that same bird that she had seen on Mam'selle Diane's green woolen trees. He was a bright, jolly little fellow, and he sang as if he were wound up and never would run down.

Lady Jane listened to him delightedly while she inspected the beds of flowers. It was a little place, but contained a great variety of plants, and each was carefully trained and trimmed; and under all the seedlings were laid little sheets of white paper on which some seeds had already fallen.

Lady Jane eyed the papers curiously. She did not know that these tiny black seeds added yearly a few dollars to the d'Hautreuve revenues, and at the same time furnished the thrifty gardener with all she needed for her own use. But whose hands pruned and trained, dug and watered? Were they the hands of the myth of

a servant who came so early, before Madame was out of bed,—for the old aristocrat loved to sleep late,—to clean the gallery and banquette and do other jobs unbecoming a d'Hautrevé?

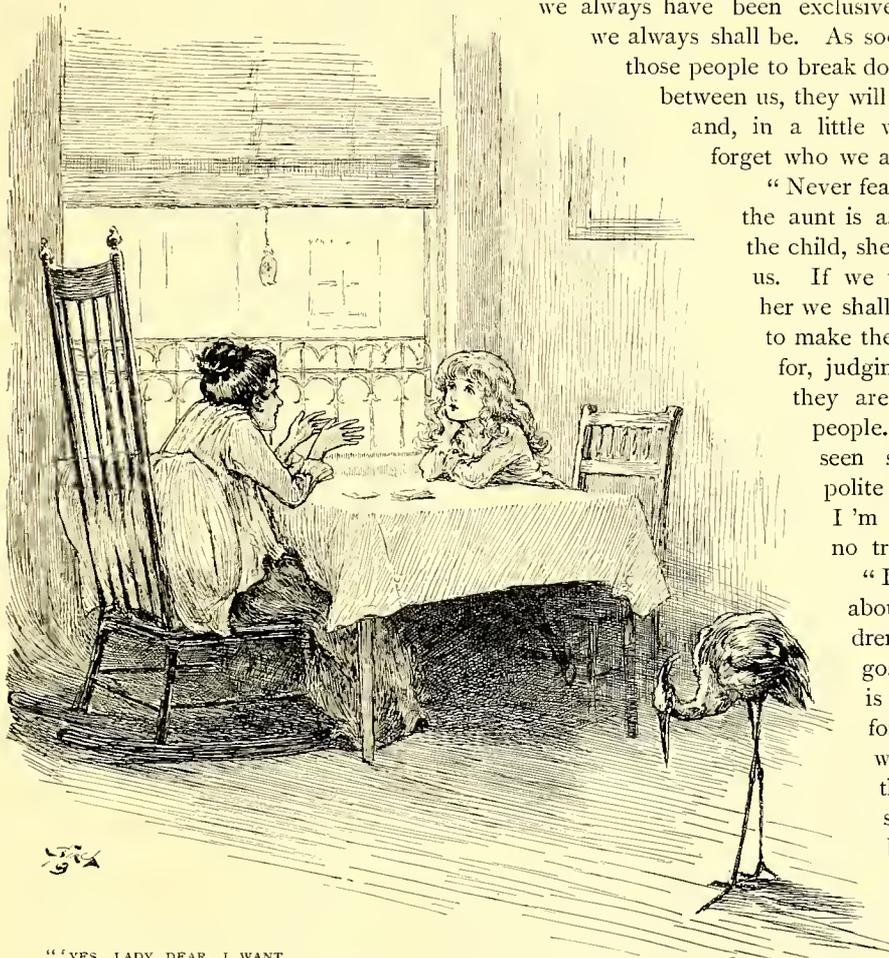
Yes, the very same; and Mam'selle Diane

relatives are," the old lady said, complainingly. "And if we once open our doors to the child, the aunt may try to crowd in. We don't want to make any new acquaintances. There's one satisfaction we still have, that, although we are poor, *very* poor, we are always d'Hautrevés, and we always have been exclusive, and I hope we always shall be. As soon as we allow those people to break down the barriers between us, they will rush in on us, and, in a little while, they will forget who we are."

"Never fear, Mamma; if the aunt is as well bred as the child, she will not annoy us. If we wish to know her we shall probably have to make the first advances, for, judging by the child, they are not common people. I have never seen so gentle and polite a little girl. I'm sure she'll be no trouble."

"I don't know about that; children are natural gossips, and she is very intelligent for her age. She will notice everything, and the secret of your birds will get out."

"Well, Mamma dear, if you feel that she will be



"YES, LADY DEAR, I WANT YOU TO LEARN TO PLAY ON THE PIANO, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING OF," SAID PEPSIE."

was not an early riser because of sleeplessness; nor was it age that made her slender hands so hard and brown.

When Mam'selle Diane rejoined Lady Jane in the garden she had gained her mother's consent to giving the child a music-lesson once a week. The old lady had been querulous and difficult; she had discussed and objected; but finally Mam'selle Diane had overcome her prejudices.

"You don't know what kind of people her

intrusion upon our privacy I won't insist; but I should so like to have her, just for two hours, say, once a week. It would give me a new interest; it would renew my youth to hear her angelic little voice sometimes."

"Oh, I suppose you must have your way, Diane, as you always do. Young people nowadays have no respect for age. We must yield all our traditions and habits to their new-fashioned ideas or else we are severe and tyrannical!"

"Oh, Mamma — dear Mamma — I'm sure you are a little, just a little, unkind now," said Mam'selle Diane, soothingly. "I'll give it up at once if you really wish it; but I don't think you do. I am sure the child will interest you; besides, I'm getting on so well with the bird. You would n't have me give up my model, would you?"

"Certainly not, my dear. If you need her, let her come. At least, you can try for a while; and if you find her troublesome, and the lessons a task, you can stop them when you like."

When this not very gracious consent was obtained, Mam'selle Diane hastened to tell Lady Jane that if her aunt approved she could come to her every Saturday from one to three, when she would teach her the piano, as well as singing; and that after the lesson, if she liked to remain awhile in the garden with the birds and flowers she was at liberty to do so.

Lady Jane fairly flew to tell Pepsie the good news; but, much to her surprise, her merry and practical friend burst into tears, and hid her face on the table among the pecan-shells.

"Why, Pepsie,—dear, dear Pepsie,—what ails you?" cried Lady Jane, in an agony of terror; "tell me what ails you"; and dropping Tony, she laid her little face among the shells, and cried too.

"I'm — I'm — jealous," said Pepsie, looking up, after a time, and rubbing her eyes furiously. "I'm a fool, I know, but I can't help it. I don't want you to go there. Those fine, proud people will teach you to look down on us. We're poor, my mother sells pralines, and the people that live behind that green fence are too proud and fine to notice any one in this street. They've lived here ever since I was born, and no one's seen them, because they've kept to themselves, always; and now, when I've just got you to love, they want to take you away; they want to teach you to *despise* — us!" and Pepsie stumbled over the unusual word in her passionate vehemence, while she still cried and sobbed angrily.

"But don't cry, Pepsie," entreated Lady Jane. "I don't love Mam'selle Diane so well as I love you. It's the music, the singing. Oh, Pepsie,—dear, dear Pepsie,—let me learn music, and I'll be good and love you *dearly!*"

"No, no; you won't; you won't care any

more for me," insisted Pepsie, the little demon of jealousy raging to such a degree that she was quite ready to be unjust as well as unreasonable.

"Are you cross at me, Pepsie?" and Lady Jane crept almost across the table to cling tearfully to her friend's neck. "Don't be cross, and I won't go to Mam'selle Diane. I won't learn music, and, Pepsie dear, I'll — I'll — give you Tony!"

This was the extreme of renunciation, and it touched the generous heart of the girl to the very quick. "You dear little angel!" she cried, with a sudden revulsion of feeling clasping and kissing the child passionately. "You're as sweet and good as you can be, and I'm wicked and selfish! Yes, wicked and selfish! It's for your good, and I'm trying to keep you away. You ought to hate me for being so mean."

At this moment Tite Souris entered, and, seeing the traces of tears on her mistress's cheeks, broke out in stern reproachful tones.

"Miss Lady, what's you be'n a-doin' to my Miss Pepsie? You done made her cry. I see how she's been a-gwine on! You jes' look out or her ma'll git a'ter you ef yer makes dat po' crooked gal cry dat a-way."

"Hush, Tite," cried Pepsie; "you need n't blame Miss Lady. It was my fault. I was wicked and selfish; I did n't want her to go to Mam'selle Diane. I was jealous, that's all."

"Pepsie cried because she thought I would not love her," put in Lady Jane, in an explanatory tone, quite ignoring Tite's burst of loyalty. "Mam'selle Diane is nobility, French nobility; and Pepsie thought I'd be proud and love Mam'selle best, did n't you, Pepsie?"

"Now, jes' hear dat chile!" cried Tite, scornfully. "If dey *is* nobility, dey is po' white trash. Shore's I live, dat tall lean one, wat look lak a graveyard figger, she git outen her bed 'fore sun-up, an' brick her banquette her own self. I done seed her one mornin'; she war a-scrubbin' lak mad. An' bress yer, honey, she done had a veil on, so no one won't know her. Shore's I live, she done brick her banquette wid a veil on."

"If she cleans the banquette herself they must be very poor," was Pepsie's logical conclusion. "Perhaps, after all, they're not so proud; only

they don't want people to know how poor they are. And Tite, don't you tell that on the poor lady. You know it 's just one of your stories about her having a veil on. It may have been some one else. You could n't tell who it was if she had a veil on, as you say."

This argument did not in the least shake Tite Souris in her conviction that she had seen the granddaughter of the Count d'Hautreuve bricking her banquet, before "sun-up," with a veil over her face.

However, Lady Jane and Pepsie were reconciled, and the little cripple, to show her confidence in the child's affection, was now as anxious to have her go to Mam'selle Diane and learn music, as she was averse to it before.

"Yes, Lady dear, I want you to learn to play on the piano, and I 'll tell you what I 've been thinking of," said Pepsie, as they leaned confidentially toward each other across the table. "Mamma has some money in a bank. She 's been saving it to get something for me. You know she does everything I want her to do. I wanted to learn to read, and she had a teacher come to me every day until I could read and write very well, so I 'm sure she 'll do this if I want her to, and this is what it is: she must buy a piano to put right there in that space next the bed."

"For me to play on? Oh, Pepsie, how lovely!" and Lady Jane clasped her hands with delight.

"And you can practice all the time," continued the practical Pepsie. "You know, if you ever learn music well you must practice a great deal. Cousin Marie practiced three hours a day in the convent. And then, when you 're grown up, you 'll sing in the Cathedral and earn a great deal of money; and you can buy a beautiful white satin dress, all trimmed down the front with lace, and they 'll ask you to sing in the French opera, on Rue Bourbon, and every one will bring you flowers and rings and bracelets and jewels, and you 'll be just like a queen."

"And sit on a throne and wear a crown," gasped Lady Jane, her eyes wide and sparkling, and her cheeks flushed, over the glories of Pepsie's riotous imagination.

"Yes," said Pepsie. Now that she had started she meant to give full rein to her fancy. "And

every one will be ready to worship you, and you 'll ride out in a blue carriage with eight white horses."

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Lady Jane, rapturously; "and you 'll go with me, and it 'll be just as good as riding in Tante Modeste's milk cart!"

"Better, much better," agreed Pepsie, quite willing, in her present mood, to admit that there was something better; "and then you 'll have a big, big house in the country, with grass and trees and flowers, and a fountain that will tinkle, tinkle, all the time."

"And you and Mamma Madelon will live with me always." Here a sudden shadow passed over the bright little face and the wide eyes grew very wistful, "And, Pepsie, perhaps God will let Papa and Mamma come and live with me again."

"Perhaps so, dear," returned Pepsie, with quick sympathy. "When I say my prayers, I 'll ask."

Presently Lady Jane said softly, with an anxious glance at Pepsie, "You know, you told me that Mamma might come back before Christmas. It 's nearly Christmas, is n't it? Oh, I wish I could know if she was coming back! Can't you ask your cards, Pepsie? Perhaps they 'll tell if she 'll come."

"I 'll try," replied Pepsie; "yes, I 'll try; but sometimes they won't tell."

When Lady Jane asked permission of Madame Jozain to study music with Mam'selle Diane, "Tante Pauline" consented readily. In fact, she was overjoyed. It was no common honor to have her "niece" instructed by a d'Hautreuve, and it was another feather in her much belated cap. By and by people would think more of her, and treat her with greater consideration. When she was once intimate with the d'Hautreuve ladies, the neighbors would n't dare turn the cold shoulder to her; for through their interest in the child she expected to gain a foothold for herself; but she had yet to learn how very exclusive a d'Hautreuve could be under certain circumstances.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LADY JANE'S DANCING-MASTER.

AMONG all Lady Jane's friends, there was no one who congratulated her on her good fortune

with half the enthusiasm and warmth displayed by little Gex.

"Vell, vell, my dear leetle lady," he said, rubbing his small hands delightedly. "Vhy, you are in luck, and no mistake! To have such a teacher for the music as Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreve is as good as a fortune to you. She 'll give you the true style—the style of the French nobility, the only style vhat is good. I know just vhat that is. Peoples think old Gex knows nothing; but they 're mistaken, leetle lady; they 're mistaken. They don't know vhat I vas once. There is n't nothing in music that Gex has n't heard. I 've seen everything fine, and I 've heard everything fine, vhen I used to be always at the French opera."

"Oh, were you in the French opera?" interrupted Lady Jane, with sparkling eyes; "that's where Pepsie says I shall sing; and I 'm going to have flowers, and — and a throne, and — oh, I don't remember, but everything, *everything!*" she added, impressively, summing all up in one blissful whole.

"Vell, I should n't vonder, I should n't vonder," said Gex, looking at her proudly, with his head on one side, much like an antiquated crow, "for you 've got the voice already vhat vould make soft the heart of one stone."

"Oh, Mr. Gex, where did *you* hear me sing?" and Lady Jane looked at him with grave surprise. "I never sang for any one but Pepsie, and Mam'selle Diane, and you were n't there."

"But I 've heard you sing, I 've heard you, my leetle lady," insisted the old man, with twinkling eyes. "It vas one morning, vhen you vas a-singing vith Mam'selle Diane, outside on the banquette. I stepped out, and there I heard you sing like one leetle bird; but you did n't know I vas a-listening."

"No, I did n't know it," said Lady Jane, smiling brightly again. "I 'm glad you heard me, and some day I 'll sing 'Sleep, baby, sleep' for you, if you 'd like to hear it."

Mr. Gex assured her that he would, and added that he adored music. "I have n't heard the fine music for many years," he remarked, with a little sigh, "and I used to be just crazed for it; but I vas different then, leetle lady, I vas different; you vould n't think it, but I vas different."

"You did n't wear a handkerchief over your ears then, did you, Mr. Gex?"

"No, no, my leetle lady; it vas the ear-ache vat made me tie up my ear."

"Did you wear an apron, and did you sew?" continued Lady Jane, very curious to know in vhat ways he was different.

"Vear an apron!" exclaimed Gex, holding up his hands. "Vhy, bless your leetle heart, I dressed like one gentleman. I vore the black clothes, fine and glossy. I vas one neat leetle man. My hair vas black and curly, and you von't believe it, I 'm afraid you von't believe it, but I vore the silk hose, and leetle fine shoes tied vith one ribbon, and one gold chain across my vaistcoat; and one ring on that finger," and Gex touched one of his hard and shrunken digits by way of emphasis.

"Did you, Mr. Gex — oh, did you?" and Lady Jane's eyes glistened, and her little face was one smile of delight. "Oh, how nice you must have looked. But you did n't have a fruit stall, then?"

"No, indeed; no, indeed; I vas in one fine business. I vas fashionable then; I vas one fine leetle gentleman."

"Mr. Gex, vhat *did* you do?" cried Lady Jane, in a little shrill impetuous voice, for her curiosity had reached the climax. "I want to know vhat you did vhen you curled your hair and wore a gold chain."

"I vas one professeur, leetle lady. I vas one professeur."

"One professeur! Oh, vhat is 'one professeur'?" cried Lady Jane, impatiently.

"He is one gentleman vhat does teach."

"Then you taught music. Oh, I 've guessed it, you taught music," and Lady Jane looked at him admiringly. "Now I know vhy you like it so much!"

"No, no, leetle lady. It vas not the music. It vas the sister to the music; it vas the dance. I vas professeur of the dance. Think of that, of the dance. So nimble, so quick; see, like this," and little Gex, carried away by the memory of his former triumphs, took hold of the sides of his apron and made two or three quaint fantastic steps, ending them with a little pirouette and low bow which enchanted Lady Jane.

"Oh, how funny, how funny! Please do it again, won't you, Mr. Gex? Oh, do, *do!*"

Gex smiled indulgently, but shook his head. "No, no, leetle lady. Once is enough, just to show you how nimble and quick one professeur of the dance can be; but then I was young and supple and full of life. I was running over with life; I was one fine leetle gentleman, so springy and light, and I was all the fashion. Would you believe it, leetle lady? I had one fine grand house on Rue Royale, and all the rich peoples, and all the noblesse, and all the leetle gentlemen and the small leetle ladies like you came to the 'Professeur Gex' to learn the dance."

"But why, why, Mr. Gex, did you leave the Rue Royale?" asked Lady Jane, greatly puzzled at his changed condition, and anxious to know by what strange freak of destiny he had been brought to sell fruit and vegetables in Good Children Street, to wear an apron, and to mend his own stockings.

"Ah, vell, my leetle lady, it was many things what brought me to here," he replied, with a sigh of resignation. "You see I did not stay the fashion. I got old, and the rheumatism made me slow and stiff, and I was no more such a fine, light leetle gentleman. I could not jump and turn so nimble and quick, and a new professeur came from Paris, and to him went all my pupils. I had no money, because I was vairy fond of good living, and I lived high like one gentleman; and so, when I was old I was poor, and there was nothing but to sell the fruit and vegetable in Good Children Street."

"Oh, dear, dear, what a pity!" sighed Lady Jane, regretfully. To think that the mighty had fallen so low touched her loyal little heart, and brought the tears of sympathy to her blue eyes.

"Naiver mind, naiver mind. You see I was old and I could not teach the dance alway; but *attendez*, my leetle lady, listen to what I say," and he clasped his hands persuasively, and turned his head on one side, his little twinkling eyes full of entreaty. "Would you, now would you, like to learn the dance? I'm old, and I'm no more so nimble and light, but I know the steps, all the fine steps, and my leetle lady must learn the dance some time. Von't you let me teach you how to take the fine leetle steps?"

"Oh, Mr. Gex, *will* you?" cried Lady Jane, jumping down from her chair, with a flushed, eager face, and standing in front of the little dancing-master. "Do, do! I'm all ready. Teach them to me now!"

"Vell, that is all right; stand as you are and I will begin just now," said Gex, beaming with pleasure, while he hurriedly grasped the sides of his loose trousers and pushed his spectacles well on the top of his bald head. "Now, now, leetle lady, turn out your toes, take hold of your skirt; just so. Right foot, left foot, just so. Vatch me. Right foot, left foot. One, two, three! Right foot, one, two; left foot, one, two, three; half around, one, two, three; just so, vatch me! Back again, half around, one, two, one, two; ah, good, good, vairy good, my leetle lady! You will learn the dance so vell!"

It was a delicious picture that they made in the dingy little shop, surrounded by fruit and vegetables. Lady Jane, with her yellow, flying hair, her radiant rosy face, her gracious head coquettishly set on one side, her sparkling blue eyes fixed on Gex, her dainty little fingers holding out her short skirt, her slender, graceful legs, and tiny feet advancing and retreating in shy mincing steps, turning and whirling with a pretty swaying motion first one side, then the other, right in front of Gex, who, with a face of preternatural gravity, held out his loose trousers' legs and turned his small shoes to the correct angle, while he went through all the intricate steps of a first dancing-lesson in the quaint, old-fashioned style of fifty years ago; every movement being closely followed by the child with a grace and spirit really charming.

When the lesson was over and Lady Jane ran to tell her friend of this latest stroke of good fortune, Pepsie showed all her white teeth in a broad smile of satisfaction.

"Well, Lady," she said, "you *are* a lucky child! You've not only found a music-teacher, but you've found a dancing-master!"

## CHAPTER XV.

### LADY JANE MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.

CHRISTMAS came and went; and whatever hopes, desires, or regrets, filled the loving little heart of Lady Jane, the child kept them to her-

self, and was outwardly as bright and cheerful as on other days, although Pepsie, who watched her closely, thought that she detected a wistfulness in her eyes, and, at times, a sad note in the music of her happy voice. If the affection that finds expression in numerous Christmas gifts can make a child contented, Lady Jane had certainly no reason to complain.

The first thing on which her eyes fell when she awoke was her stockings, the slender legs very much swollen and bulged, hanging in Madame's chimney-corner, waiting to be relieved of their undue expansion. Even Raste—the extravagant and impecunious Raste—had remembered her; for a very dressy doll, with a French gilt bangle encircling its waist (the bangle being intended not for the doll, but for Lady Jane), bore a card on which was inscribed in bold characters, "M. Adraste Jozain," and, underneath the name, "A mery Crismus." Adraste was very proud of his English, and as Lady Jane was more grateful than critical it passed muster. Then, there was a basket of fruit from Gex; and beside the basket nestled a little yellow duckling, which came from Mam'selle Diane, as Lady Jane knew without looking at the tiny old-fashioned card attached to it. And, after she had been made happy at home, she still had another pleasure in store; for Pepsie, wishing to witness the pleasure of her little friend, had the Paichoux presents, with her own and Madelon's, beautifully arranged on her table, and carefully covered until the important moment of unveiling. Every Paichoux had remembered Lady Jane, and a finer array of picture-books, dolls, and toys was never spread before a happier child; but the presents which pleased her most, were a small music-box from Madelon, a tiny silver thimble from Pepsie, and Mam'selle Diane's little duckling. These she kept always among her treasures.

"The day I like best," said Pepsie, after Lady Jane had exhausted all adjectives expressive of admiration, "is the *Jour de l'An*, New Year's, as you call it. Then Tante Modeste and the children come, and bring bonbons and fireworks, and the street is lighted from one end to the other, and the sky is full of rockets and Roman candles, and there is so much noise, and every one is merry—because the New Year has come."

At that moment, Tite Souris entered with an expressive grin on her ebony face, and an air of great mystery.

"Here you, chil'ums, I done got yer Crismus. Doan' say nufin' 'bout it, 'cause tain't nufin' much. I ain't got no money ter buy dolls, an' sech; so I jes' bought yer boaf a 'stage plank.' I lowed yer might lak a 'stage plank.'"

Unfolding a large yellow paper, she laid a huge sheet of coarse black gingerbread on the table among Lady Jane's treasures.

"Thank you, Tite," said Lady Jane, eying the strange object askance. "What is it?"

"Oh, lor', Miss Lady, ain't ye neber seed a 'stage plank'? It 's ter eat. It 's *good*; ain't it, Miss Peps'?"

"I don't know, Tite; I never ate one," replied Pepsie, smiling broadly; "but I dare say it 's good. It 's kind of you to think of us, and we 'll try it, by and by."

"Dear me!" said Pepsie, after Tite, who was grinning with satisfaction, had left the room. "What shall we do with it? We *can't* eat it?"

"Perhaps Tony will," exclaimed Lady Jane, eagerly. "He will eat almost anything. He ate all Tante Pauline's shrimps the other day, and he swallowed two live toads in Mam'selle Diane's garden. Oh, he's got a dreadful appetite! Tante Pauline says she can't afford to feed him," and she looked anxiously at her greedy pet.

"Well, we 'll try him," said Pepsie, breaking off a piece of the "stage plank" and throwing it to Tony. The bird gobbled it down promptly, and then looked for more.

Lady Jane clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh, is n't Tony nice to eat it? But we must n't let Tite know, because she 'd be sorry that *we* did n't like it. We 'll keep it and give it all to Tony." And in this way Tite's "stage plank" was disposed of.

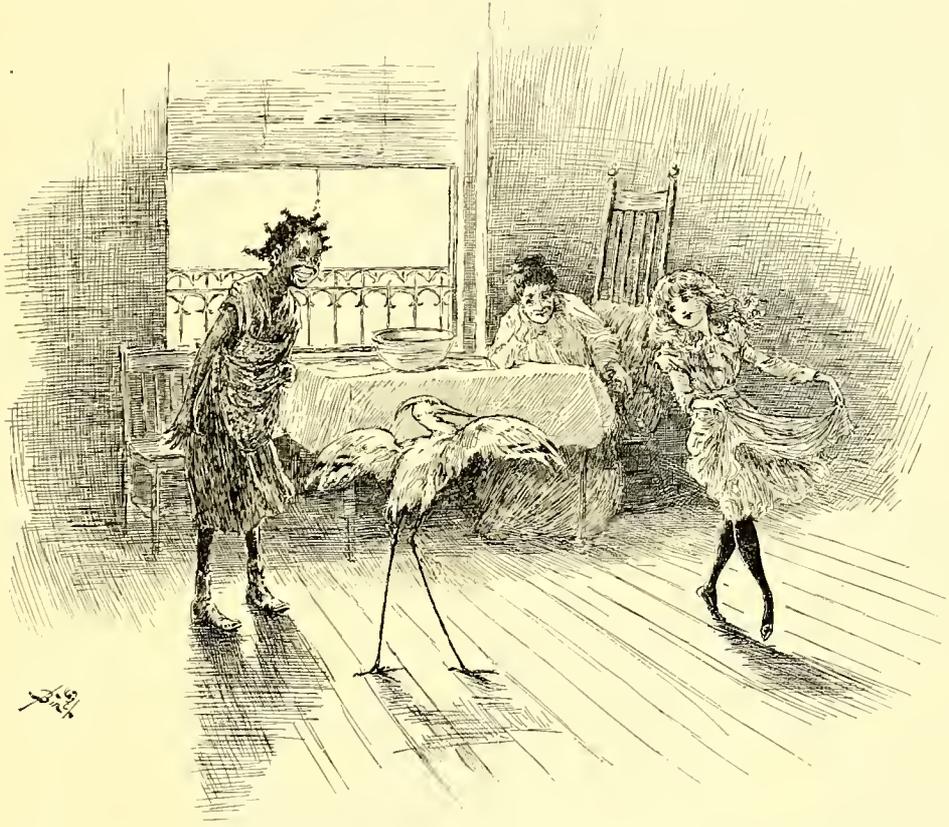
If Christmas was a merry day to Lady Jane, New Year's was certainly a happy one. The Paichoux children came, as Pepsie said they would, loaded with bonbons and fireworks, and all day the neighborhood was lively with their fun—and such a dinner as they brought with them! Lady Jane thought there never could be anything as pretty as the table in Madelon's little room, loaded, as it was, with all sorts of

good things. Tante Modeste went home to dine with her husband; but the children remained until the milk-cart came for them, when it was quite dark.

After they were all gone, and quiet was restored to the tiny dwelling, Lady Jane remarked to Pepsie that she thought New Year's *was* better than Christmas.

Pepsie was teaching her to read and sew, and Mam'selle Diane was drilling her in scales,—although at times Madame d'Hautreuve grumbled and quavered about the noise, and declared that the child was too young; for, stretch them all she could, her tiny fingers would *not* reach an octave.

And then there were the dancing lessons,

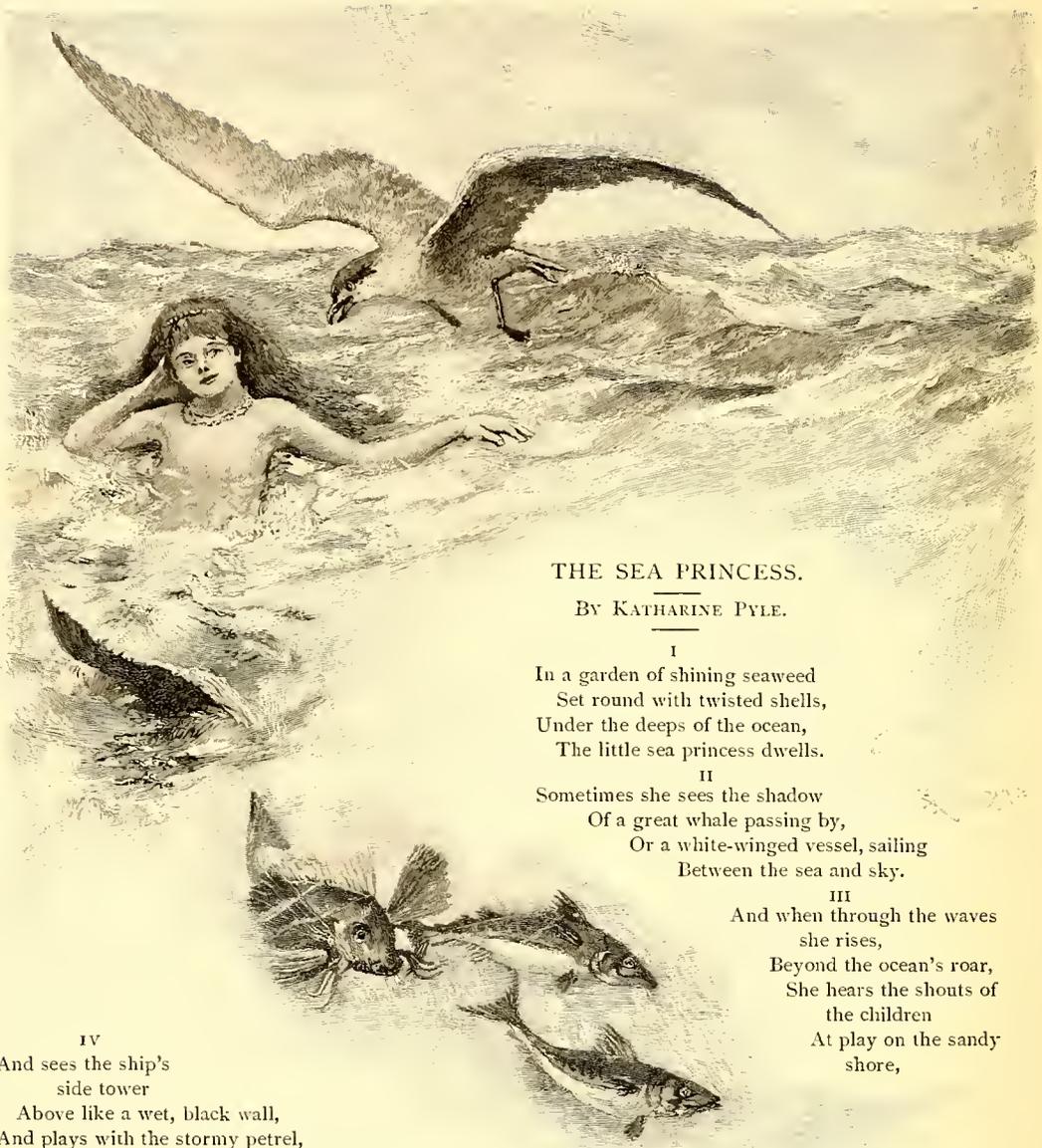


“But just wait,” said Pepsie, smiling mysteriously; “just wait until Carnival! Christmas and New Year’s are lovely; but Mardi-Gras — oh, Mardi-Gras! there’s *nothing* like it in the world!”

Lady Jane wondered very much what Mardi-Gras was; but tried to wait patiently until that wonderful day should arrive. The time did not pass slowly to her, surrounded as she was by tender care and affection.

which were always a pleasure, and a constant source of amusement in which Pepsie and Tite Souris shared, Pepsie as an enraptured spectator, and Tite Souris by personating Mr. Gex in Lady Jane’s frequent rehearsals; and even Tony had caught the spirit of Terpsichore, and under Lady Jane’s constant instruction had learned to take steps, to mince and hop and pirouette, if not as correctly, at least as gracefully, as the ancient Professor Gex.

(To be continued.)



## THE SEA PRINCESS.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

I

In a garden of shining seaweed  
Set round with twisted shells,  
Under the deeps of the ocean,  
The little sea princess dwells.

II

Sometimes she sees the shadow  
Of a great whale passing by,  
Or a white-winged vessel, sailing  
Between the sea and sky.

III

And when through the waves  
she rises,  
Beyond the ocean's roar,  
She hears the shouts of  
the children  
At play on the sandy  
shore,

IV

And sees the ship's  
side tower  
Above like a wet, black wall,  
And plays with the stormy petrel,  
And answers the sea-gull's call.

V

But deep down under the water  
Better she loves to play,  
Setting a rock with sea-shells  
Purple and pink and gray ;

VI

Stringing with pearls a necklace,  
Or learning curious spells  
From the water-witch, gray and  
ancient,  
And hearing the tales she tells.

VII

Without the palace, her sea-horse  
Feeds in his crystal stall,  
And fishes, with scales that glisten,  
Come leaping forth at her call.

VIII

And when the day has faded  
From over the lonesome deep,  
In a shell as smooth as satin  
The princess is rocked to sleep.

# BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

## FOURTH PAPER:

### THE BATTERY.

MORE than the professional nine, the amateur nine is dependent for its success upon the work of the battery. For this reason it is that so much time and attention are devoted to the men composing this battery, throughout the season as well as in preliminary training. The greatest cause of poor work by pitcher and catcher at the outset may be said to be lame arms. A pitcher whose arm is lame will go on exhausting himself, punishing the catcher, and breaking down the nerve of his nine from inning to inning, until the game is irretrievably lost. A catcher with a lame arm soon betrays his inability to throw to the bases; and the opponents steal second and then third, until his own nine feel that if a runner reaches first he has merely to trot around to third. Demoralization always follows, and the nine "goes to pieces."

The first problem to be studied, then, is how to avoid a lame arm, and the second, how to cure it if the misfortune comes. A lame arm is usually acquired early in the season; for, when the muscles are thoroughly trained and kept in good condition, lameness seldom results from any cause except some foolish overwork (such, for instance, as pitching several hard games a week for two or three weeks). This overwork is not the temptation to an amateur player that it is to the professional; but occasionally a combination of circumstances makes an unusual demand upon an amateur, and he is then even more likely than the professional to forget that his arm is not a machine. On this account it is well to state that two games a week should be the limit for the amateur pitcher. In fact, even that allowance, continued steadily, is very likely to weaken his pitching.

The preparatory training for the pitcher should be even more gradual than that of the other players. He should begin in the winter to take

up all the exercises suggested for increasing the suppleness and strength of the muscles of the arm and shoulder, particularly the latter. He should use the light dumb-bells, going through as great a variety of motions as the most thorough system provides. He should vary the bells by exercises with the Indian-clubs. After a week of this, he ought to do some rope-climbing and swinging on the flying-rings, if he enjoys the advantages of a well-equipped gymnasium. Every day he should throw a little, both overhand and underhand, but without attempting anything like speed, and he should avoid curves until he has had two weeks or more of this general exercise.

He may then begin upon the curves with a degree of safety; taking preferably the in-curves first, for a day or two, and later the out-curves. If a comrade can go through the work with him, nothing could be better; for they may be mutually useful, not only in keeping up the interest, but also by acting as massage operators upon each other. The arm and shoulder should be thoroughly rubbed and kneaded every day, and if there be any suspicion of lameness a little alcohol or cider-brandy may be rubbed in. The pitcher should not be called upon to pitch for any cage-batting except at his own desire, and even then he should not be allowed to do very much of it.

Having made a good beginning, and having with no apparent difficulty reached a point where he can get his curves and speed without any feeling of exhaustion or heaviness in the arm or shoulder, the next point of danger comes with the first outdoor practice. For this reason, it is an excellent plan for the pitcher to go into the open air for a little preliminary work some days before the rest of the nine are put into the field. In doing this he must remember that he should be almost as careful again as he was while getting broken in for the winter work. He should do no hard pitching for several days, and should have his arm and shoulder

well rubbed with alcohol after his exercise. Until the weather is warm and settled, the pitcher should avoid hard pitching, or he will bitterly repent it. To cure a lame arm is a difficult task, but of course the treatment will vary with the nature and extent of the injury. Recovery is a question of rest and the encouragement of union by means of electricity, friction, or other gentle stimulus to the circulation through the part. As a rule it is wise to seek at once a physician or surgeon.

Before entering upon a description of the work of the experienced pitcher after he is once started for the season, it is only fair to tell some of the younger aspirants for pitcher's honors something of the methods of acquiring the various curves and "shoots." There have been almost numberless articles written describing the theory of curving a ball. These are more interesting to theorists than to ball-players. The fact itself remains that a base-ball may be made to describe more or less of a curve while traversing the distance between the pitcher and the batsman; and that curve is accomplished by imparting a certain twist to the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand. No matter how thoroughly one might explain to a man of no experience the way to balance upon a bicycle, the first attempt would result invariably in the machine and rider losing that balance. So the would-be pitcher must remember that no description will enable him to curve the ball at his first attempts. In fact, it is more discouraging than learning bicycle-riding, because there one feels at the very first trial the near possibility of success; whereas, it is many a day before the novice can impart even a very slight curve to the base-ball. Perseverance will surely be rewarded eventually, however, in this as in any other practice.

The easiest curve, and the one to be acquired first, is the out-curve. The simplest method is to take the ball in the hand between the extended thumb, first and second finger, the third and little finger being closed. The ball rests against the middle joint of the third finger, but is firmly clasped by the first two and the thumb. If the arm be then extended horizontally from the shoulder, with the palm of the hand up, it will be seen that if the ball were spun like a top by the two fingers and thumb it would turn in the

way indicated by the arrow in the diagram. This is the way it must twist to accomplish the out-curve. If this idea be borne in mind, and the ball be thus thrown, the thrower will immediately discover that the simpler way to impart this twist is not the spinning motion, but rather a snap as the ball is leaving the fingers, performed almost entirely without the aid of the thumb. The sensation is that of throwing the ball hard, but dragging it back with the ends and

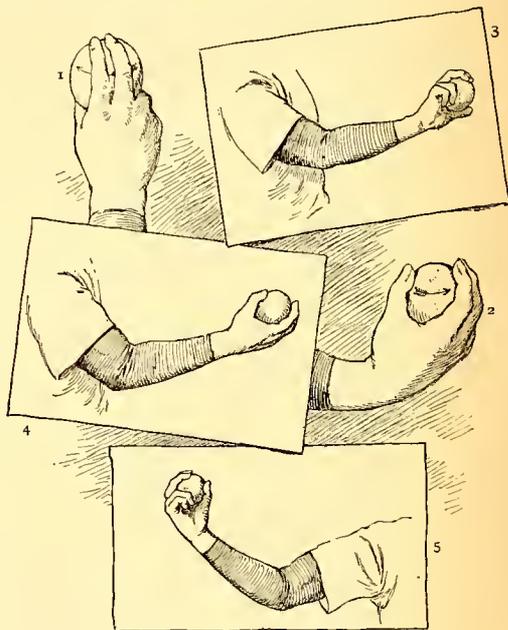


DIAGRAM OF PITCHER'S CURVES.

FIG. 1 shows the position of the ball and pitcher's fingers as seen when looking directly at the back of the hand, whether the pitcher is to deliver an out or in curve. For an in-curve, the pitcher lets the ball go from his hand so that it last touches the inside of the second finger, causing the ball to rotate in the direction indicated by the arrow; and Fig. 3 shows the position of the arm as it turns just previous to letting the ball go for this curve.

FIG. 2 shows the position of the ball and fingers as seen by one looking at the side of the hand, instead of at the back; and is the same, when the first motion of the arm begins, whether the pitcher is to deliver an "out" or an "in." If an out-curve be delivered, the pitcher will allow the ball to pass out of his hand so that it last touches that side of the forefinger nearest the thumb; thus causing the ball to rotate in the direction indicated by the arrow in Fig. 2.

FIG. 4 shows the position of the arm just previous to letting the ball go when an out-curve is delivered.

FIG. 5 shows the beginning of the motion; and as the arm comes forward, if an out-curve be delivered the hand turns with the motion of turning a screw; while if an in-curve is delivered the motion is reversed, or is as the hand would turn in extracting a screw.

sides of the fingers just as it leaves the hand. In practicing to acquire this curve, it is best to swing the arm not straight out, but bent at the

elbow, with the ball just a little higher than the shoulder. When the curve is once acquired, it is simple enough to impart it to the ball, whether the arm is swinging high or low, straight or bent. None but the out-curve should be attempted until the pitcher finds himself able to make the



AN "OUT-CURVE"—THE BEGINNING.

ball take a quite perceptible bend. The in-curve is the reverse of the out, and never can be made so marked. The ball is held as for the out-curve, but is made to go out between the second and third fingers. Both these curves can be accomplished by the use of the whole hand instead of the two fingers, but it is easier to learn to perform them in the way described. The "rise" and "drop" are also possible, and are effected by imparting to the ball the twists illustrated in the diagrams, page 826. These two curves can be accomplished very readily, after the out and in are acquired, by simply changing the position of the hand, so that the same twist as that which makes the ball curve out will make it curve up; while the twist which makes it curve in will make it drop. For instance, the hand held as in Fig. 4 will effect an out-curve, and when turned a little with the same twist will effect an up-curve or rise. The drop is sometimes also accomplished by allowing the ball to roll over the end of the fingers, this giving it the tendency to shoot down. The arm should be drawn up rather sharply as the ball goes over the tips of the fingers.



AN "OUT-CURVE"—THE END.

to pitch what many writers have called a "snake ball," that is, one which will have a change of curve, in effect, opposite to that with which it started, exists in the imagination only, unless the ball be blown out of its course by the wind.

The effect of a strong wind upon the ball is very marked, and when it is toward the pitcher and against the ball, it aids materially in increasing the tendency to curve. When with the ball, it renders the curve less easy to produce and less marked. A left-handed pitcher is able to make much more of what to a right-handed batsman is an in-curve, for to such a pitcher it is the easiest one to produce; while its opposite, or the out-curve to a right-handed batsman, is correspondingly weak.

The training of the catcher has in it less variety, and is in consequence far more tedious than that of the pitcher. The work of strengthening the muscles of the shoulder and arm is the same as that described for the pitcher; but in the throwing practice, the catcher should devote his attention to the short-arm throw. He should begin at the short distance of perhaps fifty feet, and increase that distance very gradually. In fact, he ought, even when he can readily throw the full distance from home to second with comparative ease, to do most of his throwing at two-thirds that distance. After the nine has begun to work in the field, it is not advisable for the catcher to throw to second anything like the number of times the majority of amateurs attempt daily. Only after the nine has been out-of-doors for two or three weeks is so much of the full-distance throwing safe for any catcher who wishes to have his arm in good condition.

The position of the feet in throwing is all important. If he be a strong man of moderate weight, he can, and should, throw without changing the position of his feet. To this object his gymnasium practice should be devoted. Standing steadily upon his feet in the exact

to pitch what many writers have called a "snake ball," that is, one which will have a change of curve, in effect, opposite to that with which it started, exists in the imagination only, unless the ball be blown out of its course by the wind. The effect of a strong wind upon the ball is very marked, and when it is toward the pitcher and against the ball, it aids materially in increasing the tendency to curve. When with the ball, it renders the curve less easy to produce and less marked. A left-handed pitcher is able to make much more of what to a right-handed batsman is an in-curve, for to such a pitcher it is the easiest one to produce; while its opposite, or the out-curve to a right-handed batsman, is correspondingly weak.

The training of the catcher has in it less variety, and is in consequence far more tedious than that of the pitcher. The work of strengthening the muscles of the shoulder and arm is the same as that described for the pitcher; but in the throwing practice, the catcher should devote his attention to the short-arm throw. He should begin at the short distance of perhaps fifty feet, and increase that distance very gradually. In fact, he ought, even when he can readily throw the full distance from home to second with comparative ease, to do most of his throwing at two-thirds that distance. After the nine has begun to work in the field, it is not advisable for the catcher to throw to second anything like the number of times the majority of amateurs attempt daily. Only after the nine has been out-of-doors for two or three weeks is so much of the full-distance throwing safe for any catcher who wishes to have his arm in good condition.



PITCHING A "DROP" BALL.

The position of the feet in throwing is all important. If he be a strong man of moderate weight, he can, and should, throw without changing the position of his feet. To this object his gymnasium practice should be devoted. Standing steadily upon his feet in the exact

Standing steadily upon his feet in the exact

position assumed at the moment of catching the ball, he should with a slight swing at the hips be able to send the ball down. Throwing in a cage with a low ceiling is the best thing possible for him, as it forces him to throw hard and on a line. A point of catcher's practice, which does not enter into the work of the pitcher, is that of toughening the hands. Rowing on the machines, climbing the rope, swinging on the flying-rings, and hand-ball, if there be any court for that excellent game, will all tend toward this end. He should consider, however, that it is not merely toughening the *skin* of the hands that is desirable, but also hardening the flesh so that it is not easily bruised. For this reason he should "pass ball" without gloves regularly every day. At the outset he should receive no swift balls, and should stop at the first feeling of anything beyond a moderate tingling of the palms. His hands should receive their full preparatory hardening before he goes out into the field, for ordinary carefulness demands that he should do no catching behind the bat after the season commences except with hands thoroughly protected by well-padded gloves. What is commonly called a "stone bruise" is one of the tenderest and most lasting mementos of carelessness in this respect. In his gymnasium practice he should wear the mask. This seems to most catchers a useless bore; but the captain or coach should insist upon it, and the mask should become almost a part of the catcher himself. All his throwing and passing should be performed with his eyes behind its wires, in order that, from becoming thoroughly accustomed to it, it may add no inconvenience to his work. The breastplate need not be so rigorously insisted upon, but even this should be worn frequently. The right-hand glove must always be worn when practicing throwing, in order that this also shall offer no unusual difficulty in the later work. Many a catcher may think that it looks silly to stand up with a mask and glove on to throw at a mark; but there is every reason for doing this, and he will himself appreciate the value of such practice when he stands accoutered on the field behind the batsman and with a runner on first.

As often as it is convenient, the catcher, particularly if a novice, should have some one

swing the bat before him while he is "passing ball" in the gymnasium. By the time he gets out-of-doors, he should be thoroughly accustomed to the close proximity of the batsman and the swing of the bat, so that it does not disconcert him in the least or affect his holding the ball. It is no very difficult achievement for a novice to prepare for this part of the catcher's duties. He should begin by having a comrade swing the bat quite far from the actual course of the ball, say a foot above or below it, while the pitcher tosses the ball at slow speed. After several days more, the pitcher should slightly accelerate his delivery, and the batsman swing the bat within four or five inches of the ball. After a few days of this latter practice, the novice will find that he does not flinch at all, and from that time on, all that he needs is daily practice behind the bat to become perfectly at home so far as catching the ball is concerned.

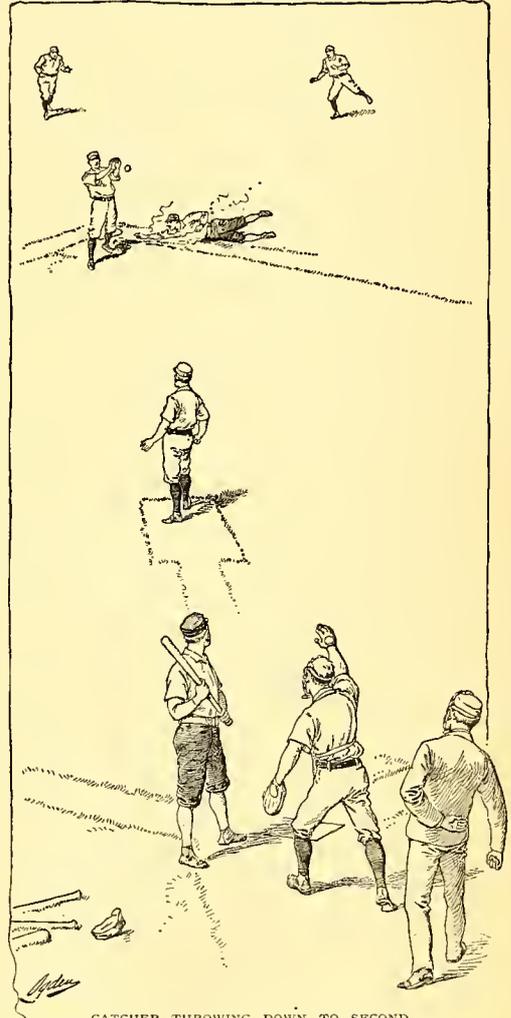
When the battery have left the gymnasium and are fairly settled down to regular field-practice, they require the strictest of supervision to prevent them from doing foolish things. For instance, all the nine have the strongest fancy for batting the delivery of the regular pitcher. They like the practice, and know that it is good for their batting. The pitcher, likewise, is prone to a vanity that urges him on to extreme effort when pitching to members of his own nine; and while such effort to a moderate degree is an excellent thing for him, it will be found that, left to himself, he will very likely enter into a duel with the batsman and pitch himself into exhaustion or a lame arm before the batsman will tire of the sport. He therefore should be permitted to pitch to one or, perhaps, two batsmen daily, just enough to give him a little interest; while the rest of his pitching practice should be very limited, and should have no element in it that would tempt him to pitch a single ball after his arm is tired. When the season is at its height, the games themselves will give him enough to do without any pitching to his own men — unless he may occasionally desire to try the effect of some new delivery upon the batsman. In that case he should be free to select his own victims as he may require them. The pitcher should also practice throwing to bases, paying particular attention to holding a

runner close upon first base. He should aim to acquire such precision in this as habitually to throw four out of five balls successively in practically the same spot—namely, at about the height of the baseman's knee and just a little toward second. The same relative place is a good one for throwing to the other bases, for the purpose to be borne in mind is not to throw *at* the base, but to cut off the runner.

The catcher needs little watching, but the captain or coach must never allow him to stand before any swift pitching if his hands are sore. Sometimes a plucky fellow will not care to tell everybody that his hands are sore, and it therefore must be the captain's business to know all about this. The pitcher should tell the captain; for it is the pitcher who will notice the unavoidable wince that is the proof of a catcher's sore hand. The catcher should do a moderate amount of throwing to all the bases every day, and he ought also to practice receiving the ball from both in-fielders and out-fielders at the home plate, in order that he may be able to put the ball on a runner coming in from third. For general work, it is not a bad plan to have both catcher and pitcher bat to the in-fielders, as it gives them relaxation as well as exercise good for all-around development.

Their work with one another is of the most vital interest to the success of the nine, for in it lies the best part of the strength of the battery. If two men do not get on well together, it is an almost hopeless task to make of them a successful battery. In the matter of signals, as almost every one nowadays understands, they must be thoroughly accustomed to each other. These signals indicate what kind of ball is to be pitched, and sometimes the catcher gives them, sometimes the pitcher. If the catcher be a good judge of batsmen, and the pitcher be of a disposition inclining him to depend upon some one else, it is best that the catcher give the signals. It is also less likely to attract the attention of the coaches or batsmen, as the catcher can better conceal a gesture. The pitcher may, however, give them if it seems necessary. Signal systems of great ingenuity may be concocted, but as a rule the simpler they are, without too great risk of discovery, the better, as neither player should have his mind distracted

from his work any more than is necessary by being obliged to think twice about a signal. A movement of the thumb or a finger, as the catcher stands with his hands on his knees preparatory to receiving the ball, is the most common; and if the catcher keep his hands on the inner sides of the legs in giving this signal it is



CATCHER THROWING DOWN TO SECOND.

difficult for the coach to catch it. The height at which he holds his hands may indicate the kind of delivery he wants. A movement of the head, the position of the feet—all may be made useful in this way.

I remember one college catcher who gave the signals for an out-curve or an in-curve in a peculiar manner, and one which was never sus-

pected by any one not in the secret. The signal consisted in the relative position of a certain wire in the mask, to his eyes. If he looked over this wire he wanted an in-curve; if under it, an out-curve. The change in position of his head was almost imperceptible, but it was unmistakable to the pitcher who understood its significance. Ward once told a very good story apropos of signaling. A certain pitcher was giving the signals, and the man who was catching was comparatively a stranger to his delivery. It appears that the signals which the pitcher was giving were a smile and a frown; and after a time, the first-base man, who had been in the habit of catching for the same pitcher, began to expostulate with the new catcher for his wretched work.

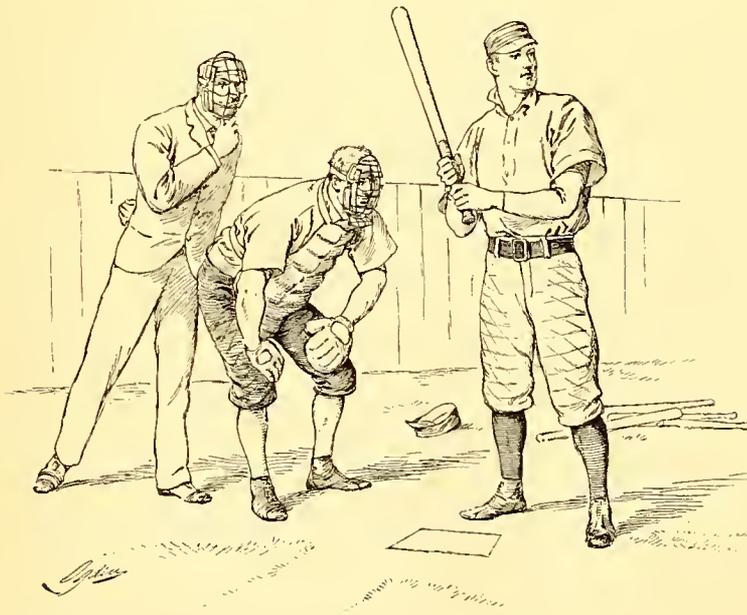
"Why," replied the poor fellow, "the sun is in that pitcher's eyes, and he squints his face up so that I can't tell, for the life of me, whether he's grinning or scowling!"

It is customary for the one of the pair who is

good judge can in this way often be of great assistance to the other.

In his pitching to batsmen, the pitcher should bear in mind that it is by no means possible to strike out all, or even a moderate proportion, of the men who face him; whereas it *is* possible to prevent the majority from hitting the ball just where they wish. The first principle to keep before him, then, is to make the batsmen hit the ball either close up on the handle or out at the end of the bat. In either case the hit will probably be one which may be easily fielded so as to result in putting out the batsman. By the judicious use of the rise or drop, also, the pitcher may cause the batsman to hit flies or grounders, according to the delivery. If his out-field be exceptionally good, it is often good policy to make the batsman knock a fly. Again, a weakness in the out-field accompanied by unusual strength in the in-field may indicate that he should endeavor to make the batsman keep the ball on the ground. There are, correspondingly,

occasions when, with men on the bases and less than two out, a pitcher can greatly relieve the feelings of his nine by striking out one or two men, and it is upon such an occasion that he should make an especial effort to accomplish this. All these things he should consider in practice, as well as in games, and train himself accordingly. He should also think of his catcher; and, in a game, remember that he is giving the man behind the bat a deal more work to do, if he continually labors to strike out the men, than if he judiciously controls

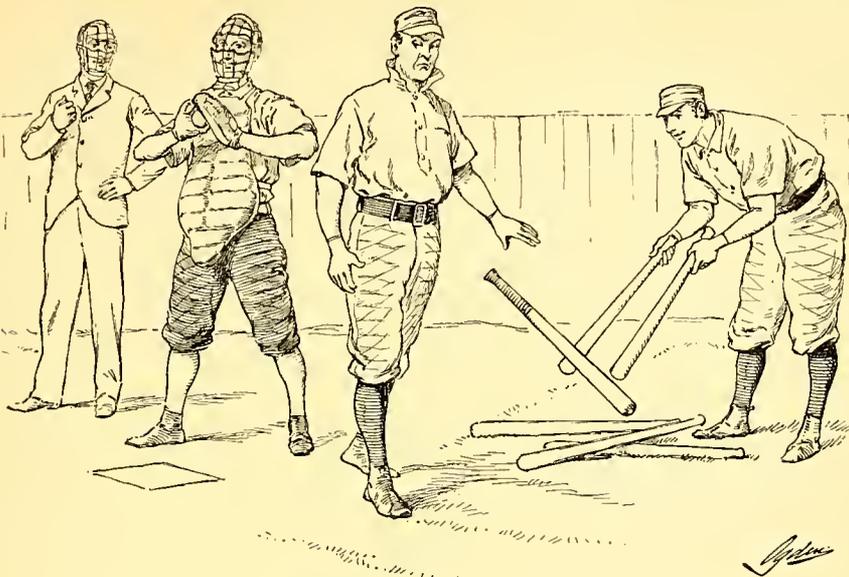


CATCHER SIGNALING TO PITCHER BY RELATIVE POSITION OF THE MASK AND HIS EYES.

not giving the signals, to be perfectly free to shake his head if he does not approve of any particular delivery which has been signaled, and his comrade then gives the sign for a different curve. In a strong battery the man who is a

their hitting so that the rest of the nine shares in the labor. When there is a man on first who is known to be a good and daring base-stealer, it is also good policy to refrain from pitching the ball in such a manner as to give the catcher a

poor opportunity for his throw, as, for instance, sending an in-shoot very close to the batsman, or a slow out-curve which will give the runner a two bases instead of onc. No matter what has happened, it is the catcher's business to *get the ball* as quickly as possible, and make any neces-



A PITCHER'S VICTIM. OUT ON STRIKES.

long lead on the ball. It is the pitcher's business to keep the base-runner as close to the base as possible, and to have his delivery of the ball to the batsman accompanied by as little preliminary step and swing as is consistent with good work, because in that way the runner cannot get very far toward second before the catcher receives the ball. The best of catchers can not throw out even a moderately fast runner unless the pitcher assists in this way.

The catcher, on his part, must return the kindnesses of the pitcher by like consideration. He must begin by a resolution to try for everything, and to consider no ball beyond his reach, no matter how wild. If he cannot catch it, he may by an effort at least stop it; and nothing is so encouraging to the pitcher as to see that his catcher will try for even the wildest pitch. It is the fashion of some amateur catchers, if there has been a mistake in the signal, or a wild pitch, to stand a moment to cast a reproachful look at the pitcher before starting after the ball. This is, of course, absurd. It never does any good; it usually disgusts the pitcher and the rest of the nine, and allows the runner to take

sary explanation later. The catcher should also be very willing in the matter of trying for foul flies. It makes glad the heart of the pitcher to



CATCHER RUNNING FOR A "FOUL FLY."

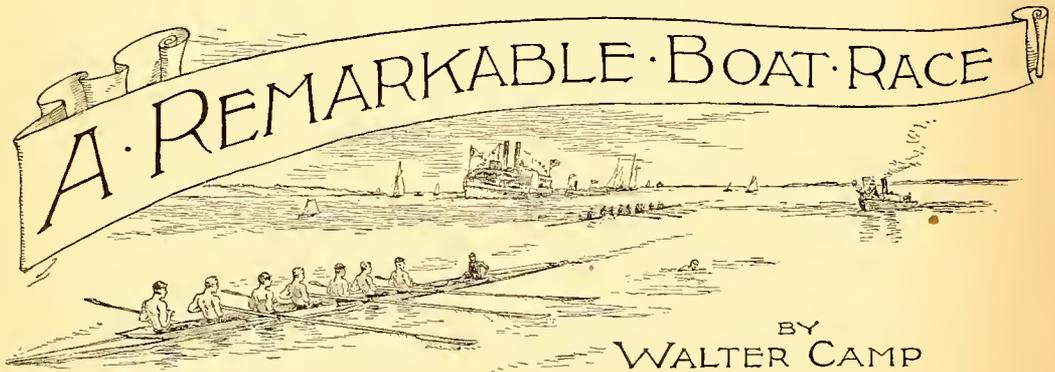
see a batsman go out on a foul fly, and the catcher should be mindful of this.

One very difficult ball for most catchers to handle is a high, swift rise which passes the batsman's face; and as it is, in the hands of a pitcher who uses it well, a very effective ball, the catcher should devote plenty of practice to it, until he is absolutely sure of holding it. It will sometimes go a little higher than the pitcher intends, and unless the catcher gives him good support, the pitcher becomes afraid to use it, and thus loses a strong feature of his delivery.

The catcher, even though he be an excellent thrower, should not fall into the error of throwing too frequently to first and third. An occasional throw when there is a chance of catching a too venturesome runner is good policy; but simply to return the ball to the pitcher by way of first or third is inviting the accident of a mis-play which will give a runner a base and perhaps a run. Throwing to second has been dwelt

upon already to considerable length; but one thing may be added, and that is, that a catcher will find it productive of the greatest improvement to his work in this respect, if he will make a point of catching every ball, no matter whether there be a runner on first or not, exactly as if he must throw it to second. He will be astonished at the marked increase in quickness that comes from making this a habit. One word more for the catcher, and that in regard to returning the ball to the pitcher. Bearing in mind that the pitcher has a long task before him, the catcher should return the ball to him as accurately as possible; never falling into the slipshod habit of sending it back carelessly so that the poor pitcher is kept dancing hither and yon to catch these returns. The ball should be so returned by the catcher as to go on a clean first bound almost into his very hands.

(To be continued.)



AS SEEN FROM THE REFEREE'S LAUNCH.

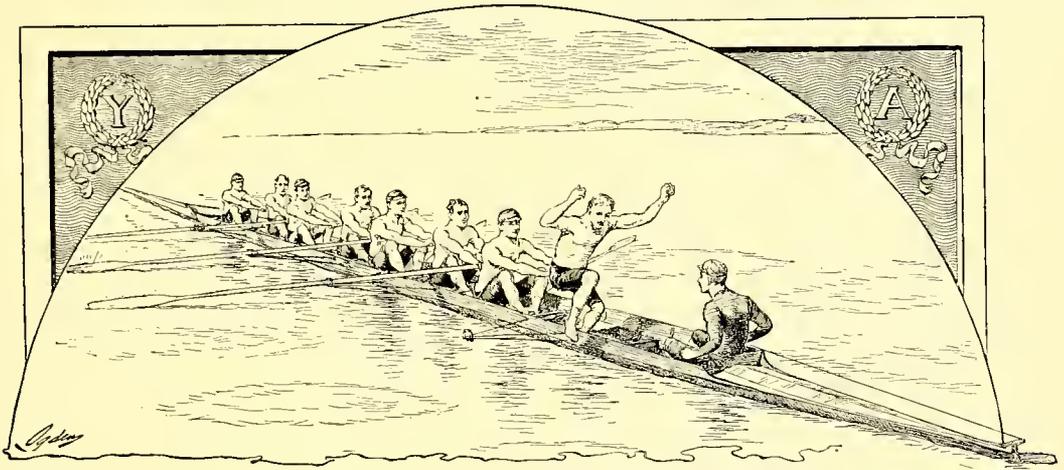
It was the day of the long talked-of Atalanta-Yale race; and every one was on the tip-toe of expectancy at the thought of the question of boating supremacy to be settled between the champion amateur-eight and the champion college-eight. Experts in boating matters had expressed differing opinions as to the probable result, and every one at all interested in rowing had read of the merits of the rival crews. The gen-

eral opinion was that the Atalantas would lead for at least two miles, and then would strain every nerve to hold that advantage to the end of the four miles which had been agreed upon as the distance. The race was to be rowed between the hours of ten and seven, at any time when the conditions of wind, tide, and water were most favorable. At nine o'clock, the wind had sprung up; and the crews, referee, and judges, who were assembled at the Yale boat-house in preparation for the start, began to cast dubious looks at the

flags as they stood out straight from the poles in the freshening breeze. The course had been laid out in the harbor, extending four miles direct from the outside breakwater to the end of Long Wharf. The boat-house stood a mile back from the long pier, and the boats of both crews were here housed until the referee should order them out for the race. The Long Wharf, and boats and bridges were black with people by ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock, and still the wind whipped the water into waves, not high, but too rough for the low, eight-oared shells to ride without danger of becoming filled before the four miles could be rowed. Now the only hope of the weather-wise was that on the turn

at once crept gingerly into their cranky shells and paddled up to the line.

Soon the shells were in place, the referee called out, "Are you ready?" and then his "Go!" rang out like a pistol-shot. The sixteen oar-blades were buried and the two boats sprang forward like unleashed hounds, the Yale bow a trifle to the fore. Now for the lead! The Yale crew have been told that they must not be alarmed if the Atalantas should at first succeed in obtaining the coveted lead, but they have also been instructed to "spurt" up to thirty-five strokes to the minute (which is four above their regular number) rather than let these sturdy rivals have their own way at this point. Both



of the tide, just after noon, the wind would slacken. This hope proved well-founded, for by twelve o'clock the flags were drooping, and the water becoming quieter, the referee ordered out the boats, and the crews hastened to bring the slender shells.

The Yale crew then jumped aboard the referee's steam launch, which started down the harbor, towing the shell. A steam tug performed the same offices for the Atalantas. As the two little steamers puffed down past the piers, the "Rah! rah!—Yale!" of the college sympathizers mingled with the cheers of the friends of the Atalantas. By the time they reached the starting-flag, the course was by no means bad except at a few exposed points. The two crews

are putting forth all their strength; the Yale blades splash a little more than those of the Atalantas, but nevertheless the power of their stroke keeps them still a foot ahead. Almost stroke for stroke they row, but now the Yale boat is traveling more smoothly on her keel and she begins to draw away. The half-mile flag is passed, and there is clear water between the boats. Down drops Yale's stroke to thirty-one, while the Atalantas' must remain at thirty-four.

On they go, the space between the boats slowly growing until, at the mile, Yale is three lengths ahead. At the mile and a half they have increased this lead to four lengths, and it begins to look as if it were "all over but the

shouting." The Yale blades go more smoothly now, and there is hardly a splash in the rhythmic swing of the rising and falling oars when — what! stroke has ceased to row! See the spurling sheet of water rising over his motionless oar! Oh, Allen! — no one thought you 'd fail! But why does he not recover? The water still leaps from the dragging blade; the cause is plain — he has broken his oar, and Yale's chances are gone! What a pity, after their fine work and with such a lead! Allen is reaching out and unlocking his rowlock to set the oar free and stop its impeding drag upon the boat. The Yale oars go bravely on, not a stroke lost, although there are only seven oarsmen now. But the Atalantas are creeping up, and it is manifestly a hopeless task for those seven men to carry a "passenger" as heavy as Allen over the remaining two miles, and keep ahead of the eight in red who are now steadily overhauling them. Allen has succeeded in freeing the broken oar and drops the two treacherous bits into the water astern. Poor fellow, it will break his heart to watch the steady approach of that slender prow behind and be unable to help his men! See, he turns and says something to starboard-stroke, and now — he is certainly going to stand up! Just leaning forward, he rises as the seven oars make their catch and lift the boat firmly; and, almost without a splash, over he goes, clear of the boat, which shoots ahead as he turns in the water and calls cheerfully, "Go in and win!" A few strokes of his muscular arms, and he is reached by the launch and swings himself up into her bows the hero of the hour! Now his crew still has a chance to win, for the loss of his oar is partly compensated by the decreased weight. A half mile will tell the story, for they have lost but a length or two of their lead. As they pass the next flag it is evident that the Atalantas are no longer gaining, and at the three miles they are surely dropping farther astern! Only a mile more, and if the plucky little coxswain can keep up the courage of his seven men, Allen will have no cause to mourn. We are near enough to hear the coxswain shout, "Only a half mile more, boys; keep it up and we 'll beat them yet!" The boats at the finish begin to see them coming, and the whistles blow and the cheers come rolling over the water, encouraging them to hold that powerful swing just a little longer. Two minutes — and "bang" goes the gun on the judge's boat and the Yale crew shoot by, the winners of one of the most remarkable races ever rowed. And how the boys will make heroes of them all! — Allen for his coolness and pluck, the coxswain for his skill and courage, the starboard-stroke for his steady work, and all the crew for their endurance and nerve!



BY FRANCIS RANDALL.

LONG years ago, when the tide was low  
 One lazy summer's day,  
 From a distant star to a sandy bar  
 A cupid winged his way.

His quick glance fell upon a shell;  
 A crab lay on the shore;  
 With seaweed fine he made a line,  
 And hitched the crab before.



“Go 'long!” he cries. In sad surprise,  
 He finds the reins are slack;  
 And though he plead to move ahead  
 The crab began to back.

In vain is talk; of ways to walk,  
 The crabs possess queer notions;—

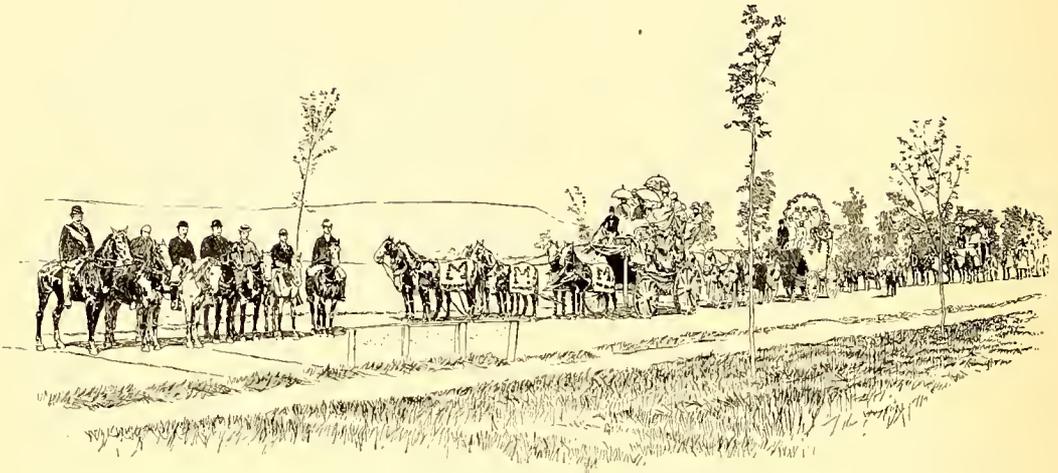
One would suppose so many toes  
 Would give much better motions.

This cupid, though, was bound to go;  
 On riding he was bent.  
 He tied the crab behind his cab,  
 And said, “Go back!” He went.



# A WHITE MOUNTAIN COACHING PARADE.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.



THE MANAGING COMMITTEE, AND A PART OF THE PARADE.

ON the clear and bright August morning chosen for the White Mountain Coaching Parade, all the roads within twenty-five miles lead to Bethlehem. On other days there is a long, wood-shaded drive to the Notch or the Flume; a steep climb to Mt. Agassiz; a pleasant mountain road to Franconia, or Crawford's, or the Glen. But to-day no one mentions these attractions. Every boy and girl, every young man and maiden, who can possibly get there, is going to Bethlehem to the annual Coaching Parade. And every horse and every vehicle of whatever age or physical condition is engaged for the occasion.

Do you know how many young people can ride on and over and around the roof of a full-sized mountain tally-ho? Of course, upon this fine summer morning no one wishes to ride inside if he can find a corner to cling to on the roof. This is the way twenty-four young people arranged themselves on a big tally-ho, for a twenty-five mile ride to Bethlehem, one coaching day: First, there were two on the seat with the driver. Then four sat on the roof seat just be-

hind; four more were on the front "upper-deck" seat, above the roof; four on the seat next behind; four in the "rumble"; four on the rear of the roof, facing the rumble; and, as there were two more very anxious for places on top, and quite willing to be inconvenienced, cushions were placed for them between the roof seat, behind the driver, and the front "upper-deck" seat. In this latter position no allowance is made for feet, which therefore had to swing over the side of the coach.

But no one stops to think of discomfort this busy morning. The inside seats are quickly taken by older people, banners displaying the house colors are spread, the young man in the rumble sounds the bugle, and the six horses dash away amid the farewell cheers of stay-at-home guests.

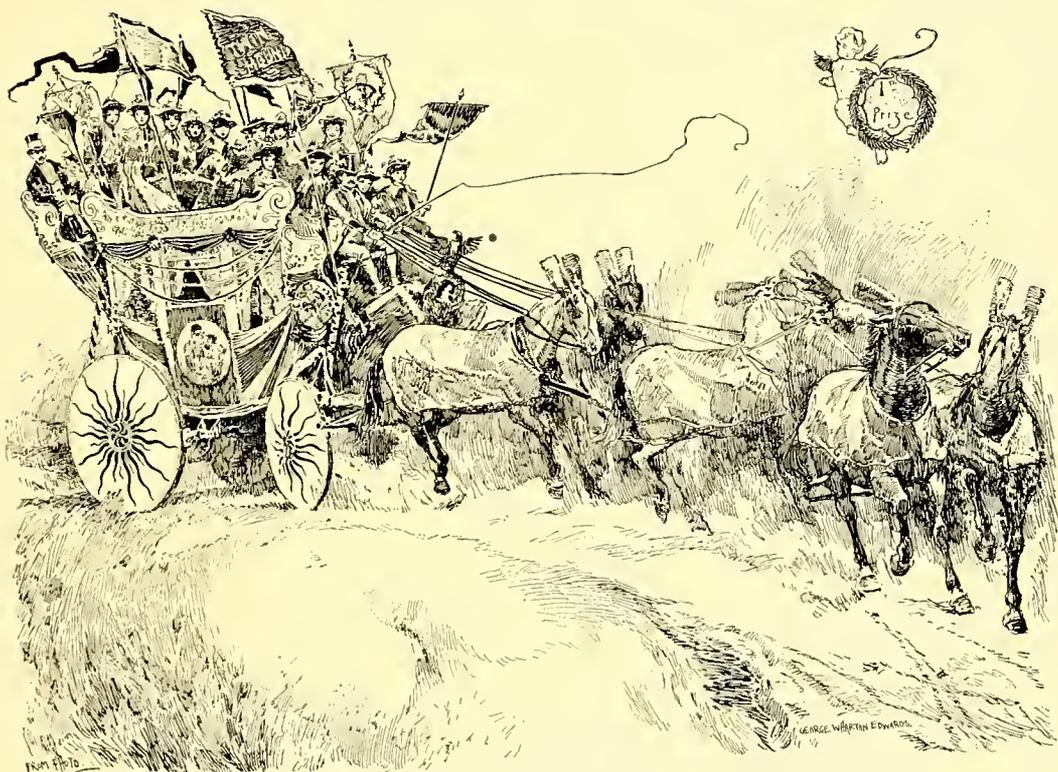
If a drive of twenty miles is before us, we have taken our early breakfasts and by nine o'clock are well on our way; for mountain roads are not level nor favorable for making time, and the grand procession will move at eleven. Off we go, under long shady stretches of birches,

maples, and pine-trees, through which are stealing flecks of silver sunshine; starting up all the squirrels and crows and bluebirds, and waking sudden echoes which seem to mock the loud laughter and the bugle notes. The roads are smooth and hard, the horses are in the best condition, the sky is blue, the sunshine brilliant, and a tally-ho song or some college glee rings out from the glad young passengers on the rumbling coach.

The procession of ornamented coaches and other vehicles is to move from Maplewood, one mile distant from Bethlehem, down the entire length of the street, and then return to the starting-point to receive the prizes. These are four

awards to the successful competitors the pretty silk banners which constitute the premiums.

On every road to the north, east, south, and west long lines of carriages are pouring into the wide Bethlehem street; and every carriage is crowded to its utmost capacity with visitors. The girls are in bright summer costumes and bear banners and pennants. The young men, in brilliant tennis-blazers and negligee costumes, are giving the mountain calls or "yells,"—cries adopted according to the well-known college custom and uttered with more energy than music. Here for instance is a heavily loaded coach, the passengers of which on meeting another coach cry, in strong, distinct chorus:



THE COACH FROM THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

in number, and are offered, first, for the coach load of prettiest girls; second, for the most beautifully decorated coach; third, for the finest horses and equipments: fourth, for the coach coming the greatest distance. There is also a second prize in each class, making eight in all, and the governor of New Hampshire

Look-off! Look-off! Who are you?  
We're from the Look-off!  
How do you do?

And the second coach-load replies:

Hurrah for the silver!  
Hurrah for the white!  
We're from the Howard!  
We're all right.

A third chimes in with an indescribable and very ingenious call to which no pen could do justice :

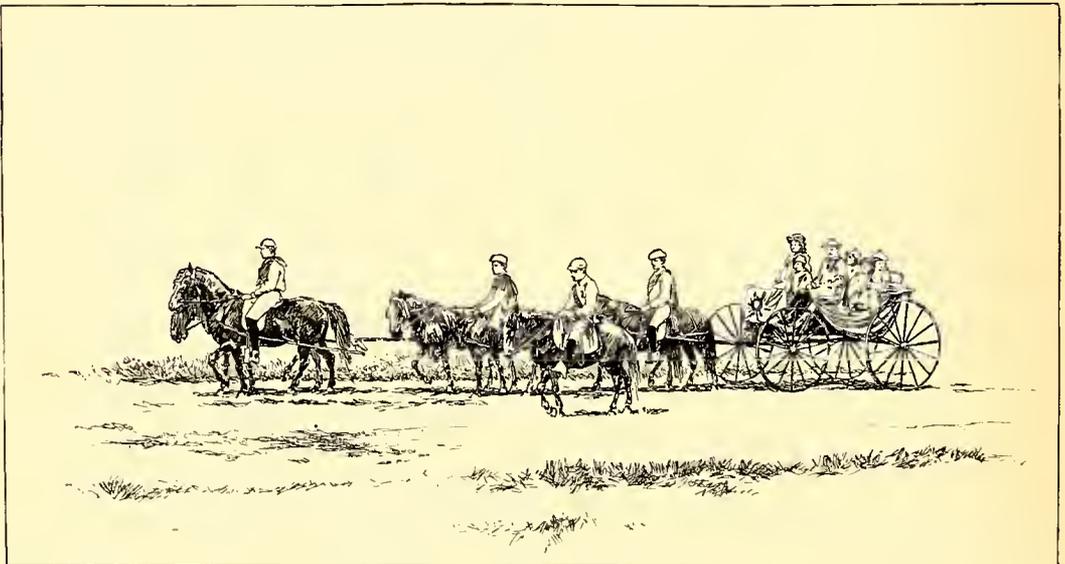
Bric-a-kex-kex, co-ax, co-ax,  
Bric-a-kex-kex, co-ax, co-ax,  
Hoi moi, Hoi moi,  
Parabaloo, Maplewood !

All the coaches and mountain wagons, and many of the smaller vehicles, are decorated with bunting or flowers, often after very artistic designs ; and all the houses, big and little, hotels and cottages, on both sides of the street, are gay with draperies and festoons, evergreens and flowers, of every color. Here is a pretty summer home whose wide verandas are festooned with apple-green and white bunting, while delicate linings of pink are blushing through them in a pleasant summery fashion. Another has all its decorations of apple-green and white. The hotel doors and windows are prettily draped and a fringe of large green and white snow-balls made of tissue paper is lightly swinging in the cool summer air. Festoons of swaying balls also envelope the handsome tally-ho belonging to this house. The rumble is apparently filled with snow-balls which are carelessly dropping over, and are kept in place by being strung, at irregular intervals, on strong thread. Silvered paper conceals the hubs, pole, and

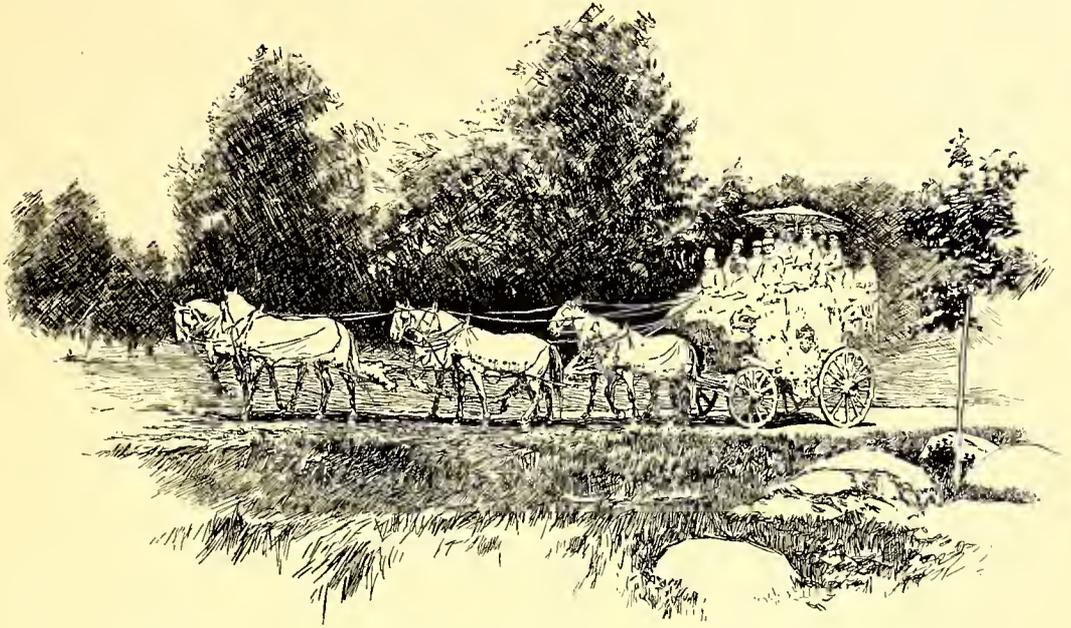
whiffletrees. Eight fine gray horses step proudly in their trappings of white and plumes of white and green ; and, prettiest of all, sixteen young girls in white dresses, apple-green sashes, with sailor-hats trimmed with green, and large bouquets of pink and white sweet-peas tied with green ribbon, are seated on top of the coach, while a group of laughing children is crowded inside.

Another house is out in blue and red, with streamers draped and festooned from a Maltese cross in the center ; and the tally-ho matches it in coloring. These young ladies wear blue dresses, silver girdles, and large white hats trimmed with red poppies.

It would be quite useless to try to describe all the beautiful coaches and costumes in the long procession ; for there are one hundred and fifty well-filled vehicles in all, and every possible combination of color. But I must tell you of one unique turnout that amused every one. A big hay-wagon with pole and stanchions covered with green and white cloth is partly filled with hay. Festoons of fruit, corn, and vegetables adorn its sides, and the stanch team of eight fine fat oxen wear long green and white streamers on their horns. In the cart are sixteen jolly (city) farmers in coarse attire, with



PONY CARRIAGE FROM THE MAPLEWOOD HOUSE.



THE COACH FROM THE HOWARD HOUSE. WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE FOR COACH DECORATION.

decorated hats, carrying rakes, hoes, and pitchforks, and bearing a banner inscribed with the name "Hayseed Tally-ho." The "farmers" had two "calls," as follows:

Huckleberry, huckleberry, huckleberry pie!

and

Buckwheat, buckwheat, buckwheat cakes!

and these they delivered with energy as the oxen slowly drew the cart down the street.

But most charming of the sights in all this fair procession is a large mountain tally-ho transformed, by the aid of a skillful decorator, into a state chariot of the olden time, such as a king or queen might have used when making a "royal progress." Picture to yourself a stately coach in full decoration of light blue and gold satin, the commonplace wheels being covered with blue satin, on which gilded spokes are painted in imitation of chariot-wheels. Within, the coach is fully hung with blue satin draperies, with fine Honiton lace curtains from the windows. Handsome paintings of the seasons are on the door and at the sides, while a lovely figure representing "August," painted on gold-colored satin and hung with a rich blue silk rope, is at the rear. In front of the driver's seat is a

large gold eagle with outspread wings, bearing a laurel wreath. The driver himself, who looks exceedingly proud of the handsome turnout, wears a coachman's coat of light cloth, white knee-breeches and hose, and large buckles on his shoes. The little bugler has a red coat, white stockings, and knee-breeches. The six horses have blue and gold blankets and plumes.

The crowning attraction is, of course, the twelve young girls seated on the carved and draped roof seats. Seven of them are from New England, the rest from New York. All are dressed in costumes of fine white muslin, with Directoire capes of fine light blue broadcloth trimmed with gold fringe, white silk mitts, gold-colored sashes, white poke hats, trimmed with blue and gold. They carry twelve ensigns or little banners of blue and gold handsomely painted.

As the long and gay procession of coaches moves down the street, crowds of spectators,—about ten thousand in all,—dressed in holiday attire, salute them from balconies and verandas. Generous applause greets the riders as one and another beautiful or unique vehicle goes by. The Indian basket-makers from their encampment are out, in full dress of war-paint and feathers, on

a picturesque conveyance. Here is a company of little children in white and pink, having a fine frolic as they scatter field-flowers among the crowd. There is a tiny carriage accompanied by four small boys, as postilions, in white suits with canary sashes, and they look very pretty on their little ponies.

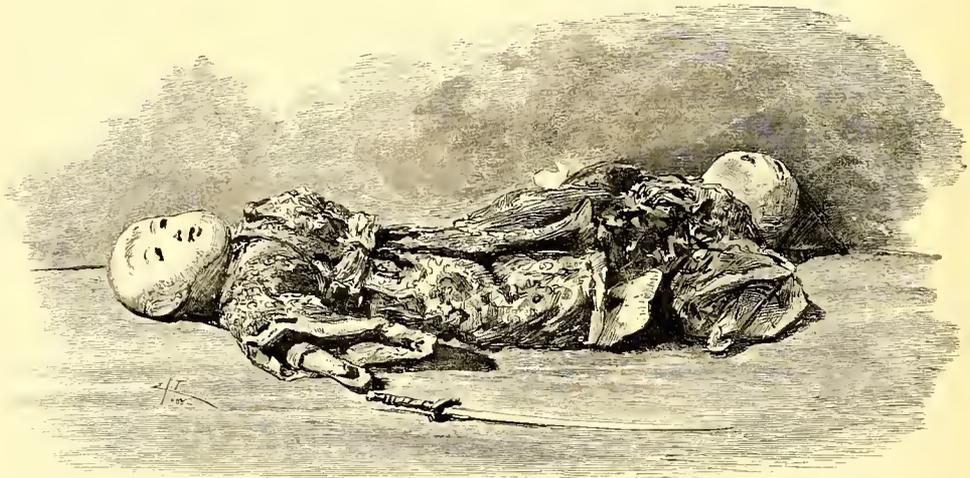
By the time all the coaches have passed on their return to Maplewood, the spectators have quite generally decided as to the winners of the prizes.

The "state chariot" easily carries off the first banner for coach decorations and also the first for fine horses. A coach-load of beautiful dark-eyed girls in white costumes with gold-colored jackets and sashes, and white hats with golden trimming, is made happy by the presentation of the first prize for beauty. The other prizes are given with equal discrimination. The governor makes a wily speech as he awards the prizes from the hotel piazza, the bands play their most

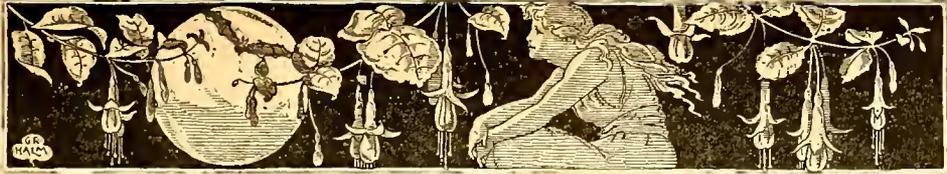
joyful strains, and thousands of tired people scatter in every direction for dinner.

Most of us stay to the afternoon games of base-ball, for each large mountain house has its base-ball club as well as its tally-ho. But very few of those coming from a distance can enjoy the elaborate fireworks in the evening, which terminate the festivities of the day, and by five o'clock all the grand old mountain peaks around Bethlehem see hundreds of happy young people on their homeward way making the woods ring again with bugle-note and lively song, the waving of banners and exchange of friendly calls with neighboring coaches.

The prize banners are placed conspicuously in the rotundas of the respective hotels; the story of the day's triumphs and pleasures is recounted to friends at home; a dance in the parlor finishes the evening, and the happy coachers enjoy the long, dreamless sleep which ends one of the merriest of all merry White Mountain summer days:



AFTER THE DUEL.



## THE LOST DREAM.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

OH, why can't I think of it? Where did it go?  
I thought I would tell you this morning, you  
know.  
Yes, I thought, half awake—all so plain it did  
seem;  
And now I have lost it—my dear little dream.

Do you think it will come again—maybe to-  
night?  
Oh, if I once catch it I 'll hold it so tight.  
'T was like music, I think—and it must have  
had wings;  
'T was like flowers and sunshine and all lovely  
things.

If one could just peep into dreamland and see!  
Do you think I would find it there, waiting for  
me?  
But trying to catch it, one never could tell—  
It might fade quite away, under dark fairy  
spell.

For a queer place is dreamland, you know,—  
very queer;  
And you can't be quite sure which is there and  
which here;  
And you always keep doing but never get  
done;  
And the ground floats from under your feet as  
you run.

There the hills and the hollows seem melting in  
haze;  
'T is an Indian summer of unending days.  
And the music will never play straight through  
one tune;  
And the trees are so tall they go brushing the  
moon.

There the cats and the dogs are all able to  
talk,  
When you meet 'em together, out taking a walk.  
There the roses are green—and the leaves may  
be pink;  
And things are so "mixish" it scares you to  
think.

There speaking to some one you're sure that  
you know,  
Why, it's somebody else—and that bothers  
you so!  
You'll mean to say something—the sense will  
all change  
To something you did n't mean, foolish and  
strange.

But I think I shall know it the minute I see,  
And I'll tell you the moment I wake. Oh, dear  
me!  
I *hope* that I'll find it. Too bad it would seem  
To lose it forever—that dear little dream!

# The Audacious Kitten.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

"HURRAY!" cried the kitten, "hurray!"

As he merrily set the sails;

"I sail o'er the ocean to-day

To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! O kitten!" I cried,

"Why tempt the angry gales?"

"I'm going," the kitten replied,

"To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! pause at the brink,  
And think of the sad sea tales."

"Ah, yes," said the kitten, "but think,  
Oh, think of the Prince of Wales!"

"But, kitten!" I cried, dismayed,

"If you live through the angry gales  
You *know* you will be afraid

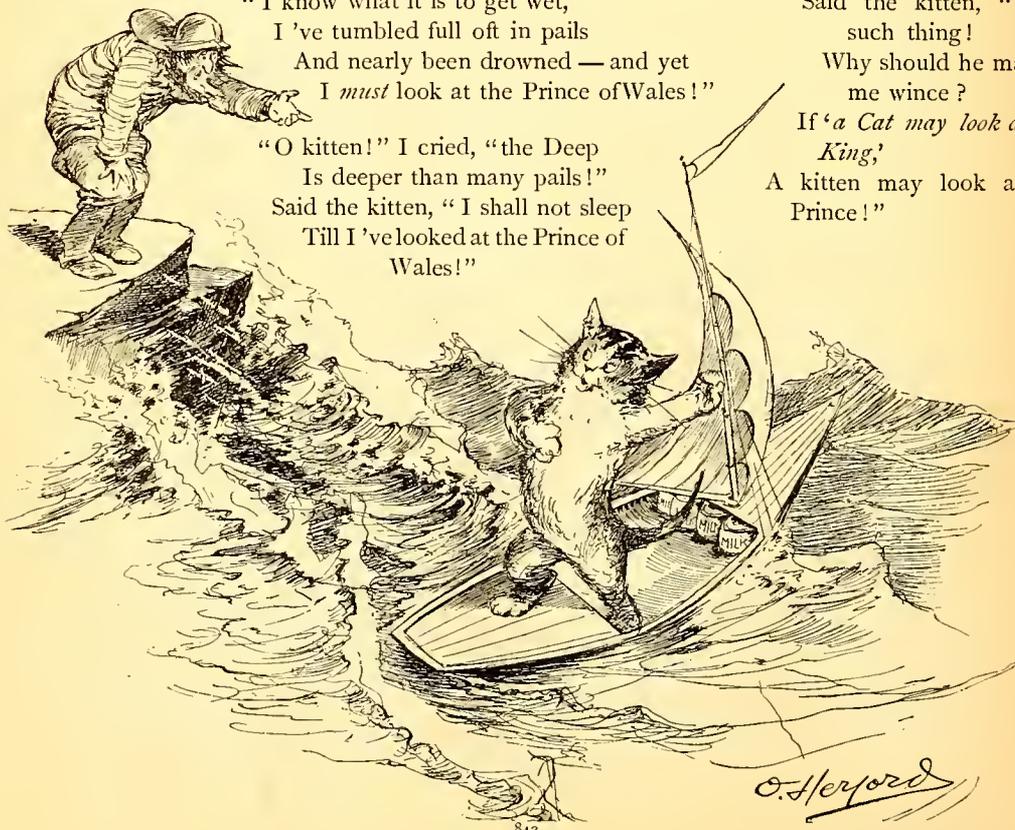
To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"I know what it is to get wet,  
I've tumbled full oft in pails  
And nearly been drowned — and yet  
I *must* look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten!" I cried, "the Deep  
Is deeper than many pails!"  
Said the kitten, "I shall not sleep  
Till I've looked at the Prince of  
Wales!"

Said the kitten, "No  
such thing!  
Why should he make  
me wince?"

If 'a *Cat* may look at a  
*King*,  
A kitten may look at a  
Prince!"



# SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

FIFTH PAPER.



EARLY in 1887, my quiet little Station at the Equator was thrown into a fever of excitement by a very interesting occurrence.

The shouts from my men, "Sail, ho! Sail, ho!" made known to me that a boat had been sighted.

I hastily ran to the beach and saw the little steamer "Peace" breasting the rapid river at the point just below, and out in the stream were "Le Stanley" and the "Henry Reed," each towing lighters alongside, and battling against the swift current. I could see that the decks of all the boats were crowded with blacks, and besides the natives there were several white men aboard.

It was evident to me that some important expedition was on its way up-river in this formidable flotilla.

As the first boat neared my beach, I glanced along her deck, and to my intense delight I saw standing in the bow of the Peace my old chief Mr. Stanley. Having received no warning of the arrival of this expedition, it was naturally a great surprise. I felt beside myself with excitement, and shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" at the top of my voice as the boat touched the shore.

Mr. Stanley was dressed in his usual traveling costume of jacket, knickerbockers, and peak cap, and he looked remarkably well. He dined with me, and explained during the evening that the black crowds on board the boats were men of his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey at Wadelai.

The next day was occupied by the members of the expedition in procuring food for the

journey, and by the crews of the boats in cutting dry wood for the steamers.

I had then the pleasure of meeting Stanley's gallant officers, whose names are now so well known to the world.

The Equator Station had never seen so busy a day. Crowds of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and other natives hurried about all day; and old Tippu Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was being taken up to his headquarters at Stanley Falls, pitched his tent in my yard. He and his followers occupied it during their stay. Tippu was certainly a fine-looking old fellow and a very intelligent man. He looks like a pure negro and shows no sign of the Arab blood which is supposed to be in his veins. He wore a long white linen shirt, and around his waist a silk sash in which was stuck his dagger. On his feet were a pair of light sandals.

Being able to speak his language, I had quite a long talk with him, and I was surprised at his accurate knowledge concerning European matters.

Mr. Stanley was exceedingly jolly all day; nothing occurred to worry or trouble him during his brief stay at my Station.

I had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner the Chief and all his officers on the night before their departure up river.

Since that time the great explorer and his brave followers, after suffering terrible privations and hardships in their arduous journey through Africa, have rescued and brought back to civilization Emin Pasha. Early on the third morning, Stanley and the Emin Bey relief expedition moved up river, leaving the Equator Station again to its wonted quiet.

At the time I made my first visit up the Malinga the river had overflowed its banks, and we steamed, sometimes hours and hours without seeing a patch of dry land on either bank.

One evening, just at sun-down, turning a point in the river, we espied in the distance a few native huts built on a low-lying shore. As we neared the village we could see that it was entirely deserted, and moreover, there were ghastly evidences of the cause of the desertion. The huts were seven in number, old, dilapidated habitations, built on piles, with a floor just above the water's edge. Placed on sticks in front of them were several whitening skulls. What a tale of suffering these grim and hideous trophies told! Probably but a few months before, the poor natives had been surprised at night by the murderous slave-raiders.

I hoped to find dry land here; but all the region was under water. It was now too dark to go farther, so I anchored for the night, allowing my men to swim to the native huts, shelter themselves under the roofs, and light their fires on the raised platforms. The dwellers in these pile houses, in order that their fires shall not burn their wooden stick flooring, have always a large cake of clay on which to build fires.

There was one of these huts which, by its size, suggested that it was the general Council House of the little settlement. My men crowded into this, and after talking, smoking, and singing far into the night, they rolled themselves in their mats and went to sleep. They had made a large, bright fire, but had not taken the necessary precaution of building it upon clay. The deep silence was rudely broken by mingled screams and groans. I jumped up at the first cry, thinking that perhaps we were attacked. The fire had eaten into the flooring and let my men through into the water. Such an unceremonious waking few had ever experienced. To be suddenly hurled, without the slightest warning, from their cozy sleep to the deep, dark river below, was certainly sufficient excuse for the screams, groans, and yells which rose up from that mass of black figures, floating mats, and sparks.

Among the white officers whom I knew on the Congo, one of the bravest was a young Englishman named Deane. He had spent five years on the Congo, formerly as an officer of the Congo Free State; he had also commanded one of the government Stations on the

Kasai. There the natives, taking advantage of his small force, attacked him when he was out in the river and clinging to his canoe, which had been upset by a tornado. His guns had sunk to the bottom, and he had only his knife; but with this he fought so desperately that he succeeded in cutting his way through his enemies, receiving, however, a wound on his leg from the thrust of a barbed fishing-spear.

A few months later he was on his way to Stanley Falls to replace the officer in command of that Station, who had finished his term of service. At nightfall a terrific storm compelled him to seek shelter ashore, as his little boat, the "Royal," loaded with her steel lighter and thirty black Houssa soldiers, could not have lived through the waves. They anchored in the channel, just below the Monongeri villages, a few days from Stanley Falls. As the steamer was very small, Deane slept on shore in a small tent. His men, rolling themselves in their blankets and mats, tried to sleep. Cold and cheerless was it that night, as camp-fires were impossible in such a storm. Suddenly the war of the tempest was drowned in groans of agony and yells of rage. The Monongeri savages, under the cover of the night and storm, had been gathering around the band. So stealthily and silently did they come that the actual attack was the first signal of their presence.

Only a few minutes before, Deane, who was a thorough soldier, had been his rounds to see that the sentries were at their posts; hardly had he returned to his camp-bed when the villainous onslaught began. He himself was severely wounded in the shoulder; and the keen blade of a Monongeri spear pierced his thigh. His cartridges were damp, but he fought manfully, using the butt of his revolver, and a shield which he had wrested from the enemy, holding at bay the fierce warriors, who savagely hurled their spears, but at last were driven to the dark shadows of the forest, by volley after volley fired by the Houssa sentries. In short gasps and feeble tones, Deane rallied his men, and then he fell exhausted to the earth, unconscious. Several of his people had been killed, and many more lay dying from their wounds. Harris, Deane's companion, carried the dead and dying on board the little steamer, and getting up steam

pushed off and anchored in mid-stream. What a night of misery! The groans of the wounded were mocked by the unearthly mirth and drumming which the wind bore to them from the savages gathered thickly on the banks. Early in the morning the boat steamed away, with Deane wounded and half his men massacred. With so small a force, punishment of the Monongeri for this treacherous onslaught was out of the question; so they pushed on up-stream; the natives, emboldened by their victory, came out in large war-canoes, harassing the fugitives until the deadly rifle warned them that there was still danger from that little boat. At last he arrived at Stanley Falls, but so weak was he that all feared he would die. It was decided that he should return to Leopoldville. But a few months elapsed, and again Deane was on his way up river to punish the Monongeri villages and take command of Stanley Falls. With his renewed forces he was able to avenge the death of his men and his own sufferings.

After he had been at Stanley Falls a few months, hostilities broke out between the Station and the Arabs. Deane fought desperately, killing a great number of the Arab slave-raiders and Manyema banditti, until, the ammunition being exhausted, his men, with the exception of three, deserted him. Deane fired the Station and escaped into the forests, where he lived on berries and roots for a month, hunted about by the Arabs who were in search of him.

A few months later he was again on the Congo, this time to try his fortune in hunting big game. He joined Captain Bailey, and they decided to hunt together the elephants, which abound all through this part of Africa.

They spent a little time at Lukungu, on the lower reaches of the Congo, after which they had some good sport hunting the antelopes and buffaloes on Long Island, in Stanley Pool. But they were impatient to try their guns on the elephants, so they hurried on up-stream. Captain Bailey had a severe attack of fever, and had to return to Europe invalided. So Deane was left to camp alone. Eventually, prompted by reports of the great quantities of game at Lukolela, he shifted his camp to that place, and had been there but a few days when, returning to the Station after a short absence up the

Ikelemba river, I heard the sad news that he had been killed by an elephant.

The scene of the tragedy was about one hundred miles down the river, and I decided to leave the next morning and learn full particulars from the people on the spot. My boat was a very slow craft, and it took me two days to get down to Lukolela. Arriving on the second day, I learned the sad details from those at the Station; and the news was graphically confirmed by my old hunter, Bongo Nsanda, who had been three years with me in the hunting-field, and was with poor Deane at the time of his death. I tell the story nearly as I learned it from Bongo Nsanda. He said it was a very wet morning, a day not at all suitable for hunting, being very misty; but Deane was determined to go out. Bongo Nsanda advised him to postpone the hunt, but this he would not consent to do. So getting his few men in a canoe they paddled down the river, and entered a small grass-blocked creek.

Upon arriving there, in a little stretch of open water they heard the breaking down of branches by an elephant—to the hunter's ear an unmistakable sound. Deane gave his orders, and the nose of the canoe was noiselessly brought up to the bank, where there was a little dry land. When the hunter had arrived at this stage of his story, I took two of my men and determined to go over the ground and hear the remainder of the sad story on the spot. Bongo Nsanda, as soon as he landed, seemed to become melancholy in the death-like silence of this wood. The only sounds to be heard were the combined murmuring hums of numberless insects, and the occasional mournful call of the hornbill. When we had walked twenty or thirty yards, Bongo Nsanda arrested my footsteps, and said, "Here, you see, these footmarks were made by the white man. Now, if you will go with me over there, I will show you where the elephant was standing."

I accompanied him. He pointed out to me a long strip of the bark of a tree. Said he, "The elephant was tearing off that bark."

"The whiteman," added Bongo Nsanda, "took a steady aim; but he must have just missed the right place, as the elephant curled up his trunk, gave one shrill trumpet, and made off into the

bush." Deane and the hunter followed him as quickly as they could, but the wounded animal ran a great distance, and Deane became tired. "He sat down on a log," said Bongo Nsanda, "and told me in a whisper to keep my ears open as the elephant might be within hearing, and at the same time added that I must make no noise. After a few minutes, a sound told him that the elephant was not far away. He held his head low, and his hand to his ear, and listened for about half a minute, when the sound was repeated." Again Bongo Nsanda moved on another thirty or forty yards, and then, suddenly stopping, he said in a whisper, as if the same great danger was still hanging over us, "This is where he stood. He was a brave man; he was not afraid of an elephant or a buffalo, for the elephant was standing in that open space under the trees, and was just filling it up with his head, this way; but Deane boldly crept up within ten yards of him and fired. This time the elephant came down on his knees; but before the smoke had blown away, the elephant rose to his feet, and plunged off in another direction." I again followed Bongo Nsanda's footsteps. The same feeling of awe that was shown by this black hunter took possession of myself also, as we approached nearer the fatal spot. Bongo Nsanda must have been deeply impressed indeed; for, at every step he took, he looked all around with a hesitating glance, as if expecting that an angry elephant might appear any moment.

At last we came to a little patch of clear ground, perhaps ten or eleven yards square. "Over there," said Bongo Nsanda, "the elephant was standing, swaying his trunk backwards and forwards, and switching his tail in an angry manner." Deane at first got behind a tree near where we stood, opened the breech of his rifle to make sure that he had put in two cartridges, and then boldly left his cover and approached to within seven yards of his game. He raised his rifle and fired his two barrels in quick succession, causing the elephant to stagger. The lever of his gun was stiff, and he seemed to be struggling with it trying to open it; but, as it would not work, he threw down his own rifle, and snatched from the hands of his hunter a loaded Snider rifle, aimed, and fired.

This was the last shot ever fired by poor Deane, for the elephant made a short, wild rush at him, and killed him on the spot just as he reached his cover.

Upon examining the surrounding forest, I was forcibly impressed by the depredations which this wounded and infuriated elephant had committed in his anger. He had evidently imagined every thing about him to be an enemy. From some trees the bark had been ripped. He had torn down every branch within his reach, and trampled them beneath his feet; young trees had yielded before his mighty strength—had been uprooted and flung from his path.

I followed the elephant's track for a long distance. At first he had made his way through a forest, and then plunged into a swamp. Here he seems to have rested for a time in the water, and to have regained his strength to some extent; for after this his tracks became firmer and firmer, until, when the tracks had passed right through this swamp and into another forest beyond, there was nothing in them to show that they were those of a wounded elephant. Finding it was hopeless to track him any farther, I returned to the Mission Station at Lukolela. Probably the elephant eventually died of his wounds, but it is surprising how far they will travel after being badly wounded.

Deane, throughout his whole career on the Congo, had shown himself to be a man of undoubted pluck. I admired him, and we were the best of friends. Some time before, on my road up from Kinshasa, I had put in at his camp, when we had spent a very merry day together. But now everything had been taken away from the spot, and there was a sad and somber blank in the place of the vivid scene I had left only a few days earlier.

There seems to be almost a fatality attached to the hunting of wild animals in the district of Lukolela. Poor Keys and Deane met their death in encounters with wild animals at this place. And just before I left the Congo, in '89, another friend, named Thompson, had a narrow escape from becoming a victim to the ferocity of a buffalo.

We were camped below Lukolela, near a large buffalo plain, where just a narrow fringe

of bush ran along the water's edge. At night my watchman came and told me that he heard a buffalo a few yards distant in the plain. I answered, "My experiences with the buffalo do not encourage me to hunt him at night; he is bad enough to deal with in the daytime." But Thompson said, "I'll go, old man! I want to shoot a buffalo!" I remonstrated with him, and tried to convince him of the risk which he was running; but he answered, "It is all right,"—and off he started. It was foolish on my part to have allowed it. He took his gun, loaded it, and started, followed by the fag-end of my crew. There were with him two watchmen, the fireman, two table-boys, a steward, the cook, the boy who looked after the fowls, and one or two other small boys who were employed about the boat. At that time I had command of the larger steamer, the *Florida*.

Thompson was absent a few minutes when the precipitous retreat of his rear-guard plainly told me that something was wrong. I then heard a shot, and presently Thompson came walking down to the boat bleeding from a wound on his head. He coolly told me that he had tracked the buffalo, and had even heard him eating grass, but could not see him. Presently the buffalo caught sight of the hunter, and made a quick rush at him. Thompson, with great presence of mind, threw himself on the ground, and the buffalo passed over his head. In doing so, the animal's hoof had tapped him on the head, taking out a piece as big as a five-shilling piece; and, besides, with one of his hind legs he had bruised Thompson's back. It was indeed a narrow escape.

When another opportunity occurs to shoot buffaloes at nine o'clock at night, I am sure Thompson will not unnecessarily volunteer for the honor of being the hunter.

During the latter part of my life on the Congo River, I was living in a small stern-wheel boat, thirty-four feet long by seven feet wide. As two-thirds of the boat were taken up by the machinery and boiler, the small space amidships did not give sufficient room for myself and crew, and I had to tow a large dugout alongside. In this canoe I carried some of my men, with their mats and cooking-pots, two or three goats, some fowls, and last, but not

least important, my cooking-apparatus—a small earthenware native bowl in which my cook kept his fire and over which every dish was cooked. My cook was a native boy, named Mochindu, to whom I had imparted, to the best of my ability, the few culinary recipes which I had gathered during my travels. But his position as cook on board my boat was not an enviable one, as he was exposed to all weathers and sometimes had to turn out a dish under the most trying circumstances. The slightest ripple of the water or any movement of the men in the canoe would upset any gastronomic calculation that he might have made. Often he had to fry a fowl or make some kind of stew under a heavy downpour of rain; and the poor little chap had a very dejected appearance as he struggled to hold up an old umbrella to keep the rain from the fire, and at the same time made frantic efforts to save the whole cooking-apparatus from toppling over as the canoe lurched from side to side. When his cooking was all finished and the dishes were passed along to the boat, he always seemed to give a sigh of relief as he stepped out of the canoe and crept into the boat near the boiler to get thoroughly warmed so as to be ready for the next culinary struggle.

I remember that one day he was frying some fowl which he had chopped up into cutlets. We were on the beach of a large village, and were surrounded by natives. A group of these natives, attracted evidently by the savory odor of the cooking, pointed up to something in the boat and asked my little cook what it was. When he turned his head in the direction indicated, one of the fellows made a grab at the pan and, snatching two of the cutlets, bolted off. When Mochindu came to look into the pan, for the purpose of turning over his meat, he connected the hasty retreat of the native with the ominous gap in his frying-pan, picked up his knife, and made a rush for the fellow. Then I saw a great struggle going on. Blows were being exchanged, and there was a tussle on the ground; and presently Mochindu returned, holding in his hand the missing cutlets; his face, begrimed with dirt, seemed struggling between sorrow at the mishap and joy at having recovered the booty.

The last steamer voyage I made before leaving for Europe was up the Ruki, a tributary just above the Equator Station. It had always been my wish to visit the people living in these regions, but I would not attempt such an expedition in my small boat, as the ferocity and hostility of these Ba-Ruki were too well known for me to attempt the journey without a faster and more imposing craft. Now that I had command of the bigger boat again, I decided to ascend the Ruki, and hoped to see the natives about whose warlike abilities and cannibalistic qualities I had heard so many tales.

I left the Equator Station early one morning with a cargo of merchandise and trinkets, with which I hoped to overcome, if possible, the prejudices of the terrible Ba-Ruki. I was warned by the natives around our settlement what I was to expect from my present venture; but I was accompanied by an English engineer, named Davy, upon whom I could rely in helping us to give a good account of ourselves if any serious trouble rose. And besides, the same crew, in charge of my trusty Bienego, that accompanied me through my little Oubangi difficulties were now aboard, and had proved by their former conduct their pluck and devotion.

After five hours' steaming up the river, at the invitation of the natives ashore I put in to their beach, and exchanged beads and cowries for fresh eggs and fowls. These people I found very friendly; they had been down in their canoes as far as my Station, so knew that they had nothing to fear. In this village, Nkolé, we saw but few knives and spears, but all were armed with bows and arrows. They were very friendly toward us, but exceedingly scared at all our strange actions. We had a harmony steam-whistle on board which alarmed them a great deal. Just before leaving their beach, on my continuing the voyage, I called my men together by blowing the whistle. The poor natives of Nkolé, superstitious as all savages are, thought it was some angry spirit who was kept by me to terrify people, and who gave vent to his feelings in this way. The natives on the beach, at this unusual sound, beat a hasty retreat, and those in their canoes lost all presence of mind. Some jumped into the river; others jumped into their canoes; and we

steamed away leaving in our wake a mass of upturned canoes and struggling figures, while on shore the beach was deserted, and from behind every tree black faces grinned in safety at their less fortunate friends in the water.

After an hour's steaming above this settlement we were beyond the district of the friendly people. To all my offers to buy their goats, fowls, or ivory, in exchange for beads, cowries, knives, and cloth, the natives in the villages we passed responded by such a plentiful supply of sticks, stones, and village refuse that I decided that I should have to seek a more rational people to receive my beads and cowries. So I steamed up past this line of villages, which were built on a high bank and seemed to be very thickly populated.

Before long I was compelled to meet more serious attacks. At one large village, crowds of people lined the beach and invited us to approach; but, when we turned the boat in their direction, they fired a flight of arrows at us, then ran and hid among the thick bushes which grew at the water's edge. From here, in comparative security, they kept up their fire. Their beach was too rocky to admit of my taking the boat right in-shore; so, firing a few volleys into their hiding places, we manned our large dugout and paddled toward the beach. We landed and routed them out of their village. Then, throwing out skirmishing sharpshooters at the limits of the settlement, I completed the punishment by ordering the huts to be destroyed by fire.

On my way back I made friends with these people; it is a good trait in the character of these natives that they know when they meet their master, and they bear no malice.

For the first few hours' steaming above the spot where this engagement took place we met with no opposition. The inhabitants had sensibly taken warning from the result of their neighbors' arrogant behavior. But, in the afternoon, when we arrived at villages where news of the fight had not preceded our arrival, we had to contend with the same difficulties again. I could easily have avoided the arrows by keeping out in the middle of the stream and steaming away; but my object was to make friends, and to learn something of the people and the commercial possibilities of their country.

In the middle of '89, I came down to Leopoldville in my steamer and there left the river and returned down to the coast by the caravan-

hunter had also turned about and bolted for a tree which was at hand. He reached it only just in time. The buffalo, making a furious charge,



"WE LANDED AND ROUTED THEM OUT OF THEIR VILLAGE." (SEE PAGE 848.)

route. While waiting for the native porters who were to carry my baggage to the coast, I occupied my leisure time in making short hunting excursions in the neighborhood of Stanley Pool.

An old friend of mine on the Congo, Captain Bailey, who has killed elephants and hunted the lion near the head waters of the Zambesi, had a thrilling experience and a very narrow escape from a buffalo on Long Island, in Stanley Pool; and had it not been for the plucky conduct of his little terrier he would undoubtedly have lost his life. He had tracked a buffalo out of the swamps, had dropped his game and thought it was dead, as it lay quite motionless. But upon his coming closer, it sprang upon its feet and charged him. He had only time to fire, but without taking good aim; so he hit a little too low on the forehead and the animal was not stopped. Captain Bailey barely escaped the buffalo by swinging himself to one side—the animal, in charging past, actually grazing his side. Finding it had missed its mark, the brute wheeled sharply about again; but the

came full tilt against the tree, and knocked off a big piece of bark. Although the captain had succeeded in getting behind the tree, he had no time to spare.

Even then the brute would not give up the chase, but made a rush around the tree. At this moment, the brave little fox-terrier, "Nep," sprang at the huge beast's neck; and, although thrown off, still continued to harass the angry bull, thereby distracting its attention from master to dog, and giving the hunter time to put another cartridge into his rifle, and with another shot to drop his game.

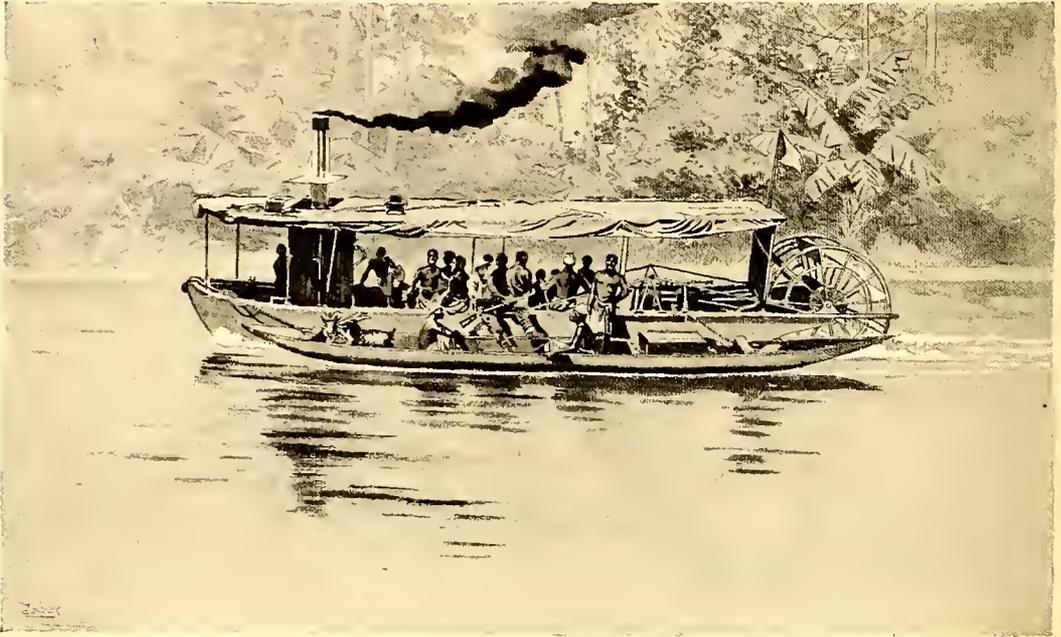
All hunters of big game expect to meet occasionally with animals who will show their disap-



HEAD OF AFRICAN BUFFALO.

proval of being shot at by a rush. But Captain Bailey's experience with the buffalo on Long Island is the narrowest escape of which I know.

Another very annoying member of the ant race is the dark-brown driver. These ants crawl along the ground in a dark mass, twelve



MR. GLAVE'S STEAMER ON THE CONGO.

At the season of the year in which I was traveling the grass was in seed; and as I passed through the country on my way down to the coast I became painfully aware of the prickly nature of this grass. It penetrated my shirt, and made me feel as if the shirt was made of some material much like the exterior of the barrel of a musical box. The prickly pieces covering the outside made the wearer of the shirt resemble one of the porcupine species.

The Ant family are well represented in Central Africa, and there are three with which the traveler is oftenest brought in contact: the white-ant, the driver-ant, and the red-ant. The last is found on shrubs in the forests, and if you brush against a branch on which these insects live, you will become painfully aware of the reason why the Zanzibari call this pest *matimoto* (hot water), for its bite resembles a burn from scalding water. The dwarfs who during his last expedition gave Mr. Stanley so much trouble around Lake Albert, poisoned their arrows with crushed red-ants.

inches wide and several yards long, composed of many hundred thousands of individuals. They move slowly along like a great army, occasionally stopping to devour whatever animal-food they may meet in their path.

I have often been visited by these unwelcome guests at night. On such occasions the contents of my larder would form a meal for them; and if my mosquito-net was not properly tucked in so as to exclude such intruders, I would be overrun with them, and would have to beat a precipitate retreat until they had ransacked my establishment to their satisfaction. This has happened several times to me. The bite of the driver-ant is very painful, for the insect is provided with large pincers with which he digs deep into the flesh of an enemy.

The white-ant makes itself an equally unwelcome visitor by eating away all woodwork, leather, or cloth which it can find. A wooden case, if exposed to the attacks of this insect for two or three days, will have the bottom of it eaten away; and a pair of boots, if left at the

mercy of this pest, will be made utterly worthless in a few days.

Large clay mounds, sometimes reaching to thirty feet in height, mark the house and store-houses of the white-ant.

These mounds are of cellular formation, and contain their store of grubs. So large and solid are these ant-hills that at one of our Stations we leveled the top of an ant-hill and built a sentry post upon it.

Nature has bestowed upon the African a rich gift in the palm-tree. Its branches form a canopy to shelter the village huts from the noon-day sun; with its leaves the houses are thatched; and the Congo kitchen would be devoid of its chief means of flavor and delicacy if deprived of the *mbila*, or palm-fruit. And it plays an even more important part. Its juice, as *malafu*, cheers the hunter on his return from the chase, is partaken of at every tribal ceremony, and provides a sparkling nectar for the otherwise insipid African banquet. It is obtained by



COLLECTING PALM-TREE JUICE.



ANT HILL, MADE BY WHITE-ANTS.

tapping the tree at its very top. Holes are bored to the heart of the palm-tree, and gourds are attached. Into these the juice flows, and the gourds are collected by the natives, who climb up the trunk of the tree by means of a band of leather or cane which encircles climber and tree. By this ingenious device the native is kept from falling, and can ascend the trees with great

rapidity. Using the rough projections of the bark as steps they lean back and mount higher and higher, at the same time lifting with a jerky motion the band that holds them to the tree.

This *malafu*, or palm-wine, resembles in color milky water, is of a sweet acidulated flavor, and when not too old is exceedingly refreshing and palatable; but in a few days it becomes sour, and is then very intoxicating.

My carriers were at last ready, and I was now fairly started on my way to the coast. I have tried all available methods of locomotion on land in Africa, and I have come to the conclusion that walking is the most satisfactory. The hammock is sometimes used; this article of portorage is a piece of canvas looped up on a long pole, wherein the traveler lies and is carried

by the blacks, one being at each end of the pole; but the small bridle-path of the caravan-route is at places so stony and ragged that falls often occur by the carriers stumbling, and bruises are the result. A few donkeys are sometimes seen on the Congo, but unless you get a really good animal you have no end of trouble. The ordinary beast becomes affected by the climate, and requires a great amount of encouragement and assistance. As a rule, you must have one man to pull him, another to push him, and when he is very tired you may require the assistance of two others to prevent his falling. Taking all drawbacks into consideration, I prefer to walk.

It was in this way that my six years of wandering were brought to a close. I had left home a raw lad, and I returned feeling quite an

old and hardened traveler. Something more than the interval of time separated me from those early days. My thoughts and habits had been molded by the experiences through which I had passed. My interests and sympathies were centered in the land I had left and I felt almost a stranger among my own people.

I missed for some time the wild tropical scenery, the shouting negroes, and the hundred sounds and sights of savage life.

If Africa had seemed strange to me six years before, my own country was now as unfamiliar. I have left many a dear friend and comrade on the banks of the great river in lonely Stations in the far interior; and in my heart there is still a warm corner for the poor savage, who has often been my sole companion in the Wilds of Central Africa.

THE END.



MR. E. J. GLAVE. (DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.)

## CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Jack Ogden left the Staten Island ferry-boat, he felt somewhat as if he had made an unexpected voyage to China, and perhaps might never return to his own country. It was late in the afternoon, and he had been told by the little man that the ferry-boat would wait an hour and a half before the return voyage.

"I won't lose sight of her," said Jack, thoughtfully. "No running round for me this time!"

He did not move about at all. He sat upon an old box, in front of a closed grocery store, near the ferry-house, deciding to watch and wait until the boat started.

"Dullest time I ever had!" he thought; "and it will cost me six cents to get back. You have to pay something everywhere you go. I wish that boat was ready to go now."

It was not ready, and it seemed as if it never would be; meanwhile the Crofield boy sat there on the box and studied the ferry-boat business. He had learned something of it from his guide-book, but he understood it all before the gates opened.

He had not learned much concerning any part of Staten Island, beyond what he already knew from the map; but shortly after he had paid his fare, he began to learn something about the bay and the lower end of New York.

"I'm glad to be on board again," he said, as he walked through the long cabin to the open deck forward. In a few minutes more he drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"She's starting! I know I'm on the right boat, too. But I'm hungry and I wish I had something to eat."

There was nothing to be had on board the boat, but, although hungry, Jack could see enough to keep him from thinking about it.

"It's all city; and all wharves and houses

and steeples,—every way you look," he said. "I'm glad to have seen it from the outside, after all."

Jack stared, but did not say a word to anybody until the ferry-boat ran into its dock.

"If I only had a piece of pie and a cup of coffee!" Jack was thinking, as he walked along by the wharves, ashore. Then he caught sight of the smallest restaurant he had ever seen. It was a hand-cart with an awning over it, standing on a corner. A placard hanging from the awning read: "Clams, one cent apiece; coffee, five cents a cup."

"That's plain enough!" exclaimed Jack. "She can't put on a cent more for anything."

A stout, black-eyed woman stood behind a kind of table, at the end of the cart; and on the table there were bottles of vinegar and pepper-sauce, some crackers, and a big tin coffee-heater.

"Clams?" she repeated. "Half-dozen, on the shell? Coffee? All right."

"That's all I want, thank you," said Jack, and she at once filled a cup from the coffee-urn and began to open shellfish for him.

"These are the smallest clams I ever saw," thought Jack; "but they're good."

They seemed better and better as he went on eating; and the woman willingly supplied them. He drank his coffee and ate crackers freely, and he was just thinking that it was time for him to stop when the black-eyed woman remarked, with an air of pride,

"Nice and fresh, ain't they? You seem to like them,—thirteen's a dozen; seventeen cents."

"Have I swallowed a dozen already?" said Jack, looking at the pile of shells. "Yes, ma'am, they're tiptop!"

After paying for his supper, there were only some coppers left, besides four one-dollar bills, in his pocket-book.

"Which way's the Battery, ma'am?" Jack

asked, as she began to open clams for another customer.

"Back there a way. Keep straight on till you see it," she answered; adding kindly, "It's like a little park; I did n't know you were from the country."

"Pretty good supper, after all," he said.

landed. There were little groups of these foreigners scattered over the great open space before him.

"They 've come from all over the world," he said, looking at group after group. "Some of those men will have a harder time than I have had trying to get started in New York."



JACK MAKES A SUPPER OF COFFEE AND CLAMS.

"Cheap, too; but my money's leaking away! Well, it is n't dark yet. I must see all I can before I go to the hotel."

He followed the woman's directions, and he was glad he had done so. He had studied his guide-book faithfully as to all that end of New York, and in spite of his recent blunder did not now need to ask anybody which was the starting place of the elevated railways and which was Castle Garden, where the immigrants were

It occurred to him, nevertheless, that he was a long way from Crofield, and that he was not yet at all at home in the city.

"I know some things that they don't know, anyway—if I *am* green!" he was thinking. "I'll cut across and take a nearer look at Castle Garden—"

"Stop there! Stop, you fellow in the light hat! Hold on!" Jack heard some one cry out, as he started to cross the turfed inclosures.

"What do you want of me?" Jack asked, as he turned around.

"Don't you see the sign there, 'Keep off the grass'? Look! You 're on the grass now! Come off! Anyway, I 'll fine you fifty cents!"

Jack looked as the man pointed, and saw a little board on a short post; and there was the sign, in plain letters; and here before him was a tall, thin, sharp-eyed, lantern-jawed young man, looking him fiercely in the face and holding out his hand.

"Fifty cents! Quick, now,—or go with me to the police station."

Jack was a little bewildered for a moment. He felt like a cat in a very strange garret. His first thought of the police made him remember part of what Mr. Guilderaufenberg had told him about keeping away from them; but he remembered only the wrong part, and his hand went unwillingly into his pocket.

"Right off, now! No skulking!" exclaimed the sharp-eyed man.

"I have n't fifty cents in change," said Jack, dolefully, taking a dollar bill from his pocket-book.

"Hand me that, then. I 'll go and get it changed"; and the man reached out a claw-like hand and took the bill from Jack's fingers, without waiting for his consent. "I 'll be right back. You stand right there where you are till I come—"

"Hold on!" shouted Jack. "I did n't say you could. Give me back that bill!"

"You wait. I 'll bring your change as soon as I can get it," called the sharp-eyed man, as he darted away; but Jack's hesitation was over in about ten seconds.

"I 'll follow him, anyhow!" he exclaimed; and he did so at a run.

"Halt!"—it was a man in a neat gray uniform and gilt buttons who spoke this time; and Jack halted just as the fleeing man vanished into a crowd on one of the broad walks.

"He 's got my dollar!"

"Tell me what it is, quick!" said the policeman, with a sudden expression of interest.

Jack almost spluttered as he related how the fellow had collected the fine; but the man in gray only shook his head.

"I thought I saw him putting up something,"

he said. "It 's well he did n't get your pocket-book, too! He won't show himself here again to-night. He 's safe by this time."

"Do you know him?" asked Jack, greatly excited; but more than a little in dread of the helmet-hat, buttons, and club.

"Know him? 'Jimmy the Sneak?' Of course I do. He 's only about two weeks out of Sing Sing. It won't be long before he 's back there again. When did you come to town? What 's your name? Where 'd you come from? Where are you staying? Do you know anybody in town?"

He had a pencil and a little blank-book, and he rapidly wrote out Jack's answers.

"You 'll get your eyes open pretty fast, at this rate," he said. "That 's all I want of you, now. If I lay a hand on Jimmy, I 'll know where to find you. You 'd better go home. If any other thief asks you for fifty cents, you call for the nearest policeman. That 's what we 're here for."

"A whole dollar gone, and nothing to show for it!" groaned Jack, as he walked away. "Only three dollars and a few cents left! I 'll walk all the way up to the Hotel Dantzig, instead of paying five cents for a car ride. I 'll have to save money now."

He felt more kindly toward all the policemen he met, and he was glad there were so many of them.

"The police at Central Park," he remarked to himself, "and that fellow at the Battery, were all in gray, and the street police wear blue; but they 're a good-looking set of men. I hope they will nab Jimmy the Sneak and get back my dollar for me."

The farther he went, however, the clearer became his conviction that dollars paid to thieves seldom come back; and that an evening walk of more than three miles over the stone sidewalks of New York is a long stroll for a very tired and somewhat homesick country boy. He cared less and less, all the way, how strangely and how splendidly the gaslights and the electric lights lit up the tall buildings.

"One light 's white," he said, "and the other 's yellowish, and that 's about all there is of it. Well, I 'm not quite so green, for I know more than I did this morning!"

It was late for him when he reached the hotel, but it seemed to be early enough for everybody else. Many people were coming and going, and among them all he did not see a face that he knew or cared for. The tired-out,

The next thing he knew, there was a ray of warm sunshine striking his face from the open window, for he had slept soundly, and it was nearly seven o'clock on Monday morning.

Jack looked around his room, and then sprang out of bed.

"Hurrah for New York!"—he said, cheerfully.

"I know what to do now. I'm glad I'm here! I'll write a letter home, first thing, and then I'll pitch in and go to work!"

He felt better. All the hopes he had cherished so long began to stir within him. He brushed his clothes thoroughly, and put on his best necktie; and then he walked out of that room with hardly a doubt that all the business in the great city was ready and waiting for him to come and take part in it. He went down the elevator, after a glance at the stairway and a shake of the head.

"Stairs are too slow," he thought. "I'll try them some time when I am not so busy."

As he stepped out upon the lower floor he met

Mr. Keifelheimer, the proprietor.

"You come in to breakfast mit me," he said. "I promise Mr. Guilderaufenberg and de ladies, too, I keep an eye on you. Some letters in de box for you. You get dem ven you come out. Come mit me."

Jack was very glad to hear of his friends, what had become of them, and what they had said about him, and of course he was quite ready for breakfast. Mr. Keifelheimer talked, while they were eating, in the most friendly and protecting way. Jack felt that he could speak freely; and so he told the whole story of his adventures on Sunday,—Staten Island, Jimmy the Sneak, and all. Mr. Keifelheimer listened with deep interest, making appreciative remarks



JACK IS HOMESICK.

homesick feeling grew upon him, and he walked very dolefully to the elevator. Up it went in a minute, and when he reached his room he threw his hat upon the table, and sat down to think over the long and eventful day.

"This is the toughest day's work I ever did! I'd like to see the folks in Crofield and tell 'em about it, though," he said.

He went to bed, intending to consider his plans for Monday, but he made one mistake. He happened to close his eyes.

every now and then; but he seemed to be most deeply touched by the account of the eighty-cent dinner.

"Dot vas too much!" he said, at last. "It vas a schwindle! Dose Broadway restaurants rob a man efery time. Now, I only charge you feefty-five cents for all dis beautiful breakfast; and you haf had de finest beefsteak and two cups of splendid coffee. So, you make money ven you eat mit me!"

Jack could but admit that the Hotel Dantzie price was lower than the other; but he paid it with an uneasy feeling that while he must have misunderstood Mr. Keifelheimer's invitation it was impossible to say so.

"Get dose letter," said the kindly and thoughtful proprietor. "Den you write in de office. It is better dan go away up to your room."

Jack thanked him and went for his mail, full of wonder as to how any letters could have come to him.

"A whole handful!" he said, in yet greater wonder, when the clerk handed them out. "Who could have known I was here? Nine,—ten,—eleven,—twelve. A dozen!"

One after another Jack found the envelopes full of nicely printed cards and circulars, telling him how and where to find different kinds of goods.

"That makes eight," he said; "and every one a sell. But,—jingoo!"

It was a blue envelope, and when he opened it his fingers came upon a dollar bill.

"Mr. Guilderaufenberg's a trump!" he exclaimed; and he added, gratefully, "I 'd only about two dollars and a half left. He 's only written three lines."

They were kindly words, however, ending with:

I have not tell the ladies; but you should be pay for the stateroom.

I hope you have a good time.

F. VON GUILDERAUFENBERG.

The next envelope was white and square; and when it came open Jack found another dollar bill.

"She 's a real good woman!" he said, when he read his name and these words:

I say nothing to anybody; but you should have pay for your stateroom. You was so kind. In haste,

GERTRUDE VON GUILDERAUFENBERG.

VOL. XVII.—105.

"I 'll go and see them some day," said Jack.

He had opened the eleventh envelope, which was square and pink, and out came another dollar bill. Jack read his own name again, followed by:

We go this minute. I have not told them. You should have pay for your stateroom. Thanks. You was so kind.

MARIE HILDEBRAND.

"Now, if she is n't one of the most thoughtful women in the world!" said Jack; "and what 's this?"

Square, gray, with an ornamental seal, was the twelfth envelope, and out of it came a fourth dollar bill, and this note:

For the stateroom. I have told not the others. With thanks of

DOLISKA POD—SKI.

It was a fine, small, pointed, and wandering handwriting, and Jack in vain strove to make out the letters in the middle of the Polish lady's name.

"I don't care!" he said. "She 's kind, too. So are all the rest of them; and Mr. Guilderaufenberg's one of the best fellows I ever met. Now I 've got over six dollars, and I can make some more right away."

He pocketed his money, and felt more confident than ever; and he walked out of the Hotel Dantzie just as his father, at home in Crofield, was reading to Mrs. Ogden and Aunt Melinda and the children the letter he had written in Albany, on Saturday.

They all had their comments to make, but at the end of it the tall blacksmith said to his wife:

"There 's one thing certain, Mary. I won't let go of any of that land till after they 've run the railway through it."

"Land?" said Aunt Melinda. "Why, it 's nothing but gravel. They can't do anything with it."

"It joins mine," said Mr. Ogden; "and I own more than an acre behind the shop. We 'll see whether the railroad will make any difference. Well, the boy 's reached the city long before this!"

There was silence for a moment after that, and then Mr. Ogden went over to the shop. He was not very cheerful, for he began to feel that Jack was really gone from home.

In Mertonville, Mary Ogden was helping

Mrs. Murdoch in her housework, and seemed to be disposed to look out of the window, rather than to talk.

"Now, Mary," said the editor's wife, "you need n't look so peaked, and feel so blue about the way you got along with that class of girls—"

"Girls?" said Mary. "Why, Mrs. Murdoch! Only half of them were younger than I; they said there would be only sixteen, and there were twenty-one. Some of the scholars were twice as old as I am, and one had gray hair and wore spectacles!"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Murdoch, "the Elder said you did well. Now, dear, dress yourself, and be ready for Mrs. Edwards; she 's coming after you, and I do hope you'll enjoy your visit. Come in and see me as often as you can and tell me the news."

Mary finished the dishes and went upstairs, saying, "And they want me to take that class again next Sunday!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

AFTER leaving the Hotel Dantzic, with his unexpected supply of money, Jack walked smilingly down toward the business part of the city. For a while he only studied signs and looked into great show-windows; and he became more and more confident as he thought how many different ways there were for a really smart boy to make a fortune in New York. He decided to try one way at just about nine o'clock.

"The city 's a busy place!" thought Jack, as he walked along. "Some difference between the way they rush along on Monday and the way they loitered all day Sunday!"

He even walked faster because the stream of men carried him along. It made him think of the Cocahutchie.

"I 'll try one of these big clothing places," he said, about nine o'clock. "I 'll see what wages they 're giving. I know something about tailoring."

He paused in front of a wide and showy-looking store on Broadway. He drew a long breath, and went in. The moment he entered he was confronted by a very fat, smiling gentleman, who bowed and asked:

"What can we do for you, sir?"

"I 'd like to know if you want a boy," said Jack, "and what wages you 're giving. I know—"

"After a place? Oh, yes. That 's the man you ought to see," said the jocose floor-walker, pointing to a spruce salesman behind a counter, and winking at him from behind Jack.

The business of the day had hardly begun, and the idle salesman saw the wink. Jack walked up to him and repeated his inquiry.

"Want a place, eh? Where are you from? Been long in the business?"

Jack told him about Crofield, and about the "merchant tailors" there, and gave a number of particulars before the very dignified and sober-faced salesman's love of fun was satisfied; and then the salesman said:

"I can't say. You 'd better talk with that man yonder."

There was another wink, and Jack went to "that man," to answer another string of questions, some of which related to his family, and the Sunday-school he attended; and then he was sent on to another man, and another, and to as many more, until at last he heard a gruff voice behind him asking, "What does that fellow want? Send him to me!"

Jack turned toward the voice, and saw a glass "coop," as he called it, all glass panes up to above his head, excepting one wide, semicircular opening in the middle. The clerk to whom Jack was talking at that moment suddenly became very sober.

"Head of the house!" he exclaimed to himself. "Whew! I did n't know he 'd come." Then he said to Jack: "The head partner is at the cashier's desk. Speak to him."

Jack stepped forward, his cheeks burning with the sudden perception that he had been ridiculed. He saw a sharp-eyed lady counting money, just inside the little window, but she moved away, and Jack was confronted by a very stern, white-whiskered gentleman.

"What do you want?" the man asked.

"I 'd like to know if you 'll hire another boy, and what you 're paying?" said Jack, bravely.

"No; I don't want any boy," replied the man in the coop, savagely. "You get right out."

"Tell you what you *do* want," said Jack, for

his temper was rising fast, "— you 'd better get a politer set of clerks!"

"I will, if there 's any more of this nonsense," said the head of the house, sharply. "Now, that 's enough. No more impertinence."

Jack was all but choking with mortification, and he wheeled and marched out of the store.

"I was n't afraid of him," he thought, "and I ought to have spoken to him first thing. I might have known better than to have asked those fellows. I sha'n't be green enough to do that again. I 'll ask the head man next time."

That was what he tried to do in six clothing-stores, one after another; but in each case he made a failure. In two of them, they said the managing partner was out; and then, when he tried to find out whether they wanted a boy, the man he asked became angry and showed him the door. In three more, he was at first treated politely, and then informed that they already had hundreds of applications. To enter the sixth store was an effort, but he went in.

"One of the firm? Yes, sir," said the floor-walker. "There he is."

Only a few feet from him stood a man so like the one whose face had glowered at him through that cashier's window in the first store that Jack hesitated a moment, but the clerk spoke out:

"Wishes to speak to you, Mr. Hubbard."

"This way, my boy. What is it?"

Jack was surprised by the full, mellow, benevolent voice that came from under the white moustaches.

"Do you want to hire a boy, sir?" he inquired.

"I do not, my son. Where are you from?" asked Mr. Hubbard, with a kindlier expression than before.

Jack told him, and answered two or three other questions.

"From up in the country, eh?" he said. "Have you money enough to get home again?"

"I could get home," stammered Jack, "but there is n't any chance for a boy up in Crofield."

"Ten chances there for every one there is in the city, my boy," said Mr. Hubbard. "One hundred boys here for every place that 's vacant. You go home. Dig potatoes. Make hay. Drive cows. Feed pigs. Do *anything*

honest, but get out of New York. It 's one great pauper-house, now, with men and boys who can't find anything to do."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, with a tightening around his heart. "But I 'll find something. You see if I don't —"

"Take my advice, and go home!" replied Mr. Hubbard, kindly. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Jack, and while going out of that store he had the vividest recollections of all the country around Crofield.

"I 'll keep on trying, anyway," he said. "There 's a place for me somewhere. I 'll try some other trade. I 'll do *anything*!"

So he did, until one man said to him:

"Everybody is at luncheon just now. Begin again by and by; but I 'm afraid you 'll find there are no stores needing boys."

"I need some dinner, myself," thought Jack. "I feel faint. Mister," he added, aloud, "I must buy some luncheon, too. Where 's a good place?"

He was directed to a restaurant, and he seated himself at a table and ordered roast beef in a sort of desperation.

"I don't care what it costs!" he said. "I 've got some money yet."

Beef, potatoes, bread and butter, all of the best, came, and were eaten with excellent appetite.

Jack was half afraid of the consequences when the waiter put a bright red check down beside his plate.

"Thirty cents?" exclaimed he joyfully, picking it up. "Why, that 's the cheapest dinner I 've had in New York!"

"All right, sir. Come again, sir," said the waiter, smiling; and then Jack sat still for a moment.

"Six dollars, and more too," he said to himself; "and my room's paid for besides. I can go right on looking up a place, for days and days, if I 'm careful about my money. I must n't be discouraged."

He certainly felt more courageous, now that he had eaten dinner, and he at once resumed his hunt for a place; but there was very little left of his smile. He went into store after store with almost the same result in each, until one good-humored gentleman remarked to him:

"My boy, why don't you go to a Mercantile Agency?"

"What 's that?" asked Jack, and the man explained what it was.

"I 'll go to one right away," Jack said hopefully.

"That 's the address of a safe place," said the gentleman, writing a few words. "Look out for sharpers, though. Plenty of such people in that business. I wish you good luck."

Before long Jack Ogden stood before the desk of the "Mercantile Agency" to which he had been directed, answering questions and registering his name. He had paid a fee of one dollar, and had made the office-clerk laugh by his confidence.

"You seem to think you can take hold of nearly anything," he said. "Well, your chance is as good as anybody's. Some men prefer boys from the country, even if they can't give references."

"When do you think you can get me a place?" asked Jack.

"Can't tell. We 've only between four hundred and five hundred on the books now; and sometimes we get two or three dozen fixed in a day."

"Five hundred!" exclaimed Jack, with a clouding face. "Why, it may be a month before my turn comes!"

"A month?" said the clerk. "Well, I hope not much longer, but it may be. I would n't like to promise you anything so soon as that."

Jack went out of that place with yet another idea concerning "business in the city," but he again began to make inquiries for himself. It was the weariest kind of work, and at last he was heartily sick of it.

"I 've done enough for one day," he said to himself. "I 've been into I don't know how many stores. I know more about it than I did this morning."

There was no doubt of that. Jack had been getting wiser all the while; and he did not even look so rural as when he set out. He was really beginning to get into city ways, and he was thinking hard and fast.

The first thing he did, after reaching the Hotel Dantzig, was to go up to his room. He felt as if he would like to talk with his sister Mary, and so he sat down and wrote her a long letter.

He told her about his trip, all through, and about his German friends, and his Sunday; but it was anything but easy to write about Monday's experiences. He did it after a fashion, but he wrote much more cheerfully than he felt.

Then he went down to the supper-room for some tea. It seemed to him that he had ordered almost nothing, but it cost him twenty-five cents.

It would have done him good if he could have known how Mary's thoughts were at that same hour turning to him.

At home, Jack's father and Mr. Magruder were talking about Jack's land, arranging about the right of way and what it was worth, while he sat in his little room in the Hotel Dantzig, thinking over his long, weary day of snubs, blunders, insults, and disappointments.

"Hunting for a place in the city is just the meanest kind of work," he said at last. "Well, I 'll go to bed, and try it again to-morrow."

That was what he did; but Tuesday's work was "meaner" than Monday's. There did not seem to be even so much as a variation. It was all one dull, monotonous, miserable hunt for something he could not find. It was just so on Wednesday, and all the while, as he said, "Money will just melt away; and somehow you can't help it."

When he counted up, on Wednesday evening, however, he still had four dollars and one cent; and he had found a place where they sold bread and milk, or bread and coffee, for ten cents.

"I can get along on that," he said; "and it 's only thirty cents a day, if I eat three times. I wish I 'd known about it when I first came here. I 'm learning something new all the time."

Thursday morning came, and with it a long, gossipy letter from Mary, and an envelope from Crofield, containing a letter from his mother and a message from his father written by her, saying how he had talked a little—only a little—with Mr. Magruder. There was a postscript from Aunt Melinda, and a separate sheet written by his younger sisters, with scrawly postscripts from the little boys to tell Jack how the workmen had dug down and found the old church bell, and that there was a crack in it, and the clapper was broken off.

Jack felt queer over those letters.

"I won't answer them right away," he said. "Not till I get into some business. I'll go further down town to-day, and try there."

At ten o'clock that morning, a solemn party of seven men met in the back room of the Mer-tonville Bank.

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, please come to order. I suppose we all agree? We need a teacher of experience. The academy's not doing well. The lady principal can't do everything. She must have a good assistant."

"Who's your candidate, Squire Crowninshield?" asked Judge Edwards. "I'm trustee as judge of the County Court. I've had thirty-one applications for my vote."

"I've had more than that," said the Squire, good-humoredly. "I won't name my choice till after the first ballot. I want to know who are the other candidates first."

"So do I," said Judge Edwards. "I won't name mine at once, either. Who is yours, Elder Holloway?"

"We'd better have a nominating ballot," remarked the Elder, handing a folded slip of paper to Mr. Murdoch, the editor of the *Eagle*. "Who is yours, Mr. Jeroliman?"

"I have n't any candidate," replied the bank-president, with a worried look. "I won't name any, but I'll put a ballot in."

"Try that, then," said General Smith, who was standing, instead of sitting down at the long table. "Just a suggestion."

Every trustee had something to say as to how he had been besieged by applicants, until the seventh, who remarked:

"I've just returned from Europe, gentlemen. I'll vote for the candidate having the most votes on this ballot. I don't care who wins."

"I agree to that," quickly responded General Smith, handing him a folded paper. "Put it in, Dr. Dillingham. It's better that none of us should do any log-rolling or try to influence others. I'll adopt your idea."

"I won't, then," said Squire Crowninshield, pleasantly but very positively. "Murdoch, what's the name of that young woman who edited the *Eagle* for a week?"

"Miss Mary Ogden," said the editor, with a slight smile.

"A clever girl," said the Squire, as he wrote on a paper, folded it, and threw it into a hat in the middle of the table. He had not heard Judge Edwards's whispered exclamation:

"That reminds me! I promised my wife that I'd mention Mary for the place; but then there was n't the ghost of a chance!"

In went all the papers, and the hat was turned over.

"Now, gentlemen," said General Smith, "before the ballots are opened and counted, I wish to ask: Is this vote to be considered regular and formal? Shall we stand by the result?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the trustees in chorus.

"Count the ballots!" said the Elder.

The hat was lifted, and the count began.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven — for Mary Ogden," said Elder Holloway calmly.

"I declare!" said General Smith. "Unanimous? Why, gentlemen, we were agreed! There really was no difference of opinion whatever."

"I'm glad she is such a favorite," said Judge Edwards; "but we can't raise the salary on that account. It'll have to remain at forty dollars a month."

"I'm glad she's got it!" said Mr. Murdoch. "And a unanimous vote is a high testimonial!" And so Mary was elected.

Each of them had other business to attend to, and it was not until Judge Edwards went home, at noon, that the news was known to Mary, for the Judge carried the pleasant tidings to Mary Ogden at the dinner-table.

"Oh, Judge Edwards!" exclaimed Mary, turning pale. "I? At my age — to be assistant principal of the academy?"

"There's only the Primary Department to teach," said the Judge, encouragingly. "Not half so hard as that big, overgrown Sunday-school class. Only it never had a good teacher yet, and you'll have hard work to get it into order."

"What will they say in Crofield!" said Mary uneasily. "They'll say I'm not fit for it."

"I'm sure Miss Glidden will not," said Mrs.

Edwards, proudly. "I 'm glad it was unanimous. It shows what they all thought of you."

Perhaps it did; but perhaps it was as well for Mary Ogden's temper that she could not hear all that was said when the other trustees went home to announce their action.

It was a great hour for Mary, but her brother Jack was at that same time beginning to think that New York City was united against him,— a million and a half to one.

He had been fairly turned out of the last store he had entered.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

---

### FOURTH PAPER.

#### *When Coal Was Made.*

AGES and ages ago, so many that geologists have given up reckoning them, this surprising old planet of ours went into the coal-making business. Such a diligent worker was she that the stores she then laid up have supplied the world ever since, and bid fair to do so for 350,000 years to come. How long she remained in the business no one knows. Students sometimes amuse themselves by trying to work out that problem. A famous German chemist has estimated that it takes 170 years to make a layer of coal one inch thick. Now, there are some layers 60 feet thick. To make one of those layers would require 122,400 years; and the time it would take to make 68 layers like those found in the Joggins mines of Nova Scotia, is beyond our comprehension. However, these figures are based on the present condition of affairs, and things were certainly very different in the days when coal was made. The materials out of which the vast coal-beds were formed were trees and plants; and wondrously beautiful and regular trees and plants. They grew in great marshes, which covered enormous tracts of land.

How these immense swamps were formed is easily seen. At the close of the first age, there was only one piece of the continent, now

known as North America, elevated above the sea. This was a narrow strip of solid granite, shaped like a bent arm, and stretched from what is now Nova Scotia to the region occupied to-day by the Great Lakes, and thence up toward the northwest. The Silurian Age had enlarged this strip by adding a beach. The Devonian Age also contributed a large amount of new land; but the greater portion of the continent still lay under the sea, in whose depths the coral animals had constructed great limestone fields.

As the preceding age drew to a close, there must have been great commotion in the interior of our world, for nature was preparing to make the coal beds. Agassiz tells us that low hills were first thrown up over all the places where the important coal-fields now lie. Between these low hills extended wide valleys filled with salt-water. Under the plentiful rains, as the years went by, these valleys became fresh-water lakes. Animals and plants lived and died on the banks or in the waters of these lakes; and these animal remains, with the material worn from the shore, in the course of centuries filled up the lakes and changed them into great marshes, wherein flourished the curious plants and magnificent tree-ferns which filled the forests of the ancient world. These trees and plants budded, bloomed, dropped their leaves and fruit, and in time died, as trees and plants do to-day.

Others filled their places, and died in their turn. Then, when some great upheaval took place, the marshes were dropped into the earth and buried beneath the surging waters. On account of the heat, the pressure of the water, and a curious chemical change, which you will understand when you grow older, the trees and shrubs down in these buried swamps were changed into coal.

Nor was the water idle during this change. It was very busily employed, bringing in loads of sand and pebbles, and laying them carefully over the coal-beds. The coral-animals also were diligently at work, making limestone coverlets for these beds.

Often another change of the earth's crust brought the new sea-bottoms to the surface, when they once more became swamps in the moist air, to undergo again the changes just described. This course of events happened in some places several times. Down in Kentucky we find that the land was thus raised and lowered fifteen times, and in the Joggins mines of Nova Scotia, sixty-eight times! Such is the history of a coal-bed.

The fact that all the coal in the earth has been made from the trees, plants, and shrubs that lived at this period, and the abundance of remains that has been found in the rock between the layers, prove that vegetable life was more luxuriant than anything we can now see.

The plants were giants in size, compared with the same species in our day. In order to produce this abundance and gigantic size, there must have been a warm, moist climate, such as Dr. Livingstone found prevailing near the center of Africa, where some plants like those of the Coal Age now grow.

There is a little island out in the Pacific, where it rains during some three hundred days in the year, and where continual fogs shut out the sunlight. In its climate and vegetation it approaches more nearly than any region we now know to what the earth was during the Age of Coal. In that island ferns grow into trees, and there is the same thick undergrowth that must have then existed.

A curious thing about the fossils of this age is the fact that the same kinds are found all over the earth, from the equator to the poles. This

shows that every part of the globe was equally warm and moist. The earth then did not depend, as it does now, entirely upon the sun for warmth. Its crust was still thin in comparison with its thickness to-day; and the boiling mass in the interior made the surface so warm that the less heat received from the sun would not make an important difference.

The days of the Coal Age, we are told by Hugh Miller, were like the moist, mild, cloudy days of early spring, with perhaps a little more cloud and moisture, and a great deal more heat. In spite of the moisture, however, a brighter light shone on the beautiful ferns and lofty forests than had shone on the scanty vegetation of the ages before; for the air was beginning to be clearer.

If we could look into one of the grand old forests of that age, what a sight we should see! You know the small "horse-tails" that grow in the marshes, with the jointed stems surrounded by a little sheath? Imagine them grown into great trees, forty feet high and nine feet around! These were jointed just like the small ones, were hollow inside, and outside were deeply fluted like the beautifully carved pillars that support the old Grecian temples. Then the ferns—little ones and big ones! There were more ferns than anything else. Some of them shot up into trees forty and fifty feet high. Their trunks rose like stone shafts, and then came the crown of wavy, plummy leafage, with the new leaves curled up in the center, looking for all the world like a piece of gigantic Moorish carving. Do you know the "club-mosses"? We often tread under foot this humble little creeper; but to be "club-moss" in the Age of Coal was to occupy anything but a humble station. They rose into gigantic trees, fifty and sixty feet high, which bore on their trunks scales, carved in different designs according to the species. Mighty cone-bearing trees raised their heads a hundred feet above the ground. Nature seemed to be showing what she could do on a large scale.

There was another remarkable tree, fluted in the same manner as the "horse-tail," but each fluting had a line of beautiful carving running down its center. The roots of this tree ran out in ribbon-like bands of exceedingly graceful shape, marked with little dots arranged in

groups. Each dot had a little ring beneath it, and in one rare species each was surrounded by a sculptured star.

The forest into which we now suppose ourselves to be looking has none of the knotty trunks so familiar to us. These trunks are graceful beyond compare. They run up perfectly straight, and are ornamented with beautiful designs: zigzags, spirals, circles, and diamonds. Here are patterns enough to supply all the designers in the world. They are old leaf-scars, and what is most remarkable about them is their regularity. The most exact measuring could not have made them more perfect. And then the profusion of low, swampy plants, and of plants that live on others, running from tree to tree, sometimes in thick tufts, sometimes airy as the most delicate lace!

No herds roamed through the dense groves,—there was nothing for them to live on. You know cattle never crop the “horse-tails”; no matter how pretty and green a fern may be, no animal feeds on it; and the “club-mosses,” although once used in medicine, have been found to be positively harmful.

The insects made their appearance during this age; but they had no flowers among which to fly or from which to gather honey. The first insects were not very particular; they were the scorpions, cockroaches, and beetles. They could live on any rubbish.

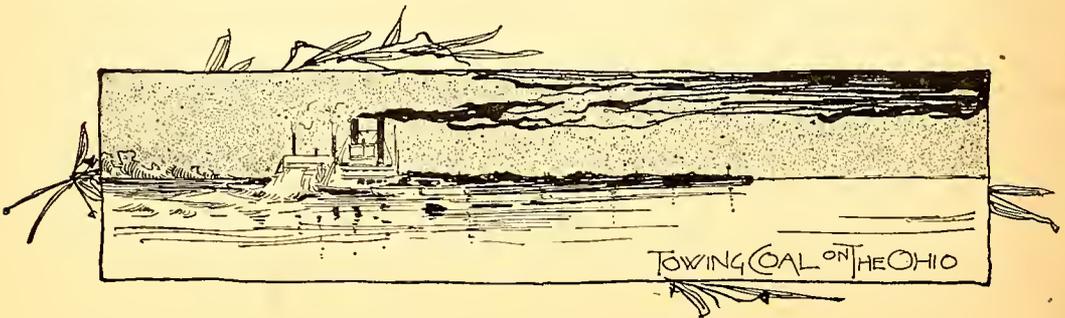
Of all the animals of this period, the corals came first; they had so much to do with laying the limestone beds for the coal and the limestone covers to put over it. Their pretty, lily-like relatives, the crinoids, during this age had their heads surmounted by many slender ribbons, and were much more gorgeous than before. Of the trilo-

bites only a few existed, and they were the last of their race. There was a great abundance of hard-shelled animals. One of them, resembling the chambered-nautilus in shape, had its shell marked by colored bands. It must have given a bit of variety to the prevailing green, as it rowed its dainty boat through the shallow waters. There also have been found remains of reptiles, which first appeared in this age, giving the world a hint of what was to be in the next.

The fishes were of the same reptilian character as those in the Devonian age; that is, they could move their heads freely in all directions without moving their bodies. There is only one kind of fish now alive that looks at all like the fishes of the Coal Age. It is the garpike, found in the waters of the West. It has an armor of bony scales, covered with enamel so hard that shot has little effect on it. Imagine a fish of this kind, thirty or forty feet long, with teeth three times larger than those of the largest alligator, and covered from head to tail with a coat of enameled bone, and you will have an idea of the reptile-fishes of the Coal Age.

During this age, although the land had increased so that all the eastern part of our continent was raised above the level of the ocean, the western part was still occupied by an inland sea, and a great gulf ran up to where is now situated the mouth of the Ohio.

The end of the age was marked by great disturbances, which in some cases lifted the beds of coal and rock and bent them out of their original positions. It seemed a preparation for man's appearance that these beds of coal should be formed far below and then be brought nearer the surface, so that man should find and use them.





BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

THE wind from the south blew soft and free,  
 As I sat me down 'neath the linden tree ;  
 And the rustling leaves which the branches bore  
 Repeated this story o'er and o'er,  
 That the mossy linden told to me.

Ages ago, in his castle tall,  
 Made strong and safe by moat and wall,  
 Lived the bandit knight named Eppelin,  
 In the gray old town of Sailengen,  
 Known far and wide and feared by all.

Scarce threescore knights his castle manned,  
 And yet so brave was the bandit band  
 That he lightly laughed with child and wife,  
 And he feared not death and he lived his life,  
 And no foeman's foot dared cross his land.

He watched from his towers with falcon eye  
 For train or caravan passing nigh ;  
 And, like the falcon upon its prey,  
 He struck — and bore their wealth away,  
 And his red wine quaffed, as the "dogs" went by.

VOL. XVII.— 106.

But the falcon fierce at last was caged ;  
 In a king's dark dungeons he pined and raged.  
 And he who had scorned all earthly power  
 Stood face to face with his own death-hour.—  
 Yet a hidden hope his grief assuaged.

They led him forth ere the morning sun  
 On Nürnberg's wall had the day begun.  
 He bared his brow as the sun uprose,  
 And shook the straws from his prison clothes,  
 As he dreamed in his heart of a deed to be done.

For unto one condemned, though knave  
 Or peer, the law a last wish gave.  
 'T was a custom old—too old to tell—  
 But Eppelin prized the custom well,  
 For by it he hoped his life to save.

He begged his white steed again to ride  
 Ere he should die, round the walls inside  
 The prison yard: "I would try as of yore  
 The long, free stride of my horse once more,  
 While his willing speed I curb and guide!"

The warder brought him his brave white steed,  
Which never had failed at Eppelin's need,  
And he neighed with joy at his master's call,  
And proudly the echoing hoof-beats fall,  
As Eppelin urged him to utmost speed.

Then Eppelin bent to the saddle-bow ;  
He patted the neck as white as snow,  
Caressing his forehead and eyes and breast,  
And called him the name he loved the best,  
And stroked his long mane's silken flow.

Then the noble steed uptossed his head,  
And faster and faster around he sped ;  
Till warder and soldiers, to give him space,  
Crept close to the wall from his circling pace,  
For his hoofs shot fire as on he fled.

And warder and soldiers looked on and smiled  
Without misgiving — though never so wild  
And gallant a steed and daring a man  
Had their eyes beheld since their days began —  
For the castle walls were strongly piled.

But the steed uprose and the knight struck spur,  
He thought of his child and he thought of her  
The love of his life. — Then a gleam of light,  
And high on the battlements fair and bright  
Stood the fiery beast, nor seemed to stir.

Thus half the deed was bravely wrought,  
And quicker than glint of sight or thought  
Down from the wall themselves they cast,  
And safely both steed and rider passed  
O'er the turbid moat, with danger fraught !

And this is the story the linden told  
Of the robber Eppelin, brave and bold,  
How he rode away to his castle wild,  
And held to his heart his wife and child,  
Whom he loved better than life or gold.

---

## WOLVES OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

---

THE "wolves of the sea" are not sharks, as might perhaps be fancied. The shark is indeed ravenous and voracious; but in ferocity and destructiveness it is far inferior to the orca, another inhabitant of the world of waters, and yet not a fish.

The orca, or grampus, as it is sometimes called, is a member of the Whale family — a sort of third cousin to the whale and a first cousin to the porpoise. It is usually from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and has a large mouth, well supplied with strong, conical, curved teeth. In color it is black above and white below, with a white patch over each little eye. It is easily distinguished from its relatives by the dorsal fin, which is sometimes six feet long, and rises abruptly from the back.

To call this creature the "wolf of the sea"

does not tell half the story of its savage nature. The wolf seems a puny foe compared to the orca. For, there are animals on land which the wolf dares not attack, even when hard driven by hunger; but there is nothing inhabiting the water which the orca will not assail. Moreover, the wolf is almost cowardly except when made dangerous by famine; but the orca is always dangerous, or cannot satisfy its hunger. That its appetite is insatiable seems likely, for an orca was once found choked to death by a seal which it had tried to swallow whole. An examination showed that the gluttonous monster had already swallowed a number of porpoises, besides several seals.

As if not satisfied with the harm it can do alone, the orca secures the aid of two or three of its fellows, and then the little pack of monsters

starts on an expedition. Everything is game to them. If a school of dolphins come in sight, away go the fierce sea-wolves in hot chase. The frightened dolphins dash madly through the waves, urged to their swiftest speed by terror; but grimly the ravenous pursuers close upon the flying quarry.

Perhaps a great Greenland whale may cross the path of the marauders. Huge as it is—the largest of created beings—it has no terrors for the bloodthirsty pack. They dart about the giant with lightning velocity; now in front, now underneath, now on the sides; until the bewildered monster, with a lash of his ponderous tail, turns his mighty head downward and seeks the ocean's bed. Vain effort! His tormentors follow him apparently with ferocious glee. Up, up again, rage and agony lending added strength, till the surface is reached and all that bulk of flesh shoots out of water and then falls with a ponderous crash, dashing the boiling waves asunder. Still the agile foes are there. They leap

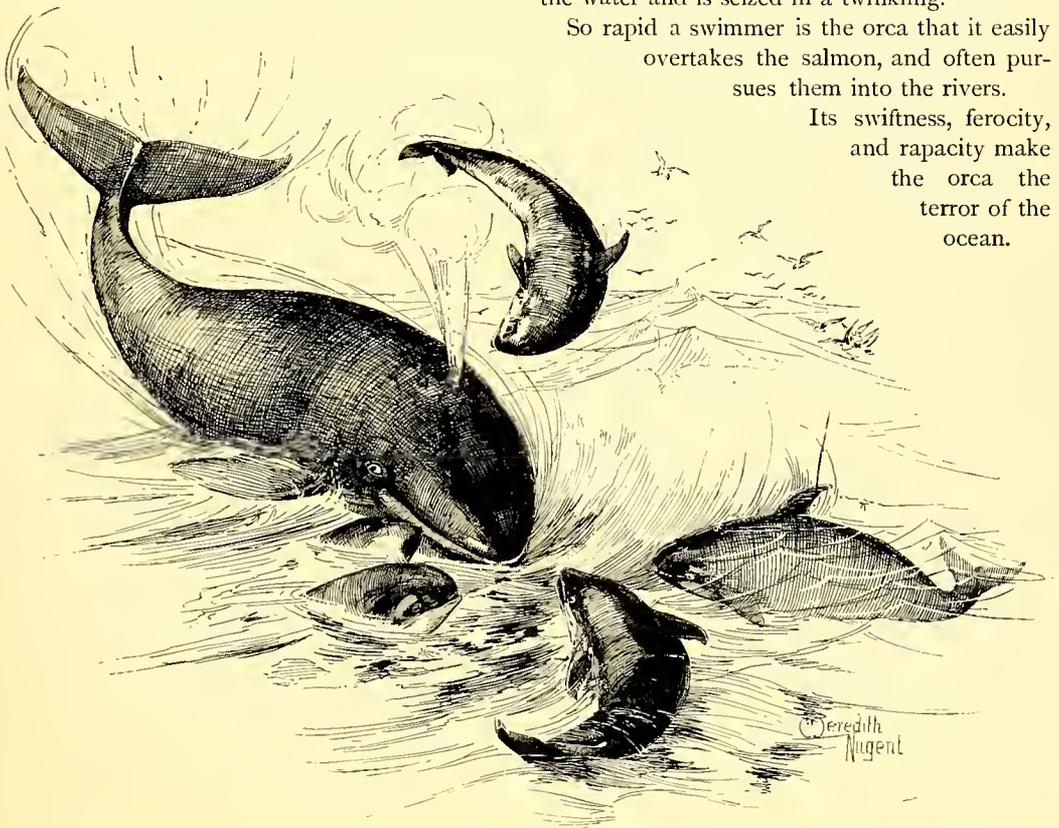
over his head, high in the air, and dive under him. They rush at him, here, there, and everywhere. He opens his huge mouth to engulf them. They only mock at the danger, and soon, wounded in a hundred places, weakened and powerless, the whale succumbs.

Even the fierce walrus, armed with enormous tusks which it well knows how to use, is no match for the orca. It is only the young walrus, however, for which the orca cares, and it will not hesitate to pursue one into the very midst of a herd of walruses, trusting to superior swiftness to enable it to carry off the prey in safety.

The young walrus is well aware of its danger, and the moment an orca comes in sight the poor thing climbs frantically upon its mother's back, and clings there in an agony of fear. The wily orca is not to be foiled so easily, however. It dives down, and then comes up with a sudden surge, striking the mother walrus such a blow that the little one is knocked from her back into the water and is seized in a twinkling.

So rapid a swimmer is the orca that it easily overtakes the salmon, and often pursues them into the rivers.

Its swiftness, ferocity, and rapacity make the orca the terror of the ocean.





## ugust

Deep in the wood I made a house  
Where no one knew the way ;  
I carpeted the floor with moss ,  
And there I loved to play .

I heard the bubbling of the brook ;  
At times an acorn fell ,  
And far away a robin sang  
Deep in a lonely dell .

I set a rock with acorn cups ;  
So quietly I played  
A rabbit hopped across the moss ,  
And did not seem afraid .

That night before I went to bed  
I at my window stood ,  
And thought how dark my house must be  
Down in the lonesome wood .

K.Pyle .



K.P.



## FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.



OR a year or more there has been a "stranger within our gates," whose story of life in her native land is so fascinating and wonderful that had she dropped from some cold, starry

planet in the Northern skies her presence would be hardly more marvelous.

planet in the Northern skies her presence would be hardly more marvelous.

Olof Krarer, a young Eskimo woman, now visiting this country, is probably the only educated Eskimo lady in the world.

There have been one or two women who have accompanied Arctic voyagers upon their return to this country, but they were the wives of hunters, women who knew little more than the strange dogs which were their companions. All except Olof Krarer have been natives of West Greenland, a region of which we have read and learned much within the last two decades. It has been left to this one little Eskimo lady from the far distant, almost unknown region of the East Coast, to tell us the pathetic and curious tale of home life and child life in the frozen North.

Of this little-explored portion of the globe Captain Holm, the Danish explorer, who recently returned from the Arctic seas to Copenhagen, says:

"I found the east coast of Greenland to be the coldest and most dismal region of all the Arctic lands I ever visited; and here, isolated



OLOF KRARER IN ESKIMO COSTUME.

"They differ entirely in language and physical character from the Eskimos of West Green-

land. From the meager traditions they have, it is to be supposed that they are descendants of early Icelandic Norsemen, who, centuries ago, were wrecked off that perilous coast, and, unable to return to their native land, became the founders of this strange people who to-day inhabit this little-known portion of the land.

"They have been cut off from communication with the outer world, by reason of the great masses of ice, sometimes hundreds of miles wide, perpetually piled up against the shore, which have kept explorers from the east coast of Greenland long after all other Arctic lands were fairly well known. Within the past two centuries, ten or twelve expeditions have been sent out in search of the lost Norsemen, who, it is supposed, settled here, but only one ship has ever been known to reach the coast.

"The people of this country live in little hamlets or settlements; and, aside from their ignorance and the suffering caused by the intense cold, they seem to be a happy, contented, honest people."

In this dreary land, some thirty years ago, was born the little woman who to-day tells us her wonderful story.

Her first recollections are of the snow-hut which was her home, and the bitter cold and frequent hunger from which every one about her suffered. Fuel there was none, there being no vegetable life in that latitude; and to make the feeble fires which served to keep them only half warm, the dried flesh of the reindeer, with the bones of walrus and of fish, were ignited by means of a piece of flint.

The precious bits of flint are obtained when some aged iceberg breaks up on their coast; they are fragments picked up by the glacier, of which the berg was a portion, during its slow progress of centuries. Flints are rare in Eskimoland; and sometimes there is only one in a community of several families. The flint-owner is the rich man of the place. He does not hoard his treasure, however, for the flint is freely borrowed and generously offered at all times.

Inside the snow-hut, obedience is the law. An Eskimo mother, when she says to her child, "I will punish you," never fails to keep her word.

The punishment is severe, and is never forgotten — for it leaves its mark.

"You have disobeyed me; I will punish you; I will burn you with the bone," says the mother, and the little one sees her light the fire and heat a bone very hot, and then upon some portion of the body — but never upon the face — the mother burns into her naughty little one a painful reminder of disobedience.

There appears to be little true affection in the care which an Eskimo mother gives her babies; she never fondles and pets them, and when they are peevish or ill she neglects them — not unlike some of the lowest brutes.

As soon as they are able to sit alone, they are put upon the fur-covered floor to take care of themselves; and there they sit, muffled in their little seal-skin jackets — the fur side turned inward — with their little arms folded about their bodies to keep warm. The girls grow deformed by being constantly in this constrained position. The boys, who are more active and go out-of-doors, escape such deformity; but all Eskimo women have the upper arm short and crippled from disuse.

An Eskimo girl has an indolent time of it; there is no housework to do. There are no household utensils of any kind; no brooms with which to sweep; even no water for washing. The blubber of the whale, the flesh of the polar-bear, and fish — their only articles of food — are eaten frozen and raw. Only the very sick or old, or infants, ever taste heated meat. As for washing, an Eskimo does not understand the term. Occasionally they grease themselves with oil and fat; but that is their only mode of personal cleanliness or adornment, and, indeed, the Eskimo girl with the shiniest face is considered the belle of the community!

"Be good to one another," is the precept taught to her children by an Eskimo mother; and quarrels and disagreements among them, when not settled by the hot bone, are argued down and met with that same "Golden Rule" by which Christians are told to live.

When an Eskimo baby is born, a bag of skins is fashioned for its sole use, and in it a record of its age is kept forever after. Into this bag a little bone is put once every year, and it is considered a kind of sacrilege either to take out or put in a bone except at the proper time. The year is reckoned from the time the person

first sees the sun appear upon the horizon — for that luminary is not a daily visitor in the land of the frozen North. Four long months of continual night, lighted only by the stars and moon; four months of daylight without rest from the blinding sun; two months of glimmering twilight before, and two after, the coming of the sun, make up the Arctic year. After the second twilight period, which is the pleasantest season, when the sun first shows his dazzling rays above the horizon, the new year begins in the Eskimo's family life, and into each bag of skins is deposited a bone to keep the record of the family ages.

They have no register or notation of time, nor routine of daily life, as we understand it. They eat when they are hungry and sleep when they are sleepy.

The furniture of an Eskimo woman's house is very simple: a rug of furs upon the snow floor; perhaps a rude seat or two built of snow and covered with fur, and hangings of the same about the snow walls. There are besides a huge bag of fur, into which the entire family crawl to sleep, and perhaps a few rough implements of bone for the rude work of their monotonous lives. The making, or rather holding together, of the fur garments they wear is accomplished by means of a sort of bone needle and cords made of the dried sinews of the reindeer. The flesh of the same animal, poor and tough from the meager nourishment it is able to obtain, is never eaten, but is used for fuel; and from the skin the harness for the dogs and sledges is made. All tools for working, and weapons for the capture of seals and walrus and bear, are formed of bone and the tusks of the walrus.

There is no outdoor occupation or amusement for the women. Occasionally a man will take his mother or wife out in a sledge for an airing; and if a little one goes, too, it is carried inside the large fur hood of the woman's coat, and dangles down her back.

There is no mode of government, as we understand it, in these communities: no laws; no written language; no one man holds a higher place than any other — the man who owns the flint is perhaps the millionaire of the hamlet, but he shares his riches with

the rest. All are equal, and meet on common ground.

Custom is the highest law of their bare, rude lives; and their customs are prompted and regulated mainly by the first great instinct of self-preservation.

When the sun makes its appearance, after the long night of many months has passed, and the bitter cold becomes a little less severe, a faint, peculiar, crackling sound is heard in the land. It is eagerly listened for and joyously reported as soon as heard, for it denotes the advent of the only eventful season of their quiet lives.

From hut to hut goes the inquiry, "Have you heard the ice breaking up?" and when the glad news is confirmed and the good tidings spread throughout the settlement, the men and youths assemble and prepare for the hunt; and the women feel glad that there will soon be fresh food to put into the hungry mouths of their cold little ones.

The polar-bears are an easy prey, for their hunger, too, drives them to the shore to contest with the men in the search for food. The whale, walrus, and seal are the most difficult to obtain and the most valuable, for here are oil and blubber as well as flesh and fur.

To the fortunate man who first puts his spear into the animal killed, belongs the skin; but of the rest of the creature each man receives an equal share for himself and family.

Although there is no recognized religion among this peculiar people, they have some idea of worship and a vague belief in an Almighty power for good, as well as a fear and terror of a great bad spirit.

The bad spirit, they believe, dwells in a climate much colder and more wretched than their own; while to the Good Spirit they attribute an abode of warmth and comfort, whose dwelling-place is in the region of the beautiful and brilliant aurora borealis; and in such awe do they hold that rosy, palpitant splendor, when it bursts upon their vision, that they deem it daring to boldly face the dazzling light, and therefore they reverently bow their heads.

When, after a long winter's fast — sometimes a famine — the men kill the first walrus or bear or whale, they perform a curious sort of ceremony. They dip their hands into the blood, and before

they eat a mouthful, sing a song of rejoicing over the food they have found at last. Surely a true thanksgiving feast!

Some twenty-five years ago, a crew of Icelandic sailors were wrecked off the east coast of Greenland, and in due time found their way inland and came to a settlement of these strange Eskimos.

It took a long time—it must have been a year or more—before the Icelanders could establish a mode of communication by which to make known to their new friends the story of their own happy homes, and the warmth and comfort to be found in other lands.

At last, growing bitterly homesick, they importuned the natives for help to return. The idea seemed preposterous; but one among the Greenlanders listened gravely to their beseeching overtures, and finally determined that he would risk the perilous journey; and with all his possessions, which consisted of his family, his dogs, and his sledges, agreed to take the unhappy strangers back to their native land.

It was the father of Olof Krarer who was thus brave and kind. And so one winter when, fortunately for them, the passage across the hundreds of miles of sea lying between that part of the coast and Iceland was entirely frozen and traversable, he started with his family and friends for the "Eldorado of the East" of which the castaways had told such glowing tales.

It took months of perilous travel to make the journey, but they finally reached Iceland, and were welcomed by its hospitable people.

Here it was that the little Olof, then a girl of fifteen was adopted, and educated in the mission school.

After five years' residence in Iceland, her own people dying from the effects of the change of climate, she came to British North America with friends; and there she pursued her studies, learned the English language, and a few years later was prepared to lecture upon the manners and customs of her native land.

One would never associate one's preconceived idea of the "dark, ugly Eskimos" with this blonde, blue-eyed, pretty little lady who introduces herself as of that people; but one can readily trace all the characteristics of the sturdy Norse race in her appearance. Stunted and

dwarfed as her people have been by centuries of cold and suffering and ignorance, she still shows the characteristics of that hardy, handsome, and intelligent race.

The people of East Greenland are, as she tells us, the lineal descendants of the Norsemen; there are no others among their ancestors; and



OLOF KRARER.

consequently, beneath the coating of-grease and smoke and dirt, which their daily lives in the close snow-huts produce, they are really as fair and white as their Norse brethren across the frozen sea.

When first introduced to the ways of civilized life, the little Olof ate the soap given her, and stoutly rebelled against the use of water for washing, having never seen it so used!

For months after her arrival in British North America, it was necessary to keep her in a room filled with ice and snow, so bitterly did she suffer from the heat.

Notwithstanding she is rejoiced to be away from so desolate a country as her native land, she speaks affectionately of her home, and of the people in that isolated spot. She says, with a certain pride :

“My people, in spite of their ignorance and misery, are an honest, contented, happy race : they are good to one another ; they *never* steal, and they *never* lie ; and,” she adds, a little severely : “I find that when one becomes civilized and educated, it is not so uncommon a thing to tell lies—what you call ‘little white lies’ ; but it yet seems wrong to me — a heathen born !”

To those who ask, “Can nothing be done to lessen the sufferings of your people ?” she replies, “Nothing, absolutely. To go to them is almost impossible ; and the cold would kill you even if you were successful in reaching them. Then, there is no language by which you could make them comprehend what you would do. The language of the coast of East Greenland is unlike any other Eskimo language — all Arctic explorers will tell you that. My poor people would have no conception of what you meant were you to tell them what they miss in life. They are fast decreasing in numbers. They are dying out. They will not suffer much longer. To come to you ? Ah, that, too, would kill them, as it killed all of my family but myself. No ; your people are kind and generous, but there is

nothing to be done. My people are dying from the face of the earth.”

Such hopeless, pathetic truth !

In the interesting lectures which this little lady is delivering in our country (and she speaks very intelligibly, in good, pure English, and at times quite captivatingly), she tells us the Eskimo names of the family, which are as follows :

Father, *kato* ; mother, *keralenja* ; brother, *drayos* ; sister, *stokee* ; baby, *karaka*. House is *igloo*. And she sings a little Eskimo love-song, which she gives any one permission to remember, words and music, if they can. The words would not be intelligible, but the music, like the music of all uncivilized races, is weird and attractive ; and she sings it in a very good mezzo-soprano voice, the last note of each bar being prolonged as much as possible.

ESKIMO LOVE-SONG.



## A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

“It ’s hard on a fellow, I do declare !”

Said Tommy one day, with a pout ;

“In every one of the suits I wear

The pockets are ’most worn out.

They ’re ’bout as big as the ear of a mole,

And I never have more than three ;

And there ’s always coming a mean little hole

That loses my knife for me.

“I can’t make ’em hold but a few little things—

Some cookies, an apple or two,

A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,

Some nails, and maybe a screw,

VOL. XVII.—107.

And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,

And shells and pebbles and such,

And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that’s all !

You can see for yourself ’t is n’t much.

“I ’d like a suit of some patent kind,

With pockets made wide and long ;

Above and below and before and behind,

Sewed extra heavy and strong.

I ’d want about a dozen or so,

All easy and quick to get at ;

And I should be perfectly happy, I know,

With a handy rig like that.”

## FABLELAND STORIES.

BY JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.



### I. MISTRESS MAY AND HER PETS.

ANY years ago, in a far-off country, very strange things happened.

The name of this far-off country was Fableland, and the children there learned many useful lessons by listening to a merry little Wizard-bird whose first name was "Con."

One bright summer morning in Fableland, Con. the wizard-bird was singing among the snowy blossoms of a white hawthorn-tree near the porch of a quaint old castle.

The bird seemed to be waiting for some one, for he sang the same song over and over again, and this was the song he sang :

" I know a maid with a sunny face,  
And sunlit golden hair ;  
Whose sunny thoughts have lent their grace  
To make her life as fair.  
Whose golden deeds spring up like flowers  
And weave for her a crown.  
May love's glad sunshine gild her hours  
Until life's sun goes down."

Presently, while the bird was still singing, a lovely little maiden came out of the castle and ran eagerly down the broad path which led to the tree.

The maiden seemed to understand every word of the song, for when the bird saw her and ceased singing, she blushing answered: "Thank you, dear Con., for your kind thoughts. I am glad you have come this morning, for I am going away, and wish to ask a favor of you."

The bird flew down and perched upon her outstretched hand, and said: "I heard your wish, although you only whispered it to yourself this morning ; and I came at once to answer it, for Con. the Wizard is always glad to serve his good friend Mistress May."

"Thank you again, dear Con.," said Mistress

May. "You are such a comfort to me, and I need you more than ever, just now."

"What is troubling you this lovely morning?" asked Con. "Are the pets behaving badly because you are going to the fair in the village to-day?"

"You have guessed rightly, as you always do," replied Mistress May. "They behaved shamefully when I went to bid them good-bye this morning."

"They all wished to go, too, I suppose," said Con.

"Yes," answered the maiden, "and they were very rude when I told them they could not go with me, because I must remain over night with my friends in the village."



"You wish me to sing to these ungrateful pets, and try to put them in good humor while you are away, do you not?" said Con.

"Indeed I do, if you will be so kind," replied

Mistress May; "for they grow more and more selfish and discontented every day, though I try to do all I can to make them happy."

"Will you leave Teddy Mann at home to take care of the pets, as usual?" asked Con.

"Certainly I will, for no one understands them so well as he does. But why do you ask?" said Mistress May.

"Because I fear his example is not good for the pets," replied Con. "He finds too much fault, himself, and seems to forget all you have done for him and his family."

"Poor Teddy has a hard time, I fear," said Mistress May. "Just now I saw him hurrying across the fields trying to catch that runaway donkey 'Sancho.'"

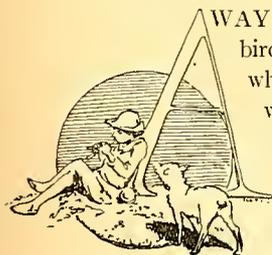
"Leave the pets and Teddy to me until to-morrow, and I will see what I can do to make them more cheerful and reasonable," said Con.

"Thank you for all your kindness, dear Con." answered Mistress May; "and now I must say good-bye until we meet again when I return from the fair."

"Good-bye, fair Mistress May.  
Kind Fortune spare you sorrow.  
Speed well,—a merry day,  
And safe return to-morrow,"

sang the bird as he spread his wings and flew away over the fields; while the maiden returned to the castle to prepare for her journey.

## II. ARCO, THE SHEPHERD-BOY.



WAY over the fields flew the little bird to a neighboring hillside, where Arco, a shepherd-boy, was lying under the wide-spreading branches of an old oak-tree, playing on a sweet-toned pipe made of a hollow reed.

The shepherd-boy's task was to watch a flock of sheep and lambs while they were grazing on the open pasture-lands during the daytime, and to sleep near their fold at night, in a snug, heather-thatched hut built against an overhanging rock.

Every morning, one of the men from his master's farm in the village came on horseback to

bring him a basket of food and a jug of milk for the day; and a spring of sparkling water bubbled out from under the rocks near his hut.

For company he had his gentle flock, a fine shepherd-dog, and his musical pipe, and almost every day he met and had a friendly chat with Joan, a rosy-cheeked lassie, as she drove her flock of snow-white geese to their feeding-grounds in the meadow beyond the grazing-fields.

On this bright summer morning all the landscape before him was smiling in the sunlight; the air was full of sweet, glad sounds of busy insects, a gentle breeze was whispering in the tree-tops, and the waving branches were playing with their shadows on the grass.

The tones of the shepherd's pipe were soft and musical, but the tune was a sad one, and the boy's face became sober and wistful as he laid aside his pipe and gazed far across the valley where the roofs and steeples of many buildings were glistening in the distance.

Presently, as if thinking aloud, he said: "Oh, how I wish I were anything but a shepherd! For then I would have a holiday and go to the fair over yonder, where all the lads and lassies of the village will have a merry time to-day!"

Before he had finished speaking the bird flew down from the branches of the oak, and, perching upon a rock near by, began to sing this little song:

"Why are you sad  
When all is glad,  
My gentle shepherd-boy?  
The birds and bees,  
The flowers and trees  
Are all alive with joy.

"Your heart attune  
To cheery June,  
And pipe a merry lay.  
The fields are fair,  
Their gladness share—  
Come, pipe your gloom away."

The music of the song was so full of gladness that Arco turned a scowling face toward the singer, and grumblingly said: "Oh, you can sing and make believe you are happy, for you are only a bird, and know no better. If you were in my place you would feel like singing a very different strain!"



The song ceased, and a voice that came from the bird replied, "Only a bird, did you say? PRESTO! CHANGE!" and in a twinkling the bird was gone, and in its place Arco beheld another boy, the very image of himself, leaning against the oak and smiling at him.

"Who are you?" cried the startled shepherd.

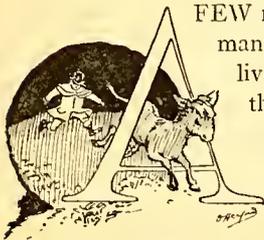
"I am Con. the Wizard," replied the voice, "and I will take your place to-day and watch the flock, while you have your wish and go to the fair in the village."

"What will the master say if I do not perform my task?" asked Arco.

"Leave your task to me," replied Con. "Go, follow your wish, where your thoughts have already been straying, to the fair; and when you have found the happiness you seek, come back at this hour to-morrow and tell me about it."

Taking the shepherd's staff and pipe from Arco and giving him a silver flute instead, Con. seated himself under the tree and began to play a lively quickstep, while Arco ran eagerly down the hillside, and was soon out of sight on his way to the fair.

### III. TEDDY MANN'S WISH.



FEW minutes later a fussy little man, dressed in a footman's livery, came panting along the hillside, beating and scolding a half-grown donkey.

When the fussy little man saw Con. sitting under the tree disguised as a shepherd boy, he said petulantly:

"It is an easy time you are having, lying there in idleness. I wish I were in your place, young lazy-bones!"

"What is the matter with you and your long-eared companion, and why are you so fretful and sullen this lovely morning?" asked Con., with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Companion to a donkey, am I?" said the fussy little man. "I would have you to know, young lazy-bones, that I am as fine a man as yourself, any day in the week, barring my bad luck, for,

"I am Teddy Mann of the Castle,  
And I was a poet born;  
Bad luck has brought my gifts to naught,  
I 'm slaving from night till morn.

"Young Mistress May of the Castle  
Goes off with her prancing span,  
And leaves behind, her pets to mind,  
Poor Teddy, her serving-man.



"There are: 'Sancho,' this rascal donkey,  
A poodle called 'Prince,' from France,  
'Tam O'Shanter,' the cat, out late like a bat,  
And a huge St. Bernard named 'Lance.'

"All four of these troublesome creatures  
Are grumbling or glum to-day,  
They bray and growl, they scream and howl  
Whenever she goes away,

"Our mistress goes to the fairing,  
With never a thought nor care  
For Teddy Mann; —'t is a sorry plan,  
I 'm abused, I do declare!"

When Teddy had finished his rhyme, Con. smilingly said: "Poor fellow, you think you have outgrown your station in life and would like to be an idler in the world. I fear, however, you would be just as discontented if you changed your task for mine."

"Your task?" scornfully repeated Teddy.

"What have you to do but to lounge about and pipe the day away? Listen to me, lazy-bones:

"If I were a shepherd like you,  
I'd be happy the whole day long;  
With no drudging nor trudging to do  
I would laugh at the toiling throng,

"For while they were coming and going,  
And trudging with plowing and sowing,  
Or drudging with reaping and mowing,  
I'd be dreaming or making a song."

While Teddy was reciting his lines the shepherd boy suddenly vanished from sight, and a little bird flew up into the tree, and a strange voice exclaimed: "A shepherd you shall be. PRESTO! CHANGE!" and before Teddy could wink he found himself changed into a shepherd, lying under the tree, pipe in hand, while the donkey scampered off alone toward the castle.

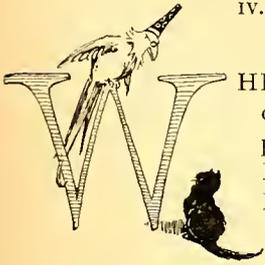
"What does this mean?" cried Teddy, the Shepherd, as he looked wonderingly about him and saw only the bird watching him from the branches overhead.

"It means," replied the bird, "that I am Con. the Wizard, and that your wish is granted." And then he added, sternly, "See to it that you remain here and do a shepherd's duty until I return in the morning."

"All right," said Teddy, "but who will mind the pets at the castle?"

"Leave the pets to me, and do your duty here," answered Con., and away he flew toward the castle, leaving Teddy Mann alone with the flock, and the faithful dog that was watching at the foot of the hill to keep the lambs from straying.

#### IV. THE ENVIOUS PETS CHANGE PLACES.



WHEN Con. reached the castle he found the four pets, Sancho the donkey, Lance the St. Bernard, Prince the poodle, and Tam O'Shanter the cat, all gathered in a group

in the courtyard, complaining to each other and looking very unhappy.

Perching upon a dove-cote near the group, Con. listened for a moment, and then, to attract their attention, he began a sweet, low song:

"Why will you miss all gladness,  
And fill your lives with sadness,  
By dwelling on your troubles and your ills?  
You never hear the flowers  
Complaining of the showers,  
Or hear the valleys envying the hills.

"Come, be jolly, jolly, jolly,  
'T is folly, folly, folly,  
And only makes life harder, to complain;  
The world is full of beauty  
And smiling lightens duty,  
Like sunshine weaving rainbows in the rain."

The pets stopped their wrangling to listen to the bird, but when Con. had finished his song Sancho gruffly said: "It is all very well for you to sing and tell others to be happy, for you have nothing else to do. What do you know about our trials and troubles, you idle, good-for-nothing bunch of feathers?"

"Calling me names does not mend your fortunes," replied the bird. "I am Con. the Wizard, and have come to find out why there is so much grumbling and fault-finding among Mistress May's pets."

"I beg your pardon, good Mr. Wizard," hastily exclaimed Sancho, bowing very humbly; "I hope you will excuse my manners, for I have had many things to try my temper this morning."

"All the more need, then, of controlling your temper and keeping a civil tongue," replied Con. "I do not mind your rudeness to me, but it is a good rule to be civil to strangers, and good manners are never out of place even among your most intimate friends.

"As you are the eldest," continued Con., "I will hear your story first. Of what were you complaining before I came?"

"I was only telling this vagabond of a dog, Lance, what an easy time he had," said Sancho.

"I wish," continued the donkey, "that I had his liberty to go roaming about the fields and have a little fun by myself, without having Teddy Mann always chasing at my heels, to beat and drive me back to the stable, and to harness or saddle me by day, and shut me up in a box-stall at night."

"Poor Sancho," said Con.; "I can guess what troubles you. You are sorry you were not born a dog."

"It is the dog's liberty I ask, good Mr. Wizard," replied the donkey, "for I am as well born as Lance, and my full name is Sancho Panza,

after a great traveler in Spain, and yet I am kept trotting between the castle and the village, day in and day out, with never a glimpse of the world beyond, while the dog Lance goes roving at will, when he is not too lazy to leave the kennel."

"You are in a sad state of mind," said Con., "and, like many another donkey in the world, you do not seem to know when you are well off."

Turning to the St. Bernard, Con. said: "Now, Lance, tell me your grievance, and be as brief as possible, for we are wasting precious time."

The dog glanced haughtily at the donkey as he said: "My mistress calls me 'Lance,' but my name is Sir Launcelot, after a famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, who wore gay armor and had a groom to keep it bright and to wait upon him. Even so has this donkey Sancho; while I must follow his village-cart like a lackey when I go out with my mistress, and at night I must watch the castle grounds.

"Why should I not be given gay trappings and a groom, like Sancho, and have his privilege of being admired in the village and snugly housed at home?" growled Lance.

"You must, indeed, be very miserable in your mind to envy a poor donkey his gaudy trappings and the tasks that go with them," said Con.; and with a smile he turned to the poodle, and asked: "What is troubling the Mistress May's little pet, Prince, to-day?"

The poodle looked up at Con. and peevishly replied: "My life is full of troubles; not because I deserve them, but because I am a poodle.

"I am not only Prince by name, but a prince by birth, for my father was a French King Charles, and yet I have fewer privileges and more hardships than this plebeian cat.

"Tam O'Shanter," continued Prince, "has the freedom of the castle and grounds at all hours of the day and night, and is allowed to make his own toilet or to neglect it as he may choose, while I must be washed and scrubbed and combed and tied up with ribbons every day of my life.

"And besides these indignities," whined the poodle, "I am put on exhibition and made to do stupid tricks every time my mistress has company, and at night I am locked in like a

prisoner, because she fears I may be stolen or get lost. I am tired of being bathed and combed and dried, and dandled by day, and kept in at night, while Tam O'Shanter has such a free and easy time. Do you wonder that I am not happy, Mr. Wizard-bird?"

Con.'s eyes sparkled as he answered: "You may be a prince by name and station, but you seem to have very common tastes and a tramp-like prejudice against habits of neatness and good-breeding. I fear you would fare poorly if left to care for yourself."

Con. turned from the poodle to the cat and said: "It is now your turn, Tam O'Shanter. You look very comfortable and ought to be happy. What fault have you to find with your lot?"

"If you please, Mr. Wizard," said Tam, "I have not been complaining of myself, but it pains me to see these other creatures behave so ungratefully, especially Prince. If there was given to me half the care and attention that is wasted on this thankless poodle, I should be the happiest cat alive.

"No one waits upon me, or seems to care how I look, no matter how much pains I take with my toilet; and at meal-times Prince gets all the tidbits from the table, while I am put off with a dish of milk, or must get my own, as best I can, if I wish for a dainty bit of mouse or any delicacy of that kind.

"Prince talks about my privileges," continued Tam, "but I should like to be coddled and waited on as he is; and let him try staying out-of-doors in all kinds of weather, and see how *he* would enjoy having empty bottles and other things thrown at him every time he attended a moonlight concert with his friends in the garden."

"You have stated your case very well for a cat," said Con. "Your trouble seems to be not so much what you do not have, or can not get for yourself, as that others have more and are not sufficiently thankful for their blessings.

"Perhaps," continued Con., "it would be a wiser plan for you to think less about the faults of others, and set a good example of cheerfulness and patience by being thankful for the privileges you enjoy.

"And now," continued Con., "having listened

to your complaints, I will say that the situation is very serious, and needs to be promptly remedied.

"You are all more or less envious of each other, and I know of but one way to treat such cases, and that is to grant your wishes.

"I have seen many such instances among human beings, and have this morning tried the experiment on two persons in this neighborhood.

"If you wish, I will permit you to exchange places with each other, and see how you like the change. Do you all agree to this?" asked Con.

"Yes!" shouted the pets in chorus.

"Then it shall be done," said Con; "but, as you are animals, not human beings, it will be necessary only to change your heads.

"PRESTO! CHANGE!" exclaimed Con., and instantly the four heads were changed to the four bodies according to their wishes.

So Sancho had exchanged heads with Lance, and Prince with Tam O'Shanter, and there they stood: the donkey-dog and the dog-donkey, the poodle-cat and the cat-poodle, all gazing at each other in wonder and astonishment.

Before they had recovered from their surprise

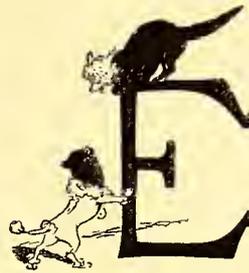


Con. spoke again and said: "Let each perform the duties belonging to the lot he has chosen, and wait until I come again. PRESTO! CHANGE!" and when they looked again the bird was gone, and Teddy Mann, or some one who looked like him, stood among them as if nothing had happened.

It was not Teddy, however, but Con. himself disguised as a footman, and he began at once to attend to his morning duties.

What happened during the next twenty-four

hours can never be fully told, but we know that after the change as before, the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and all nature told the same helpful story, to those who loved peace and shunned strife.



#### V. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PETS.

EARLY the next morning the pets heard the bird singing again, and when they saw Con. perched in the same place where they had last seen him, with one accord they

begged him to listen to their complaints once more.

"What is the matter now?" asked Con. "Have you not all had your wishes granted? Are you not happy?"

"We are more wretched than ever," replied Sancho, "and we beg of you, good Mr. Wizard-bird, to change us back as we were when you came here yesterday morning."

Con. looked at their woe-begone faces, and answered: "You are a fickle-minded lot of creatures, and very hard to please; however I will listen to your present troubles and then decide whether to leave you as you are, or to grant your requests."

"Please, Mr. Wizard, may I speak first?" asked Tam O'Shanter, the cat-poodle, in a plaintive voice.

"Yes," answered Con. "But why are you in such haste to find fault with the lot which yesterday you said would make you the happiest cat alive?"

"I was sadly mistaken," whimpered Tam, "and I am in a hurry to be changed to my old

self, before Teddy Mann comes to put me in that horrible bath-tub again, where he nearly drowned me yesterday. Ugh! how I dread that water and the scrubbing and combing! I wonder now how poor Prince has lived through such trials so many years. I am willing to make my own toilet, and will never wish to play poodle again so long as I live, if you will let me be the same comfortable cat I was before we changed places."

"It takes two, and sometimes more, to make

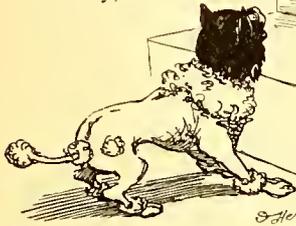
a bargain, and perhaps Prince will not consent," replied Con.

"Oh, yes! I will consent to anything, if you will kindly let us be ourselves again," eagerly cried Prince the poodle-cat, "for I need my snug basket to rest in and something fit to eat; I am worn out with the terrors of the night, and am half-starved besides."

"What has happened to change your mind?" asked Con.

"Nearly everything unpleasant that could happen in one long night," responded Prince, dolefully.

"I had a comfortable time during the day," he



continued, "but such a night I never passed before! I hunted in the

dark for something to eat, until even a mouse would have been a luxury; but not a mouse could I catch, for when the mice saw me coming they ran away and hid in their holes. Then I tried to make friends with a pair of strange cats who were calling for Tam in the garden, but the savage brutes scratched and tore me, and they shrieked so loud that the maids threw all manner of things at me from the window, until I was glad to escape with my life. Oh, it was a terribly long night, and I thought the morning would never come! Please let me be a poodle, as I was before, and I will promise never to be envious of the cat again."

"Be patient awhile," said Con., when Prince had finished speaking, "and let us hear what Lance has to say. He seems to be very impatient in his stall. What is the matter with you, Lance?"

"I wish you would send at once for Teddy Mann to let me out of this box-stall," said Lance, the dog-donkey, "for I am disgusted with the whole plan of a donkey's life.

"It was bad enough," growled Lance, "to

have Sancho's bridle put on my head, with his ugly bits in my mouth, and to be strapped to a cart to drag it back and forth on all manner of errands in the sun and dust yesterday, but this is more than I can bear. Here I have been shut up all night with only a bundle of coarse hay and a handful of oats for my dinner and supper, until I feel like a thief in jail and am famishing for a bone to gnaw. This kind of life may be all well enough for a plebeian donkey, but I have seen better days,—and nights, too, for that matter,—and the sooner we exchange heads and places again, the better I shall be pleased. 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a'—donkey. Please make haste, Mr. Wizard, and get Sancho to consent to the change."

"It is now your turn. Let us hear from you, Sancho," said Con.

"I need no urging," replied Sancho, the donkey-dog, "for I was a senseless fellow to change with Lance in the first place, and have had quite enough of roving by day and watching by night."

"Tell us about it," said Con.

"I have been tenderly reared," continued Sancho, "and another night of exposure and abuse would ruin my amiable disposition, and my health, too, I fear. Somehow, I lost my relish for thistles when I strolled about the fields for my lunch in the daytime, and such a night as I had, I hope never to go through again.

"Being tired of roaming, when evening came I tried to take a nap in Lance's cramped kennel; but I found no comfort there and was glad to take a turn about the castle grounds.

"Then I tried a quiet place under a tree by the roadside, but I had no sooner fallen asleep than I was rudely awakened by a strolling tramp, who beat me and set his vagabond of a dog upon me, and laughed to see him chase me over the fields.

"I am not naturally a coward, I trust, but every ugly cur in the neighborhood seemed to owe me a grudge and joined the tramp's dog in making me miserable. Not a wink of sleep, nor a peaceful moment have I had all night long. This kind of excitement may do for Lance, but it is a dog's life to me.

"I pray you, good Mr. Wizard, restore us to ourselves, and let me do a donkey's duty again in the world. Liberty is sweet, but it has its dangers. I prefer safety and peace of mind. Let me be a donkey to the end of my days."

"You seem to have been almost as unfortunate as the great traveler after whom you were named," remarked Con., with a chuckle; and turning to the group, he said: "This is just the result I expected when you asked to change places with each other yesterday. You have begun your education in the dear school of experience, because you would not learn in any other, just as the old maxim says; and perhaps one lesson will be enough."

"It will!" shouted the pets in chorus, and they begged Con. to forgive their grumbling and to grant their requests.

"If you are all agreed, it shall be done," said Con. "Are you ready?"

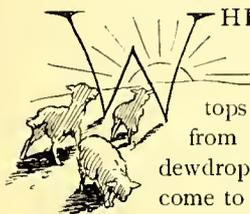
"Yes — and thank you a thousand times!" shouted the pets again.

"PRESTO! CHANGE!" exclaimed Con., and instantly, their heads came off and then on again in their proper places, and the four pets were themselves once more.

When each had finished shaking himself, and looking himself over to see if he were all there, they began to ask why Teddy Mann had not come to give them their breakfast, and how it happened that he had not seemed to notice any change in the pets while they were wearing each other's heads.

"I will explain that part," said Con. "I took his place for the time, while Teddy was having his wish and trying to be happy as a shepherd over yonder on the hillside. I will send him to you presently. Good-bye, until I come again!"

#### VI. TEDDY MANN'S NEW TRIALS.



WHEN Con. reached the hillside the sun was just peeping over the hill-tops and chasing the shadows from the valley, where the dewdrops were sparkling a welcome to the sunlight and getting ready to say good-bye to their dainty couches among the grass and flowers.

Teddy Mann, the shepherd, had just released the flock from the fold, and the gentle ewes were straying along the beaten paths, nibbling here and there, or watching the frisky lambs as they capered about among the rocks and heather, having plenty of fun, but making their anxious mothers uneasy, just as other happy little lambs sometimes do without meaning any harm.

All the scene was fresh and balmy, yet Teddy Mann seemed blind to the beauty and fragrance of the morning, and to be wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts, as he came slowly from the hut toward the old oak-tree, muttering bitterly to himself.

Con. was sitting upon the edge of the great rock in front of the tree; and, as Teddy came near, Con. heard him repeating to himself these doleful rhymes:

"Why did you leave your serving,  
Teddy Mann?  
Good luck you're not deserving,  
Teddy Mann!  
You thought you were a poet,  
That a shepherd's life would show it,  
And all the world would know it,  
Teddy Mann, Teddy Mann!"

"An idle shepherd turning,  
Teddy Mann,  
Your cares and comforts spurning,  
Teddy Mann,  
Have turned your life to grieving:  
Your own plain duty leaving,  
Yourself you were deceiving,  
Teddy Mann, Teddy Mann!"



"Good morning, Teddy," said Con. "Is what I heard you singing the kind of song a happy shepherd sings?"

The startled Teddy looked sharply around, and when he saw the bird sitting on the rock he dropped upon his knees and cried out:

"Oh, good Mr. Wizard-bird, please take me out of this before I am gone daft entirely!"

"You must not kneel to me!" said Con.

sternly. "Get up and stop whimpering, and face your troubles like a man." And then he added: "Tell me why you now complain and wish to leave this delightful place, where only yesterday morning you said you would be happy the whole day long."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wizard," replied Teddy. "I know my own mind better now, and I have changed my tune entirely. Listen to me:

"Through all the day from friends away  
No comfort could I take;  
Half crazed with fright, the long, long night  
The owls kept me awake.

"I miss my home where children come  
To greet me at the door,  
My humble task is all I ask,  
For Teddy's dream is o'er.

"One day and night have set me right  
And cured my foolish plan;  
I know my place, and pray for grace  
To be a serving-man."

"Are you sure you wish to go back to your old life and its tasks?" asked Con.

"Indeed I am, for my heart is pining for the sound of the children's voices at home, and for a glimpse of my kind Mistress May and the dear pets," replied Teddy, brushing away a tear.

"If I grant your wish this time, will you try to set a good example to 'those troublesome creatures' as you called the dear pets yesterday?" asked Con.

"Upon my honor, I will," answered Teddy; "and, furthermore, I will make none but cheerful rhymes in future, if you will let me be my old self again."

"Then I think you may be trusted, and you shall have your wish," said Con. "PRESTO! CHANGE!" and, instead of the doleful shepherd, there stood Teddy Mann, dressed in his footman's livery once more, with a happy smile on his face as he said to the bird:

"My hearty thanks, good Mr. Con.,  
To the castle I'll away;  
No happier man the sun shines on  
Than Teddy Mann this day.

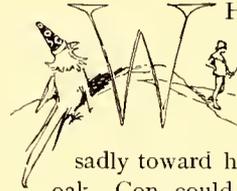
"While I've a home, and friends to share,  
Of tasks I'll ne'er complain,  
And when my lot seems hard to bear,  
I'll sing my merriest strain.

"And should the sky grow dark and drear,  
I'll bravely do my part  
To keep the clouds from coming near  
The sunshine in my heart."

"Bravo, Teddy!" cried Con.; "you have hit the right key at last, and the more of that kind of music you make in your life, the happier you will be. Go back to the Castle and be kind to the pets, and remember Con.'s advice, that

"The best kind of luck,  
For all kinds of weather,  
Is plenty of pluck  
And cheerful endeavor."

#### VII. ARCO RETURNS FROM THE FAIR.



W HILE Teddy was hastening to the Castle, Con. hid himself behind the rock and watched Arco as he came slowly and

sadly toward his old resting-place by the oak. Con. could see that the shepherd-boy was far from happy, for the glad smile of boyish eagerness and hope, which beamed in his face when he gaily set out for the fair on the previous morning, was gone. Arco sighed wearily as he threw himself upon the grassy mound under the tree.

Presently Arco raised his head; and, looking across the fields where he could see the peaceful flock grazing in the sunshine, or nestling in the shade, he said, sadly:

"Oh, why did I ever leave this quiet place to be jostled and tormented by that noisy throng of strangers at the fair? I wonder where that Wizard shepherd, who took my place, has gone, and whether he will give me back my reed pipe and staff, and let me be a happy shepherd boy again?"

Con. peered from behind the rock while Arco was speaking, and seeing the troubled and anxious face of the boy, he flew at once to the tree, and said, kindly: "Welcome home, Arco! How fared you in the village yesterday?"

Raising his eyes to the branches overhead, where Con. was seated, and seeing only the bird, Arco asked in a trembling voice: "Are you the same little Wizard-bird who was here yesterday morning?"

"The very same Con. the Wizard, at your service, now as then," replied Con.

"Where is my double, the other shepherd I left in my place?" asked Arco.

"Gone to his own tasks, a wiser and a hap-

pier man, I hope," replied Con. "Teddy Mann, of the Castle, took your place soon after you left, and was glad enough to leave it when I came to see him a few moments ago."

"Then, may I have my place back again?" asked Arco, eagerly.

"Perhaps you may; but first tell me why you are in such a humor, and what you have done with the silver flute?" said Con.

"I have lost the silver flute, and have been very unhappy," replied Arco; "and if you will please be patient with me, I will tell you all about the miserable time I have had, and how wretched and ashamed my foolish wish has made me."

"I am always patient," replied Con., "for my mission in the world is to try to teach everybody to be patient, not only with others but with themselves. Cheer up, and tell me your story; perhaps your new troubles are not so bad as they seem," said Con.

Arco's face began to brighten as he said: "Thank you, dear Wizard-bird; I suppose I ought to be punished for my folly. Not one happy moment did I have in the village, for when I reached the fair I found the lads and lassies all dancing in couples on the green, and I wished to join them. In my selfish haste to have a good time myself, I forgot that Joan would not be there, and as I had no partner, the other lads made me pipe for them to dance. When they were tired of dancing, they mocked me and called me 'a long-haired rustic,' and made fun of my awkward ways, until they almost broke my heart. Then I went away and hid behind a hedge, where I cried myself to sleep.

"While I slept, a band of strolling gypsies came along and robbed me of my flute. I followed them for many miles, and begged them to give me back the flute, because it was not mine; but they jeered at me and said I had stolen it, and bade me begone or they would do me harm. I was ashamed to return without the flute, and, being so troubled, I lost my way, and have been wandering all night long without food. Believe me, dear Wizard-bird, I was glad to reach this peaceful place; and if you will forgive me for the loss of the silver flute and let me have my reed pipe, my hut by the rock, and

my shepherd's life once more, I will thank you as long as I live."

"My poor boy," said Con., pityingly, "you need not grieve for the lost flute, for you have gained something far more precious than silver or gold: you have found your place in the world, and the spirit of Content shall come and abide with you to the end of your days. Take back your reed pipe and staff, and be a gentle shepherd boy again!"

Arco's face beamed with joy, and his eyes were full of happy tears as he tried to speak his thanks; but Con., who was looking across the valley, suddenly exclaimed: "Look yonder, Arco, there is Joan, driving her geese to the meadows! Run and meet her, and be glad you have one true friend in whose simple life and honest heart you will find more happiness than all this bustling world, with its pleasures and strifes, can give you. Be your own gentle, faithful self, Arco. Good-bye!"

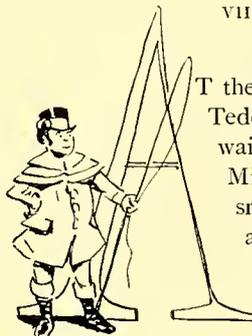
"Good-bye!" cried the shepherd boy, as he ran down the hill to meet Joan, while Con. flew back to the Castle.

A few moments later Con. heard the sweet tones of the shepherd's pipe blending softly with the morning voices in the air, and, listening, he caught the notes of this tender "song without words":



and he knew that Joan and Arco were together, in the fragrant meadow, and happy in their own simple way.

#### VIII. MISTRESS MAY'S HAPPY FAMILY.



At the castle gate, Con. found Teddy Mann and all the pets waiting and watching for Mistress May's return, all smiling and good-natured and eager to give their mistress a pleasant welcome home.

Presently they heard the coachman's horn, and in a very few minutes after the coach and pair came dashing into the court yard.

Mistress May noticed at once the happy faces of her pets, and giving each a kind caress, not forgetting a pleasant word to Teddy Mann, she smilingly said to Con., who had perched upon her shoulder: "You have been teaching my pets to be happy, I see, and I thank you, my good Con., for them and for myself."

"We have learned many things since you left us," said Sancho;—"And we hope you will pardon our rudeness yesterday morning," said Lance;—"And we will promise to behave better in future," said Prince;—"For we have all been so unhappy," said Tam O'Shanter;—"And Con. has taught us a new song," said Teddy Mann, "about which I will give you a rhyme, if you will kindly listen."

Mistress May smiled and replied that it would give her great pleasure to hear both the rhyme and the song, and Teddy began:

"While you have been a-fairing  
Your pets have all been wearing  
Each other's heads, and sharing  
Another lot in life.  
And Teddy has been lying  
On yonder hillside, trying  
A shepherd's life, denying  
Himself his home and wife.

"The joys we thought alluring  
Proved griefs beyond enduring,  
Our foolish wishes curing;—  
And Con., the Wizard-bird,  
A new song has been singing,  
Which in our hearts is ringing,  
A glad song, comfort bringing  
Wherever it is heard."

"Chorus by the pets!" cried Con., and they made the courtyard ring as they merrily sang together:

"We are jolly, jolly, jolly,  
For 't is folly, folly, folly,  
And only makes life harder, to complain.  
The world is full of beauty,  
And smiling lightens duty  
Like sunshine weaving rainbows in the rain."

Mistress May clapped her hands and said: "Thank you, my gentle pets!" and then she added: "Now I will sing you a song, if you will all join in the chorus with me," and in a sweet, low voice she sang:

"See the clouds go drifting by  
Leaving clear the summer sky;  
So our little troubles fly  
When the bird is singing nigh.  
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard  
The glad little song of the wise little bird."

"If the heart is pure within,  
When you hear his song begin,  
Better than a crown to win  
'T is to let the singer in.  
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard  
The glad little song of the wise little bird.

"Would you learn the lesson meant,  
Why the Wizard-bird is sent  
With his message? Heaven has lent  
"Con." the Spirit of Content.  
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard  
The glad little song of the wise little bird."

When the last chorus had been sung, Teddy Mann took off his hat, and bowing to Mistress May, said: "Craving your pardon, it is Con.'s turn now."

"Certainly it is," replied Mistress May; "and I hope he will give us a parting song, for I must go into the Castle, and Con. will dine with me to-day."

Con. looked up into her face as he modestly said: "If I sing at all, it must be the same simple song, with only a change of words, for I have never learned any other"; and, swelling his little throat, Con. filled the air with a joyous melody as he sang:

"'T is better to smile than to frown;  
'T is better to laugh than to cry;  
For when the bright sun goes down  
The stars are still left in the sky.  
Contentment is life's fairest crown,  
And hope's sweetest songs never die.

"Smile bravely on, the Wizard Con.  
Still waits where'er you roam;  
He loves to cheer all who will hear,  
And make their hearts his home!"

When the song ceased, Mistress May and Con. said good-bye, and entered the Castle, while Teddy Mann and the pets returned to their every-day duties to try, each in his own way, to make the best of his lot in life.

Con. the Wizard is still singing in Fableland, and when our hearts are troubled, if we keep very still and listen, we may hear the echoes of his glad song, even in this noisy world of ours.





## ONE AFTERNOON.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

PAPA and Mamma went out to row,  
And left us alone at home, you know,—  
Roderick, James, and me.

“ Now, dears,” they said, “ just play with your  
toys,  
Like dear little, good little, sweet little boys,  
And we will come home to tea.”

We played with our toys the *longest* while!  
We built up our blocks for nearly a mile,  
Roderick, James, and I.  
But when they came tumbling down, alas!  
They fell right against the looking-glass;  
Oh! *how* the pieces did fly!

Then we found a pillow that had a rip,  
And all the feathers we out did slip,  
Roderick, James, and I.

And we made a snow-storm, a glorious one,  
All over the room. Oh! was n't it fun,  
As the feathery flakes did fly!

But just as the storm was raging around,  
Papa and Mamma came in, and found  
Roderick, James, and me.  
Oh! terrible, terrible things they said.  
And they put us all three right straight to bed,  
With the empty pillow-case under my head,  
And none of us had any tea.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE'S a summer for you, my hearers! Is it not the very brightest, sweetest, most musical summer that ever has come to gladden us all? Did ever the meadow look so fair or the sky bend over it so kindly, so grandly? And the bird-songs — now near, now faint in the distance — how exquisite they are!

And the bird language — what a language it is! Perhaps some of you bright school-house children have studied it on Sundays and holidays? You even may be able to say as certain grown folk and little folk say of French and German: "I don't *speak* it, but I can understand it pretty well." There's brother Burroughs now — John Burroughs, the author of "Wake-Robin." He not only understands bird language like a native, but he almost speaks it — bless his big observant soul! You may feel quite sure too, my friends, that when he is around the birds always have plenty to say to *him*.

That reminds me. Here is a letter which you shall see at once. It was sent from North Germany to the Little Schoolma'am by Mrs. Leonowens, a lady widely known in America, I am told and one who loves young folk well:

CASSEL,  
HESSEN-NASSAU.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Knowing how much is done through the columns of the ST. NICHOLAS to awaken the kindly interest of its readers in behalf of animals, I send you this translation, made by my eldest grandson, of a leaflet just issued by C. W. Peter of Cassel, and put into the hands of every boy and girl, in the interest of the birds which visit Cassel in the spring and summer. Owing to the humane spirit which prevails here, birds are friendly and confiding beyond measure; so that they form one of the chief attractions of our summer life. It occurred to me that perhaps you might make use of it in behalf of your birds on the other side of the Atlantic, so I asked James, who is just eleven, to render

it into English for you. This he has gladly done, as he is a great lover of nature, and delights in studying and observing the birds, butterflies, and insects here.

Very sincerely yours, A. H. LEONOWENS.

Here is the manifesto itself translated by Master James Carlyle Fyshe:

THE WARNING CRY OF THE BIRDS IN SPRING:

*The assembled flock of birds of the province Hessen has in the first meeting this year uttered the following warning cry:*

Now that we have returned from strange and distant lands to our dear old homes, and have resumed our former habitations in wood and field, in town and country, intending to establish here happy households, and to lead peaceful and joyous lives; we beg to put ourselves and our offspring under the all-powerful protection of man. We cherish the hope that each and all, young and old, big and little, will do us no injury, nor cause us any suffering, either to our persons or to our lives, nor rob us of the precious gift of noble freedom. In particular do we urgently and kindly pray of you never to disturb the little homes which we have, with so much labor and care, built up, nor to take away our tiny eggs, but to leave them and our young brood always in our care; and in fact to treat us at all times as good friends.

In return, we will, on our part, by jolly hopping, fluttering, and flying, with our whistling, twittering, and singing, prepare for you both entertainment and pleasure; and we also will rid the trees, bushes, shrubs, herbs, and the cattle of all destructive insects, so that your woods, fields, gardens, and parks will thrive in all their loveliness, and the people on God's newly revived and glorious creation may find every joy and delight therein.

This was given forth in the "Forest Home," between Easter and Whitsuntide of this year, A. D. 1890.

In the name of the assembly.

Signed by the Plenipotentiaries:

MR. LARK,

MR. STARLING,

MR. NIGHTINGALE.

NEWS FROM THE VACA VALLEY.

HERE is a capital little letter which came to your Jack all the way from California.

VACA VALLEY, CAL., Feb. 14, 1890.

DEAR JACK: I am a little boy, and I live on a fruit ranch in Vaca Valley, Northern California. Jack-in-the-Pulpit wants to know how we get fruit-pits for fuel. All of the ranches in our valley get a great deal of fruit, both peaches and apricots, which have to be cut in halves before drying. As they are cut, the pits are thrown into a large box; and these are put away for winter's use. They must be kept dry and will burn like coal and make as much heat. I hope you will tell the boys and girls about this. Good-by. EDMUND K. R——.

ANOTHER JACK.

HERE is a nice letter which my birds seemed delighted to bring me. These messenger birds, by the way, are very useful. I believe there is something of the same sort made out of boy, which is used in large cities. I doubt, though, whether they "fly" on their errands as mine do.

WOODLAND HOLLOW.

DEAR JACK: I am a Jack-in-the-Pulpit myself, and so I thought that I would write to you and tell you about my work. I do not have *human* children clustering

around me, but, instead, the children of the forest. All the flowers like to hear me, and even the little violet lifts up her head to listen. And the dandelion never wearies though his yellow locks turn white with age. May you prosper, Jack, in your good works, as I hope to in mine.  
Sincerely your fellow-worker,

JACK ARUM.

#### THE BOLO FLOWER.

I AM told that according to a good Maine newspaper called "The Portland Transcript," a flower has been discovered growing upon a mountain in one of the Philippine Islands, which is perhaps the largest flower in existence. It is three feet in diameter and weighs twenty-two pounds. It has five oval creamy-white petals, which grow around a center filled with countless, long violet-hued stamens; whether it has perfume or not "The Transcript" does not say. It must be handsome, and from all accounts a very flower-like flower for its size.

Talking of flower-like flowers, reminds me of the fact that geese are by no means such geese as they are generally supposed to be. Some of them, indeed, are surprised, nay, deeply pained, at the reputation that has falsely been given them. For instance, hear this verse-story written for you by Mr. A. R. Wells, in which he allows the goose to explain its true position in society.

#### THE GOOSE EXPLAINS.

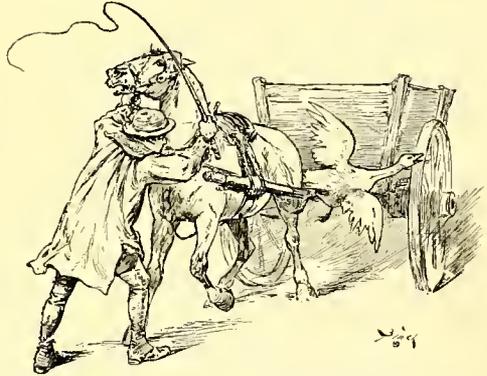


It was a goose who sadly cried,  
"Alas! Alas! The farm is wide,  
And large the barnyard company,  
But no one ever looks at me;  
There really seems to be no use,  
Or praise, or glory, for a goose.  
They pet the dog whose bark and bite  
Scare tramps by day and thieves by night;  
But when I bravely stand on guard,  
And drive intruders from the yard,  
They laugh at me. The kitten plays,

And all admire her cunning ways;  
But when I venture in the room,  
To play, in turn, some stick or broom

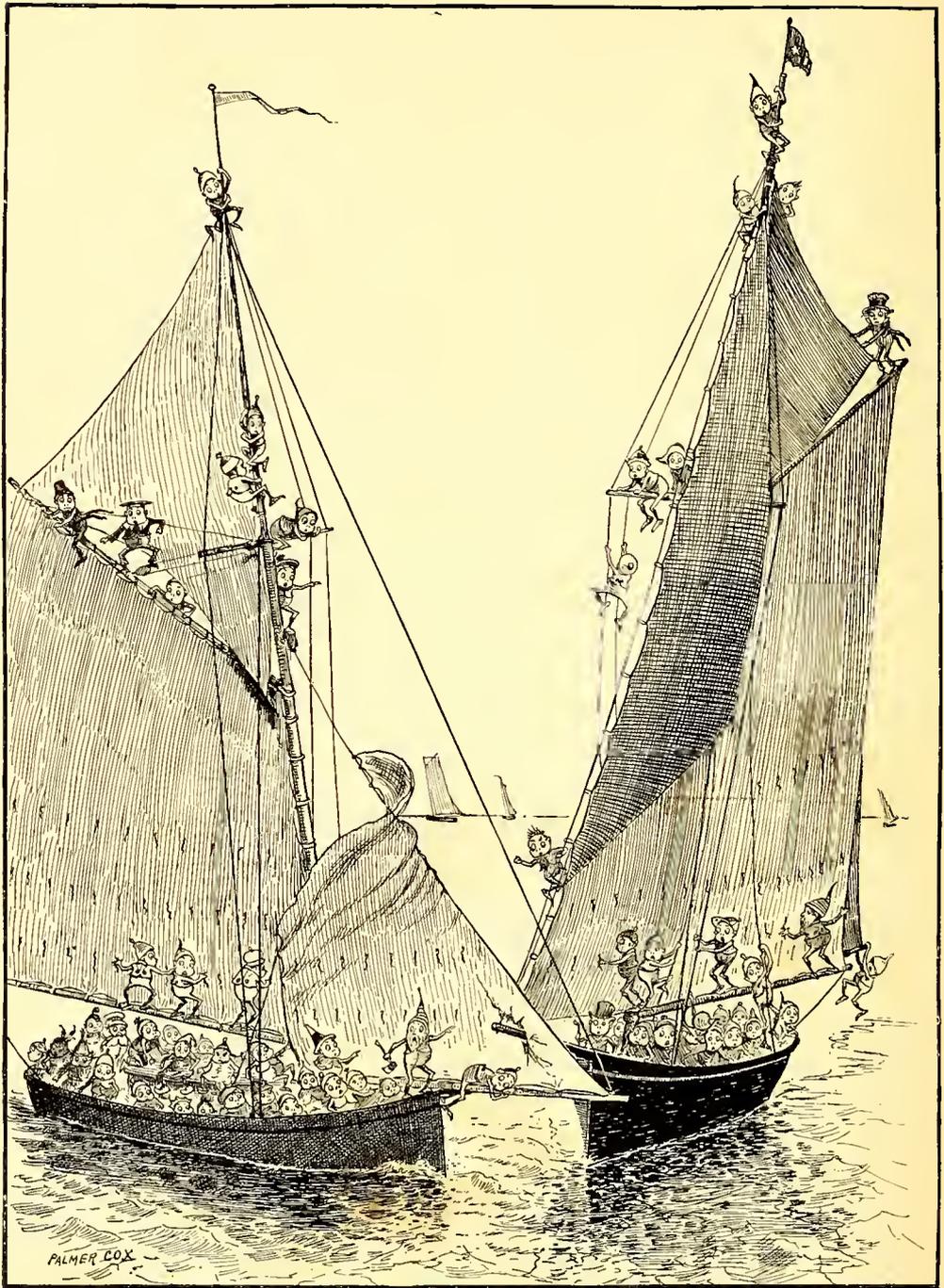


Soon drives me out. Those birds they call  
Canaries cannot sing at all  
In my sweet fashion; yet their lay  
Is praised — from mine folks turn away.



They prize the horse who pulls the cart;  
But when I try to do my part,  
And mount the shafts to help him draw,  
They whip me off. Last week I saw  
Two stupid horses pull a plow,  
I watched the work, I learned just how;  
Then, with my bill, I did the same  
In flower-beds, and got only blame.  
It really seems of little use  
To try to help — when one 's a goose!"





# THE BROWNIES' YACHT RACE.

BY PALMER COX.

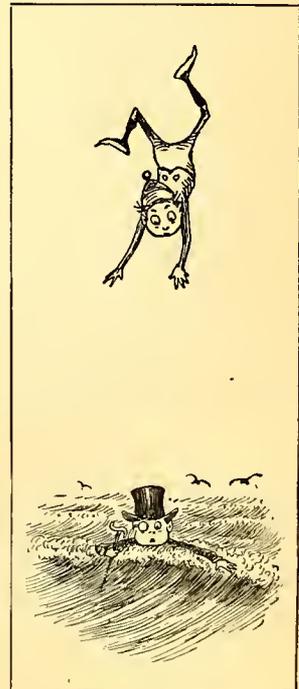
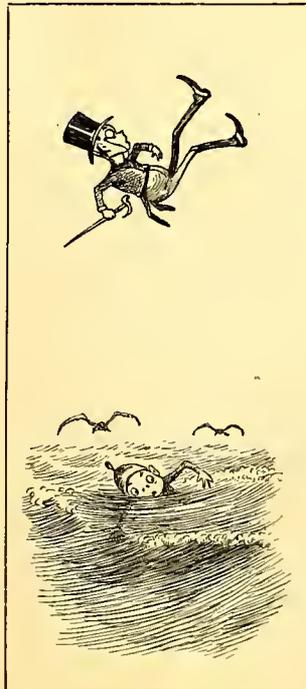


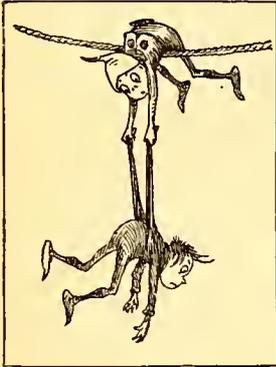
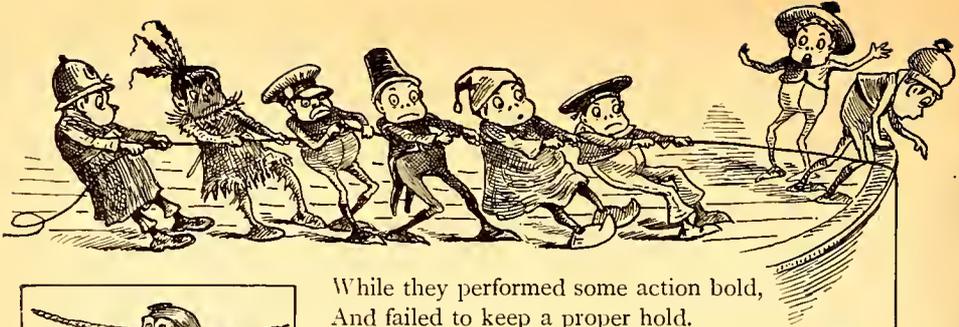
WHEN fleets of yachts  
were sailing round  
The rippling bay and  
ruffled sound,  
The Brownies from a  
lofty place

Looked out upon the novel race.  
Said one: "This very night, when all  
Have left the boats, we 'll make a call,  
And boldly sail a yacht or two  
Around that ship as people do.  
If I can read the signs aright  
'That nature shows, 't will be a night  
When sails will stretch before the blast,  
And not hang idly round the mast."

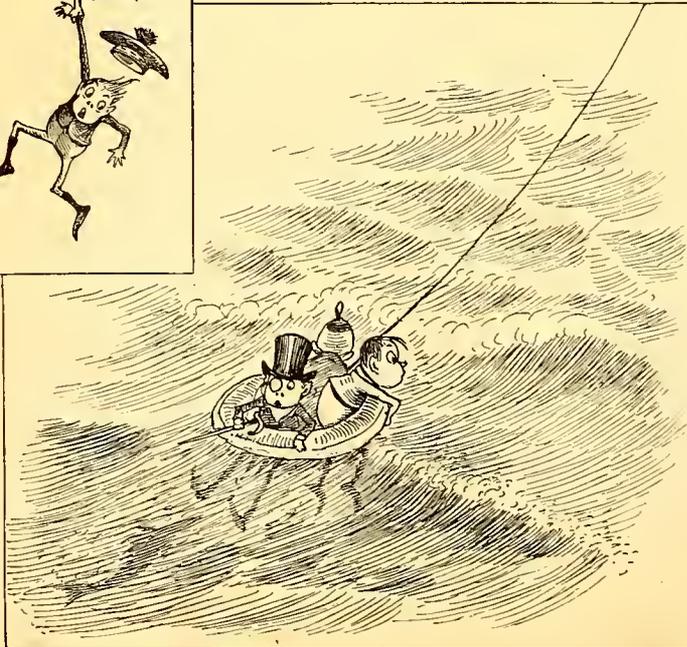
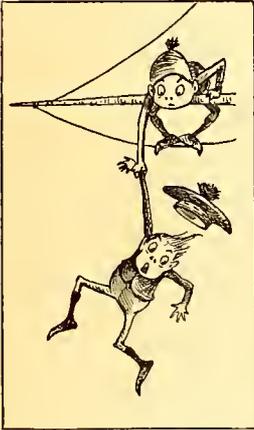
So when the lamps, in city square  
Or narrow street, began to glare,

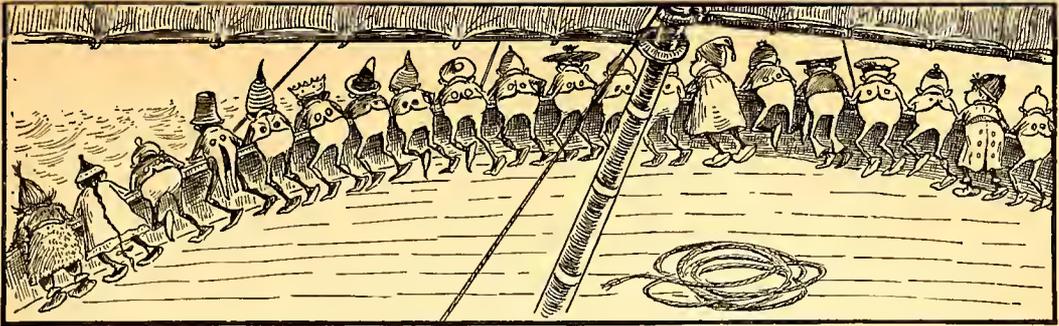
The Brownies ventured from their place  
To find the yachts and have their race.  
The leader's prophecy came true;  
That night the wind increased and blew,  
And dipped the sails into the wave,  
And work to every Brownie gave.  
Not one on board but had to clew,  
Or reef or steer or something do.  
At times the yachts ran side and side  
A mile or more, then parted wide,  
Still tacking round and shifting sail  
To take advantage of the gale.  
Sometimes a yacht beyond control  
At random ran, or punched a hole  
Clean through her scudding rival's jibs,  
Or thumped her soundly on the ribs.  
Mishaps occurred to two or three  
Who tumbled headlong in the sea,





While they performed some action bold,  
 And failed to keep a proper hold.  
 At first it seemed they would be lost,  
 For here and there they pitched and tossed ;  
 Now on the crest of billows white,  
 Then in the trough, quite out of sight,  
 But all the while with valiant heart  
 Did wonders in the swimming art.  
 Some life-preservers soon were thrown,  
 And ready hands left sails alone  
 And turned to render aid with speed  
 To those who were so much in need.  
 But accident could not displace  
 Or weaken interest in the race :  
 And soon each active Brownie stood  
 Where he could do the greatest good.  
 It mattered not if shifting sail,  
 Or at the helm or on the rail.





With arm to arm and hip to hip,  
They bent in rows to trim the ship.  
All hands were anxious to succeed  
And prove their yachts made greatest speed.



But though we  
sail, or though  
we ride,  
Or though we  
sleep, the mo-  
ments glide;

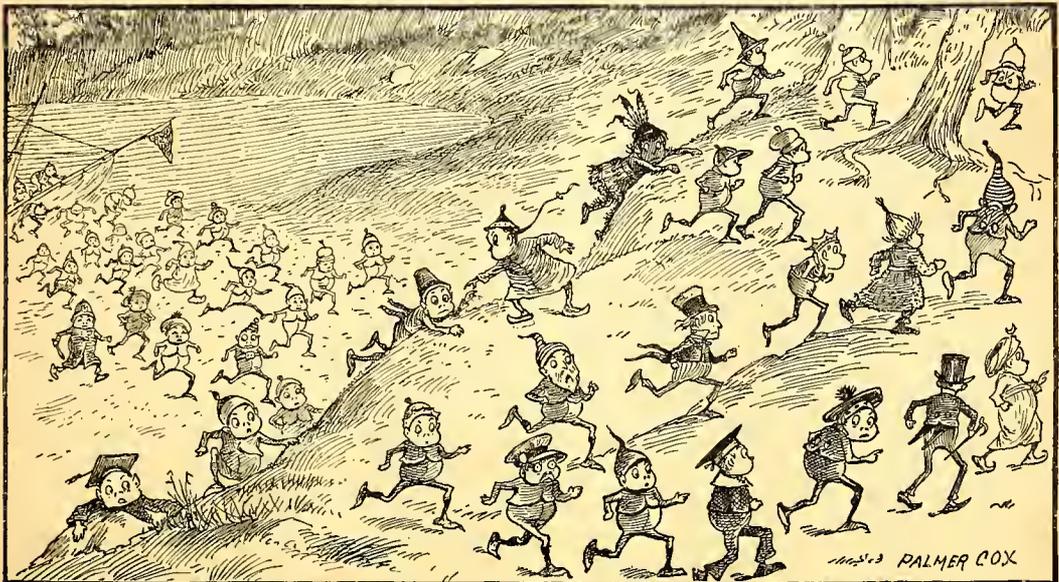
And none must bear this fact in mind  
More constantly than Brownie kind.  
For stars began to lose their glow  
While Brownies still had miles to go.  
Said one who scanned, with watchful eye  
For signs of dawn, the eastern sky,  
"We 'll crowd all sail for fear the day  
Will find us still upon the bay,

And it would prove a sad affair  
If morning light should find us there."  
But when the winds began to fail  
And lighter pressed the flapping sail  
It was determined by the band

To run their  
yachts to near-  
est land,  
So they could  
reach their  
hiding-place  
Before the sun  
revealed his  
face.



By happy chance a cove they reached  
Where high and dry the boats were beached,  
And all in safety made their way  
To secret haunts without delay.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone offering their MSS. until after the last-named date.

READERS of the biographical sketch of little Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1889, will be glad to learn that the bright little girl has recently been taught to speak and can now readily make herself understood.

WE take much pleasure in giving to our readers the following simple story which Helen wrote especially for ST. NICHOLAS:

### SISTER MABEL.

BY HELEN A. KELLER.

HARRY is twelve years old. He has two little sisters, both younger than himself. Mabel is ten and Kitty is five years of age. They live in a beautiful and quiet village, in a far-away southern country, where the sun shines brightly nearly all the year, and where the little birds fill the air with their glad songs from morning until night, and where each gentle breeze is sweet with the perfume of roses, jasmines, and magnolias. Harry and Kitty have a little garden on the sunny side of the house, which they plant, and carefully tend. Harry digs and plows the ground because he is taller and stronger than Kitty. When the ground is all ready, Kitty helps sow the seeds and cover them lightly with the soil. Then they bring water from the well to sprinkle over them. The little boy and his wee sister are very happy together.

Mabel loves to watch them at play from her window. Mabel is an invalid. She has never been able to run and frolic with her brother and sister; but Mabel is not often sad. She sits by the window with the warm sunshine upon her pretty brown hair and pale face, and chats happily to the other children while they work or play. Sometimes a sad feeling comes into Mabel's heart because she cannot run and skip like other little girls, but she wipes away the tears quickly when she sees her brother or sister coming toward her, and tries to greet them with a pleasant smile; for Mabel does not wish to make them unhappy. She often tells Kitty pretty stories she has read, and is always delighted to help Harry with his lessons. I am very sure Mabel helps everybody with her sunny smiles and gentle words. Harry is sure to bring Mabel the first juicy peach which ripens, and dear little Kitty never forgets to give her the first sweet hyacinth which blooms in the little garden. When Harry was ten years old, his father gave him a pretty pony named "Don"; a beautiful pet, and very gentle. Nearly every pleasant morning, after breakfast, Harry and Kitty would go to the stable, and saddle and bridle Don. Then they would lead him around to the side of the house, under Mabel's window, and there he would stand quietly until the other children were ready for their ride, and let Mabel pat his soft nose while he ate the delicious lumps of sugar which she kept for him.

Don has a good friend named "Jumbo." Jumbo is a splendid mastiff with large, kind eyes. Don is never happy if Jumbo is not at his side. Jumbo will sit on his hind legs and look up at Don, and Don will bend his

beautiful head and look at Jumbo. Mabel thinks they have some way of talking to each other — for why should not animals have thoughts and a language as well as we?

Harry would mount Don first, then Kitty's mother would put a blanket before the saddle and place Kitty upon it, and Harry would put his arms around her, and give her the reins, and away they would go! First they would ride through the village and then they would take the broad country road. They would sometimes stop Don to admire the green fields and lovely wild flowers that grew by the way. On their way home they would dismount, and gather the most beautiful flowers they could find for Mabel. Then Harry would drive and Kitty would hold the flowers in her lap. The boy and girl made a pretty picture sitting so gracefully on the pony's back and many people looked at them. Mabel always kissed her hand to them when she saw them coming up the path.

LISBON, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since your first number was published, and as that was November, 1873, and my birthday was in January, 1874, you see we have grown up together. I have never been well enough to play like other children, so my chief amusement is reading, and you don't know what a comfort you have been to me, dear Saint.

The place I live in is a quiet, commonplace little village, but it is very pleasant in the summer-time, as there is a great deal of fruit raised here,—peaches, plums, apples, grapes, etc., and the orchards are very pretty when in blossom.

My sister, who took you before I learned to read, is now living in Grand Rapids, a thriving city sixteen miles from here. She is teaching elocution, and ST. NICHOLAS is a great help to her in her work, as she finds in it so many bright recitations. "Briar Rose" is our favorite.

My sweet little cousin, Daisy D—, who also lives in Grand Rapids, spends a few weeks with me every summer, and we have such merry times together! We used to have a game something like "Flower Ladies," though not as quaint and pretty, for we just used dominoes, having them go through picnics, weddings, baptisms, and funerals — in fact, everything we could think of. One day while we were playing she surprised me by saying: "Faytie, we 're just the same as God to these dominoes, are n't we?"

She, too, loves you, and while here spends many happy hours poring over the well-worn pages that have been such a source of pleasure to your loving friend,

FAYE K—.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had such an unusual experience last winter. I was blocked up on the Union Pacific Railroad. My father and mother were summoned to San Francisco by the severe illness of my only brother; as I am the youngest, I went with them. We had a pleasant and uneventful trip as far as Terrace, when we were delayed for eight hours. We had to wait there for orders to move. We reached Reno, Ne-

vada, an uninteresting frontier town, on Tuesday, January 21st, only to be met with the distressing information that all trains were to be held until the drifts at Summit, Emigrant Gap, and Blue Cañon, and Truckee were cleared. We, of course, supposed this would be done in a day. But, alas! day followed day, and night followed night, and there we were kept in suspense and despair for *ten days*. Our only diversion was looking out of the window at the other delayed passengers, now and then recognizing a familiar face or friend, and at the prowling bands of Indians who hovered around our cars. They looked at us, but never begged nor made themselves disagreeable in any manner. We saw also the cyclone plows running in every direction. Our evenings were enlivened by the Salvation Army, who evidently thought the ten trains of delayed passengers needed the music to cheer them, even if they did not desire the dissertations which they showered upon us. The people at Reno practiced *no* extortion upon any of us, but generously gave us the best they had for meals, at low prices. It has been said that the U. P. R. R. Company paid all the expenses of delayed passengers. But it was not true—except that they did issue a few cheap meal-tickets to those emigrants who asked or demanded to be cared for. Our car was not supplied with even the necessities of life, many of the passengers providing their own ice, and oil for lamps, if they wished it pure.

My dear brother happily recovered from his illness. We remained in San Francisco three months.

H— S—.

WE print this letter just as it came to us:

BELLEFLOWER, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I am in the Third Reader.

We have two big black horses. We have one cow. One day the cow got out and ran away. And papa and I had to go after her. We caught two moles in our garden. I have a little brother two years old. I have a cat that jumped up on the bed with me and sung. All of are chickens are a collar black.

EDWIN BRUCE G—.

AVON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Wyoming, Ohio, except in summer, when I come every year to Mamma's home in Massachusetts. I have two brothers, one older, aged twelve, and the other younger, eight. I am eleven years old. And we are having a happy time with Aunt Nellie this summer. I thought some of the children would like to hear about my visit to Plymouth last week. For I saw so many interesting things. When we came near the city, the first things we saw were the monument of Miles Standish and the statue of Faith, with Education and Morality at her feet; the highest granite statue in the world. First, we took a ride on an electric car through Plymouth. We saw many old and interesting houses there. Then we dined at the Plymouth Rock House. After dinner a large steamer came in loaded with people from New York. And one by one they walked over Plymouth Rock, a good-sized one, surrounded by an iron fence, with stone ornaments on the top. Then we went to Pilgrim Hall. On the front of the hall there is a picture, carved in stone, of an Indian down on one knee receiving the pilgrims. Also, a monument out in the yard, surrounded by an iron fence bearing the names of the pilgrims. By paying a quarter apiece, we were admitted into the hall. I took note of some things to tell you: I sat down on a mouse-colored sofa that belonged to Governor Hancock in 1780. I saw a table that was brought over in the "Mayflower," in 1620; also, the ancient records of the first church in Plymouth. I sat down in a chair that belonged to Governor Winslow, who came

over in the Mayflower. I saw a book published in 1556, the oldest book I had ever seen. Governor Bradford's coat of arms was there. I saw small shoes that had been worn by Governor Winslow, who came in the Mayflower; also, a cradle which was brought over in the Mayflower. I saw many other things.

We have at home a nice pony named "Pet," and two goats, "Ned" and "Ed." Ed belongs to me, and we drive both goats together.

I will be in the Sixth Reader when I get home. I like your magazine better than any other. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your little friend, MABEL S—.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, but do not go to school, as I have never walked. I have a music-box that plays four tunes. It came from over the ocean. I am very fond of reading, and have read most of Miss Alcott's and Dickens's books. This year, I have enjoyed "Jack's Cure," "Goody Grill," and "May Bartlett's Stepmother" very much.

I have one very odd pet, a big rooster. Mamma bought it for me at the fair, when it was only three days old. He had been dyed a bright green, so I named him "Charlie Green." He used to sit on my lap most of the time, but after a few weeks the green wore off, and he is now a handsome white rooster. He has lost all his affection for me, chases the children whenever they go into the yard, pecks the baby, and is so very disagreeable, generally, that I am afraid he will have to be killed.

N. W. A.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and I think you are the best magazine going. One of your most ardent admirers, who does not wish her name mentioned, made these verses about you:

Christmas Eve had come at last,  
Six little socks hung in a row,  
Six pairs of sleepy eyes at last  
Agreed to Slumberland to go.

Santa Claus came there that night,  
And filled five of the little socks,  
"What shall I put in this sixth one?"  
And he turned to his Christmas box.

The owner of that stocking seemed  
To hear him as he spake,  
For suddenly good Santa Claus  
Saw the child was awake.

"Good Santa Claus," the child then said,  
"Grant me one thing, please do,  
Put in my sock ST. NICHOLAS,  
Then I'll always love you!"

"ST. NICHOLAS I've longed for so,  
I would give everything  
If I could have it for my own,  
And could its praise but sing!"

I remain, your admiring friend, MIRIUM M.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Five of us little girls, who go to school together, began taking you this year, and like you very much.

We have had some very cold weather this spring, which killed all the oranges here.

There are a great many interesting places around Pensacola; near here there is a Life-saving Station

where the people go every afternoon in the summer to bathe.

I went to New York last fall, and enjoyed my visit very much. From there I went to Boston, where I have an aunt at school.

Five of us are writing to you at the same time; we know that all of our letters cannot be published in your magazine, but hope to see one.

Remain your loving little reader, NELLIE M—.

—  
TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little boys who see your nice magazine every month, and we thought we would like to write you a letter. One of us is called Jim; he is a Canadian, and has red hair; and one is called Cesare, and is an Italian. I am the biggest, and am a Scotch boy, and have freckles. We all have porridge for breakfast, and all had the grip, which my Pa calls influenza. We have a dog called Tim. We like the "Brownies" and the "Great Storm at Samoa." Tim catches birds and eats them. I have an air-gun and a Japanese sword. We all put our names, and hope you will print this letter.

WILLIAM,  
JAMES,  
CESARE.

—  
GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I like you. Mamma has taken you for me all my life. I will soon be nine years old. Long before I could read I was delighted with your pretty pictures, and now I could not get along without you.

I wish we could have some of the rain and snow you have East. This is a new town — only eleven years old — in the southwestern part of the State. It is so dry here that it is necessary to irrigate the land in order to raise anything. The water for irrigation comes from the Arkansas River, which is kept full by the melting of the snow in the summer, up in the Rocky Mountains.

The Government Experimental Grass Farm here is trying to see how many kinds of grasses can be grown without irrigation. The prairies are covered with many beautiful wild flowers, different kinds of cactus, and yuccas all summer long.

Your constant little reader,

CHRISTABELLE S—.

—  
BOLIVAR, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given me last Christmas as a present. I have been glad ever since. I am a little girl living in the rich lowlands of the Mississippi River. This spring our levees, which protect us from the river, broke in several places, and we are now overflowed. The warm winter had made the river unusually high, and the rains over all the Mississippi valley were so constant and so heavy that everybody feared some trouble would come. There will be great loss of property, and suffering, too. But nobody dreams of leaving the country. Our levees will be built even higher, and there never was such a high river as this spring. Our country is beautiful, the air is soft and lovely, and the soil is so rich that everything grows. Cotton is the principal thing we plant. It used to be much more unhealthy here in the summer-time; but since many swamps have been opened, and much land cleared. The railroad runs through our plantation, and we have large and beautiful boats on the river. Many strangers have come to our country, and

all seem so well pleased. Your magazine is a great pleasure to me, and a great comfort.

Your little friend,  
MARY IRMA M—.

—  
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and thought I would write to you, as I have never written to you before. I am very glad that the World's Fair is coming in '93. I think the scheme of raising people into the air would be a failure. I see it is a Chicago young lady who planned it. Chicago people are so "enterprising." On my way home this morning, I noticed a sign in a book-store. I stopped to read it. It was about Stanley in the "Dark Continent," or rather one of his officers. Oh, but I hurried home! When I got there, the first thing that I did was to ask Mamma if my ST. NICK had come yet. She told me it was upstairs. I ran up and began reading that story, the one I mentioned before. I know the rest of it will be nice. The nicest story yet is "Crowded Out o' Crofield."

Wishing dear ST. NICK and Jack-in-the-Pulpit good health, I remain yours,  
JULIAN V. B—.

—  
NEWARK, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the April number of ST. NICHOLAS last evening, and looking over the Letter-box, read the description of the "Potato Gentlemen." I at once set to work and made two. I showed the first to Papa, who remarked that it looked like a "flying beetle-bug" (complimentary, was n't it?); and the second looked like a gentleman discussing politics. I shall make more, and I thank the little boy who wrote about them.

I have a play something like it, though it is with spools. I take empty spools and light-yellow worsted and make hair by splitting the worsted and laying the strands side by side and tying a knot in the end. Fasten this on the top of the spool. Then take a piece of silk or satin of bright color, one inch wide and four or five long, pinned or tied on, which serves for a dress. A piece of lace on the hair improves it, and serves as a cap, and the doll is complete.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS only this year, but think it very nice indeed. I like "Marjorie and her Papa" and "Crowded Out o' Crofield," too. Even Papa gets interested in them when they come.

I should like the children who read this letter to have as much fun with "spools" as I have had.

Your devoted reader,  
GRACE S—.

—  
We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Heliotrope and Mignonette, May E., Kit, Edna J. B., Amabel F. M., Harry H., Nellie H. McC., "Affectionate Reader," Anne W. D., "Me!!!" John L. D., Juanita C., Clara G. B., Leighton R. C., Agnes Howard B., David N., Anna L. P., Mary A. E., One of Us and The Other One, Bess and Frank, Lily D. B., Irene F., Gracie M., Eleanor K. Biddle, Katie McC., Charles W. B., Kittie B., Eliza A., Susie Rose P., A Friend, Maud A. P., Clara R., Hattie S., Frank G. W., Arthur H., Irma S. B., Mary Nicholas F., Ellen T. E. and Eleanor G. G., Elsie H. J., Hattie and Katie, Emily Julia A., Hattie F. B., Laura H. R., Kitty, Bertie H. and Clara E., Elsie A. N., Florence M., Matie E. L., Helen A. D., Ellen M. B., Brown-ing B., E. S. J., Anna H., Eric S. S., and Helen H. H.









LITTLE FRENCHMEN AT SCHOOL.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEOFFROY. ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 11.

## IN A POET'S WORKSHOP.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

IN his poem "Contentment," Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says humorously:

Little I ask; my wants are few;  
I only wish a hut of stone  
(A *very plain* brownstone will do),  
That I may call my own;—  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

His wish came very nearly true many years ago, and on a bright day last October I climbed the flight of steps leading to the plain *brick* house covered with Japanese ivy on Beacon Street, in the aristocratic Back Bay district of Boston, where the poet lives. The silver rim which encircles the bell is engraved with his name. I was rather nervous, to say the least, for I was going to ask for an "interview," which, in newspaper parlance means the right not only to take down and publish all that the person interviewed may say, but to describe his appearance and surroundings. A man could n't be blamed if he inwardly wished to show every interviewer the way to the door, and, believing this, I was by no means certain what my reception would be, though an introduction from one of Dr. Holmes's friends was my excuse for venturing. But I rang the bell as boldly as if it were not attached to the house of a poet, and was ushered

into the reception-room to wait while my note and card were taken to Dr. Holmes, as he sat at luncheon.

The reception-room was tastefully furnished, and a beautiful carved secretary stood between the windows. On the cabinet mantel was a silver loving-cup which attracted my attention, and this, as I afterward learned through a letter from Dr. Holmes, was presented to him, at the time of his resigning his Professorship, by the medical class before which he had lectured.

Presently the maid returned and said to two men who were doing some work in the room, "Please go out for a few minutes. The Doctor is coming in here," as if her master was not even to be looked at by everybody who had happened to be in the house. The men obeyed, and I was left alone, not at all eased in mind by this episode; but while I was thinking "He must be *very* formidable," the door swung ajar and a little white-haired gentleman came in with a pleasant bow.

"Will you come up to my library?" was the cordial invitation. I gladly obeyed, and the famous man who has seen eighty summers led the way up softly carpeted stairs as nimbly as if he were half a century younger. Dark, polished folding-doors at the rear of the upper hall opened

into the library, which is at the back of the house. This room has a huge bay-window which the poet calls

My airy oriel on the river shore.

He is very fond of the view of the Charles River, and speaks of "my window" as if it were one of his choicest possessions. He may well find it enjoyable, for it gives an extended view, and in the distance can be seen, on a clear day, Brighton, Watertown, Waltham, Arlington, Charlestown, Cambridge, Chelsea, Somerville, and other towns near the city. Cambridge, you know, is the seat of Harvard, the oldest college in America, and there Dr. Holmes has been both pupil and professor. In Cambridge, too, was the famous old elm under which Washington stood to take command of the American army, July 3, 1775. In 1861, Dr. Holmes wrote of this tree:

Eighty years have passed, and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their banners bore,  
And fight till the land was free.\*

Cambridge can also lay claim to distinction because so many notable men have lived or have been educated there. It is the birthplace of Dr. Holmes. Unfortunately, the bank of the Charles, opposite Dr. Holmes's house, is covered with factories. He says he hopes that in time a better class of buildings will front the shore. But factories cannot lessen the beauty of the flowing river, and the sight of it doubtless reminds the poet of his long life, for the river is a link which joins his past with his present.

During my visit Dr. Holmes said: "You must not forget to look out of my window!" It is a sight worth any one's interest, because it is so suggestive. The Charles River has been beloved and celebrated by some of our best known writers, and one cannot look at it without being reminded of them.

Next to a bay-window, the most attractive spot in any room is the open fireplace — if it be fortunate enough to have one. This "poet's workshop" had; but when we went in the fire had died down into dull embers. The vigor

with which Dr. Holmes went to work to make it up, even joking and laughing about it, would afford a good object-lesson to the boys and girls — not to speak of the grown people — who in a like state of things would find occasion to grumble. But Dr. Holmes is a physician of the mind as well as of the body — and he knows that, mentally and physically, grumbling does n't pay.

When the fire blazed again, and he had given it a poking, as he says he is fond of doing, he re-read his note, asked after the writer of it, to whom he sent a kind message, and chatted pleasantly for a few minutes; then sitting down in a luxurious green velvet rocking-chair before the fire, and, putting his feet on the shining fender, settled himself for an "interview." He is used to the infliction, of course. Probably few men living have had to face more reporters, and he knows precisely what to say.

Dr. Holmes *during* an interview and Dr. Holmes *after* one, are two different persons. From the time he sat down to be "interviewed," until my note-book was closed, he answered questions, — no more; but the instant the pencil was laid aside he began to talk of other things with evidently much more relish than when he was speaking about himself.

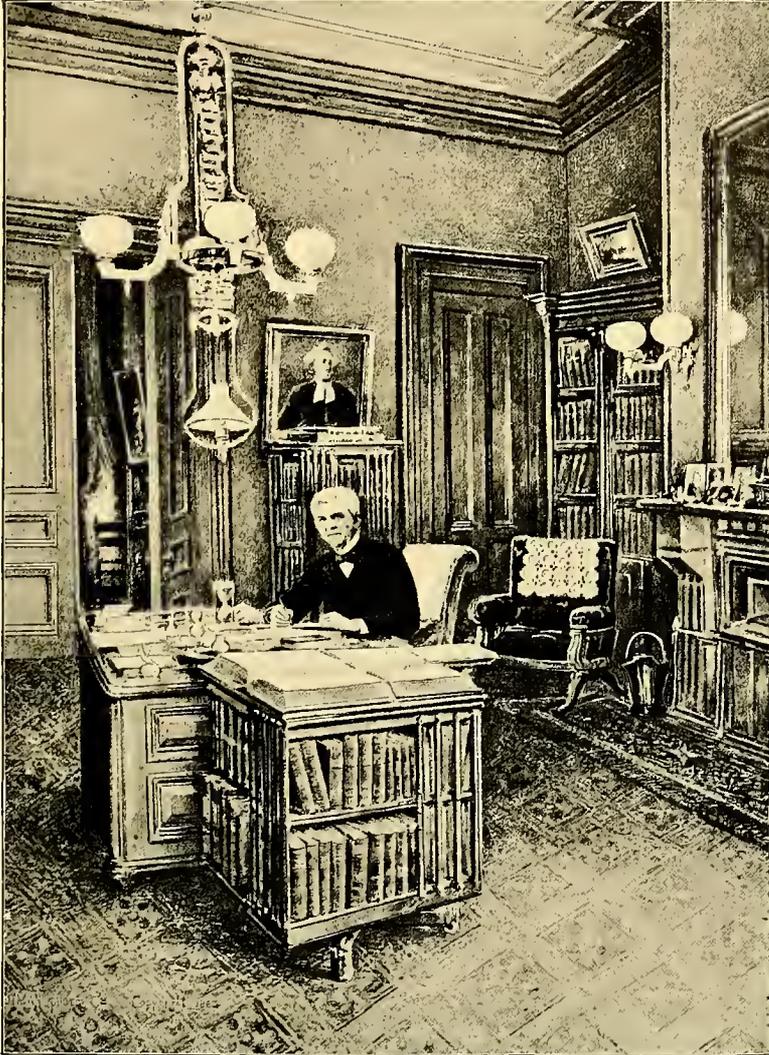
Perhaps ambitious young writers will take warning by an opinion he expressed, — that there is little money to be earned by young authors from writing poetry, and that the poet should have some regular occupation besides that of writing verses.

But what of the "workshop" in which I sat that sunny October afternoon? Many descriptions have been written of it — of its rich green velvet-covered furniture, its thick crimson carpet, its pictures and ornaments and books. But descriptions which go no further do not give the right idea of it, because the air of the room does not depend on these things. Apart from any effect of material or arrangement, one can perceive that the room is pervaded by dignified age, taste, and culture. I do not remember being impressed by any one feature of the room or its furniture, but the impression of the harmonious whole is very vivid. Dr. Holmes's writing-

\* The quotations from Dr. Holmes's poems in this article are printed by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

table stands in the center of the floor. It is large, and has a flat-top, at which both he and his secretary can work; and, when I saw it, was in beautiful order—another object-lesson for those who believe disorder a sign of genius!

they deceive themselves. They do not know the energy that may remain in a man after even eighty years of life, provided it be a good life, as his has been. This year's *Atlantic Monthly* contains a department called "Over the Tea-



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO., BOSTON.)

In his every motion it was easy to see that much of the vigor that wrote "Old Ironsides"—the first piece which called attention to the poet in his youth—still remains. The eyes that have looked so long on the world still twinkle with fun, though they are somewhat dimmed by age. If any think that his work is done,

Cups," the work of the wise and witty "Autocrat of the breakfast table."

There is one poem of Dr. Holmes's—perhaps less often praised than some which are better known—which gives a very sweet picture of his early home-life. While "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf," and "The Deacon's

Masterpiece" are often quoted, this pretty bit of description and incident is less noticed. It is "The Opening of the Piano." I read it somewhere when a child and never forgot the story of it, though it was long before I was interested in the personality of the author. The poem has been even more of a favorite since I learned from its writer that it recounts a true incident; the event having happened in his boyhood home in Cambridge. He paints the scene with a loving touch.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen  
 With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward  
 to the green,  
 At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its  
 right,  
 Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!  
 What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in  
 flame,  
 When the wondrous box was opened that had come from  
 over seas,  
 With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory  
 keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of  
 joy;  
 For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd  
 the boy,  
 Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,  
 But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,  
 Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign  
 balm;  
 She had sprinkled it over Sorrow, and had seen its brow  
 grow calm,  
 In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tink-  
 ling quills,  
 Or caroling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to  
 please,  
 Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glitter-  
 ing keys.  
 Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew  
 dim,  
 As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper  
 Hymn."

— Catherine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red  
 (Wedded since, and a widow,— something like ten years  
 dead),  
 Hearing a gush of music such as none before,  
 Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open  
 door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,  
 "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries  
 (For she thought 't was a singing creature caged in a box  
 she heard),  
 "Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

Dr. Holmes believes thoroughly in the celebration of Arbor Day, that holiday of national interest which has become so popular since the cause has been taken up by young people. He said, "The idea of Arbor Day seems a very pleasing one, and, as it encourages the planting of trees, I think posterity will be grateful for it." And he has written on the same subject, "When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. . . You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin, but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers 'the lap of the earth,' you may hide it there, unblamed, and when you render in your account, you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time." Elsewhere he has said, "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I have planted." This warm commendation and hearty approval will be an inspiration to young people— whether they write verses or not— and may bear good fruit for the great movement to preserve trees.

Years ago Dr. Holmes wrote, in "The Poet at the Breakfast-table," "There is no mere earthly immortality I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms; but a song of Burns's or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint. The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labors; the poet who reproduces himself in his creation, as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song."

It is sixty years since the author of these lines began to write for the public, and no American

poet has a higher place in the affections of his countrymen. His humorous poems delight us, and his patriotic verses stir the blood like martial music. Sixty years of the pen and it is not yet idle! If ever a man preached the gospel of happiness and industry it is Dr. Holmes; and there is nothing more wholesome than brightness and cheerfulness and laughter. All lovers of true humor must be grateful to the man who wrote "The One-Hoss Shay," "The Boys," "The Last Leaf," "Evening, by a Tailor," and "The Height of the Ridiculous!"

One more incident of my visit and I have done. On the day that I saw him, Dr. Holmes

talked forcibly of celebrity hunters and asked, "Why should a man who has written a book or two be tormented by people who want to look at him or get his autograph?" "Now, don't think I mean you," he added apologetically. Then he told of ways in which he had been annoyed for autographs. Of course I did not dare to say "autograph" to him after that; but he must have divined my unexpressed wish to possess his autograph for when his secretary wrote out a list of the real names of "The Boys" described in his poem so entitled, to be mailed to me, the kind-hearted old man was careful to add his full signature.



ON THE POND.

## GREAT OCEAN WAVES.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

EVERY winter when the captains of ocean steamers coming into port relate their experiences with the boisterous Atlantic, we read about vessels meeting with certain especially large waves, which do a great deal of damage. Usually the paragraph in the morning paper reads somewhat like this :

"The Steamship 'Van Brunt' arrived yesterday after an exceedingly rough trip of fourteen days from Southampton. Capt. Fisher says that in his twenty-two years' experience he never encountered such weather. On Jan. 23, in latitude  $47^{\circ} 22'$  north and longitude  $38^{\circ} 56'$  west, the ship was struck by a tidal wave, which bent in her forward turtle-back, carried away her starboard fish-davit, and threw John Finley, seaman, aged forty-three, against the starboard rail, breaking his leg and inflicting internal injuries. The remainder of the voyage was without striking incident."

At other times the paragraph reads more nearly in this style :

"The steamer 'Barbaric' arrived yesterday after a remarkably quick winter passage. She left Queenstown on Jan. 27 at 4 P. M., and reached Sandy Hook yesterday at 4 o'clock. This makes her actual time 6 days 19 hours. On Jan. 30, in latitude  $43^{\circ} 50'$  north and longitude  $49^{\circ} 20'$  west, in perfectly clear and smooth weather, the ship was struck by an enormous tidal wave, which threw her nearly on her beam-ends, smashed in her port rail, and bent the heavy stanchions as if they had been pins."

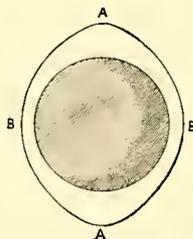
No winter goes by without the publication of such reports, and naturally we come to believe that tidal waves are common occurrences at sea. In the face of these repeated statements by steamship captains it may seem audacious to declare that there is no such thing as a tidal wave ; but that is the fact. That is to say, it is a fact that there is no such thing as a tidal wave in the common meaning given to those words. The tidal wave is a slow, small, mild, and beneficent movement of the waters, and is absolutely imperceptible in mid-ocean, where such dreadful doings are credited to it.

There are four kinds of waves at sea, called wind waves, storm waves, earthquake waves, and tidal waves ; and it is always one of the first two that does the damage to ships. First, then, let us dismiss the foolish misapplication of the title "tidal wave."

The tidal wave, as its name implies, is caused by the passage of the tide. It is simply a vertical displacement of the entire body of water on one part of the earth, and not a mere local disturbance of the surface. As Captain Lecky has stated it in his "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," "The general motion of the tides consists in an alternate vertical rise and fall, and horizontal flow and ebb, occupying an average period of half a lunar day, or about 12 hours and 25 minutes. This vertical movement is transmitted from place to place in the seas, like an ever-recurring series of very long and swift waves." When it is high water on one side of the earth, it is high water on the other side ; and at the points half-way between it is low water. If the reader will look at the diagram he will understand this more readily. The shaded part represents the earth, and the unshaded part the ocean waters. At A and A

it is high tide, while at B and B it is low tide. The elevations marked A are the tidal waves, and they are continually passing around the earth, one of them being under the moon, and the other at the point opposite. The action of the

moon and the sun in producing the tidal waves need not be discussed here. All that I desire to establish is a correct understanding of what a tidal wave is. Now, as the moon passes around the earth once in twenty-five hours and the earth is about 25,000 miles in circumference,





IN MID-OCEAN. A GREAT WAVE.

the tidal wave travels 1000 miles an hour. This is its actual rate of speed in the open sea; but where land impedes its progress it moves much more slowly, sometimes making no more than fifty miles an hour. You understand, of course, that this tidal wave is what we commonly speak of as the rise and fall of the tide. In mid-ocean its height is about four feet. In land-locked seas it is less. In some bays, however, where there is a wide opening directly in the course of the advancing or receding tidal wave, the rise and fall is much greater. Chepstow in the Bristol Channel, Mont St. Michel in the Gulf of St. Malo, Dungeness Spit, near Cape Virgins, and the Basin of Minas at the head of the Bay of Fundy, are mentioned by Captain Lecky as places famous for great rise and fall. In the last-named place it sometimes amounts to seventy feet. No one ever hears of tidal waves on the Lakes; yet they are there. That of Lake Michigan has been carefully measured, and found to be  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches high. The only sort of wave having dangerous characteristics that are caused by the tide is what is known as a "bore." This is an advance of the tide up the river in the form of a breaker. It is caused by the resistance of the rapid river current, confined between its banks, to the body of water advancing from the ocean.

Now we come to wind waves, which, as the reader will readily understand, are caused by the action of the wind on the surface of the water. Water is but slightly compressible, and the wind blowing against the surface makes an indentation, causing an elevation elsewhere. The harder the wind the deeper the indentations and the higher the waves. Lieutenant Qualtrough, in his excellent "Sailor's Handy-Book," says: "Many attempts have been made to construct a mathematical theory of wave motion, and thence to deduce the probable behavior of ships at sea." The modern theory is called the trochoidal, a name derived from a curve called the trochoid, which curve is supposed to represent the profile of the perfect wave. "Let it be supposed," says Lieutenant Qualtrough, "that, after a storm has subsided, a voyager in mid-ocean meets with a series of waves, all of which are approximately of the same form and dimensions; these would constitute a single series

such as the trochoidal theory contemplates." Of course, as the lieutenant takes care to point out, an ordinary seaway does not consist of such geometrically regular waves, but is made up of billows of varying form and dimensions. "But sometimes the conditions assumed are fulfilled; and from the investigation of their motions it is possible to pass to the case of a confused sea." Many measurements and observations of waves have, therefore, been made. "The longest wave observed was measured by Captain Mottez, of the French navy, in the North Atlantic, and had a length of 2720 feet—half a mile from crest to crest." A wave 1920 feet long was observed by Sir James Rose, and 1320 feet is the length which has been noted in the Bay of Biscay.

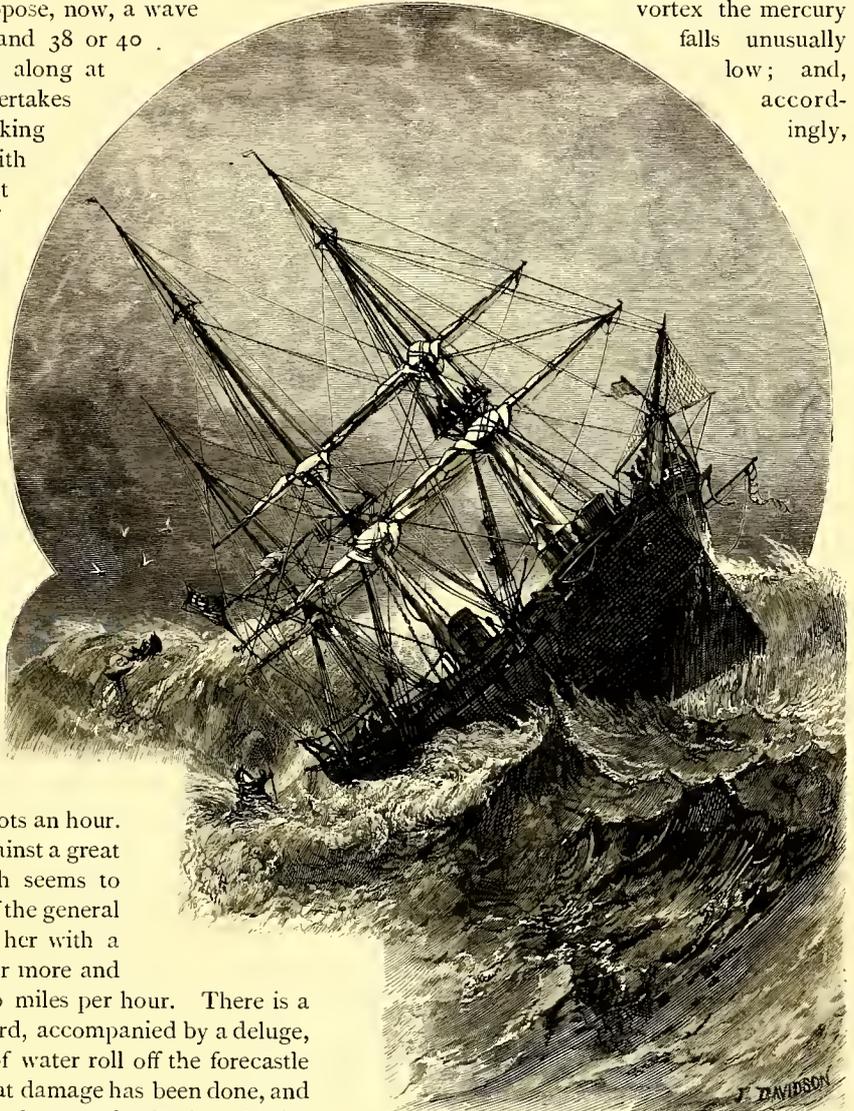
All sorts of nonsense has been written about waves "mountains high." The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Qualtrough says: "We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great as this. The highest reliable measurements are from 44 to 48 feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater height than thirty feet are not often encountered." The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the "fetch." That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, author of "Lighthouse Illumination," and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives the following formula as applicable when the fetch is not less than six sea miles: "The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles." Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is 20, which multiplied by 1.5 gives 30 feet as the height of the waves around the ship.

Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Captain Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the

squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at a rate which is the result of their size. Waves 200 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about 19 knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make 27 knots; and those of 600 feet rush forward irresistibly at 32 knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400 feet in length and 38 or 40 feet high rushing along at 27 knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about 20 knots, with a height of 25 feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union an enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of those steamers called "ocean greyhounds," which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of 45 feet or more and a speed of over 30 miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the fore-castle deck, it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a "tidal wave."

Now let us consider the big sea which strikes the vessel in calm weather; but before doing so I must briefly describe the storm wave which I have mentioned. This can best be done by

quoting directly the words of Captain Lecky, who is my authority for most of the facts presented in this article. "On the outer or anticyclone edge of hurricanes the barometer stands abnormally high, indicative of great atmospheric pressure; whilst at the center or vortex the mercury falls unusually low; and, accordingly,



THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE AT ST. THOMAS.  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there the pressure is least. Between the center and outer edge a difference of five inches in the height of the mercury has been recorded; equal to a difference of pressure of 354 pounds on the square foot of surface at these two places. It will read-

ily be seen that the effect of this encircling belt of high pressure and internal area of low pressure, coupled with the incurving of the wind, is to produce a heaping up of the water under the body of the cyclone, whose highest point is necessarily at the center, where it is, so to speak, sucked up." And that is all that is meant by storm wave — simply the elevation of the sea's surface at the center of a cyclone, which elevation advances with the storm. I may add that it has been known to cause wide and devastating floods.

Earthquake waves, which are those most frequently misnamed tidal waves, arise from causes wholly different from those which produce the other varieties. Neither the winds nor the tides have anything to do with these waves. They are produced by subterranean convulsions, which lift or otherwise agitate the surface of the earth on the borders of an ocean, or the earth which forms its bottom, and so disturb the waters. When the upheaval of the earth takes place along the shore, it lifts the water up on its back, and the water running off leaves the bottom exposed for a long distance. Sometimes vessels which were at anchor in bays before the upheaval are left hard and fast aground. Now the water forced off shore in this manner does not remain away. When the earthquake shock has passed, the water comes back, rearing up in a fearful wall, and forming a breaker of appalling size, which carries death and destruction in its path. I remember reading of an occurrence of this kind at the island of St. Thomas. The returning breaker was over forty feet high, and it broke inland, destroying much property and causing many deaths. So tremendous was this breaker that it landed a large vessel on a hillside half a mile from the harbor, where, I have been recently told, the wreck was still to be seen. But these breakers are always spoken of in the newspapers as "tidal waves."

If an uplifting of the earth should take place under the ocean, it would produce one of those big waves which vessels meet with sometimes in calm weather and which are always described as "tidal." Strange things happen at sea. They are strange to us who pass our lives on

land because they are beyond the pale of our experience and observation and we can not readily account for them. The ordinary sailor, while no more able to explain these phenomena of the great deep than the landsman, becomes familiar with them and they do not astonish him. Even a new wonder at sea does not astound the sailor as it does the landsman, because the former knows that the ocean is the home of strange mysteries. Captain Lecky, in speaking of the effect of submarine shocks at sea, says: "In one instance which came under the writer's observation, the inkstand on the captain's table was jerked upward against the ceiling, where it left an unmistakable record of the occurrence; and yet this vessel was steaming along in smooth water, many hundreds of fathoms deep. The concussions were so smart that passengers were shaken off their seats, and, of course, thought that the vessel had run ashore. When the non-elastic nature of water is considered, there will be no difficulty in understanding how such an effect could be produced." If you wish to try a little experiment which will illustrate this, simply fill a dish-pan with water and either rap smartly on its bottom or bend the bottom inward. You will see how the surface of the water is disturbed by this earthquake upheaval of the bottom. This is similar to the effect produced by a subterranean convulsion under the sea. Yet when one of these earthquake waves comes along and does damage, the harm is laid to the credit of the "tidal wave," which is a harmless and indeed beneficent provision of nature. Even the newspapers, in speaking of a political candidate who is defeated by an overwhelming majority, say that he has been engulfed in a "tidal wave." And the sea-captain, who ought to know better, reports to the hydrographic office that away out in latitude and longitude something or other, his vessel was struck by a "tidal wave." Whereas the truth is that, in a storm, ninety-nine times out of one hundred it is simply an unusually large wind wave which strikes the ship, and the one-hundredth time it is caused by an earthquake. In calm weather it is always the earthquake wave.

# LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.



THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION. THE BŒUF GRAS. (SEE PAGE 914.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BEFORE AND AFTER MARDI-GRAS.

TITE SOURIS had happened to pass Gex's little shop one day while Lady Jane was taking her lesson, and from that moment the humorous darky could never speak of the little dancing-master without loud explosions of laughter. "Oh, Laws, Miss Peps', I wish you jes' done seed litt' Mars Gex a-stan'in' up wid he toes turn' out, so he look lak he on'y got one foot, an' he coat held up un'er he arms, an' he hands jes' *so*,"—here Tite caught the sides of her scant skirt, in ridiculous imitation of the attitude of the dancing master,—“a-steppin' an' a-hoppin' an' a-whirlin', an' a-smilin' wid he eyes shet, jes'

as if he done got religion, an' was *so* happy he do'n' know what 'er do. An' Miss Lady, wid 'er head on one side, lak a mockin'-bird, a-holdin' out 'er litt' skirt, an' a-steppin', and a-prancin', for all de worl' jes' lak Mars Gex, an' a-puttin' 'er han' on 'er bre's', an' a-bowin' so 'er yaller har all-a-mos' tech der flo. Laws, Laws, I done mos' die a-larfin'. Sech cuttin's up yer neber did see! It 's might' funny, Miss Peps', all dis yer dancin' an' a-caperin'; but I 's scared 'bout Miss Lady wid all dem goin's on. I 's feared der gobble-uns 'll ketch 'er sometime, wen 'er 's a-steppin' an' a-hoppin', an' tote 'er off ter dat dar old wicked Boy, wat 's watchin' fer triflin' chil'ren, lak dat. 'Cause Deacon Jone say der Old Boy 'll git all pussuns w'at dance, shore, *shore*."

"Nonsense, Tite, go away!" cried Pepsie, laughing till the tears came at her handmaid's droll pantomime. "If what you say is true, where do you think you'll go to? Have n't you been acting Mr. Gex, for Miss Lady, over and over, when she's been repeating her dancing-lesson to me? Have n't you been standing right up on that floor, holding out your skirt, and dancing back and forth, and whirling, and prancing,

as much like Mr. Gex as you possibly could? *Have n't* you now, Tite? I'm sure the 'gobble-uns' would be after you for making fun of Mr. Gex, before they would take a little angel like Miss Lady."

"But I wa' jes' a-funnin', Miss Peps'. Dat Ole Boy *know* I wa' jes' a-funnin'; an' he ain't gwine ter tote me off, w'en I ain't done no harm; 't ain't lak I was in earnest, yer know, Miss Peps'." And with this nice distinction Tite comforted herself and went on her way rejoicing.

About this time, Madame Jozain was seized with a sudden spasm of piety, and took to going to church again. However, she kept at a discreet distance from Father

Ducro, who, at the time of the death of the young widow, had asked her some rather searching questions,



"LADY JANE CLUNG TIGHTLY TO TIBURCE ON ONE SIDE AND TITE ON THE OTHER." (SEE PAGE 614.)

and several times, when he met her afterwards, had remarked that she seemed to have given up church-going. She was very glad, therefore, when, about this time, she heard that he had been sent to Cuba on some mission, and Madame sincerely hoped that whatever the errand was it would detain him there always.

One Sunday, it occurred to her that she ought to take Lady Jane to church with her, and not allow her to grow up like a heathen; and besides, if Madame had confessed her true motive, she felt that the child, dressed in her best, had an air of distinction, which would add greatly to the elegant appearance Madame desired to make.

Pepsie had a knack of dressing Lady Jane as Madame never could, so the little girl was sent across the street to be made beautiful, with flowing glossy hair and dainty raiment. And when Madame, leading Lady Jane by the hand, with a gentle maternal air, limped slowly up the broad aisle of the cathedral, she felt perfectly satisfied with herself and her surroundings.

Lady Jane had often been to church before, but the immense interior, and the grand, solemn notes of the organ, and the heavenly music of the choir, always made a deep and lasting impression upon her, and opened up to her new vistas of life through which her pure little soul longed to stray.

The musical nature is often a religious nature, and in the child was a deep vein of piety, which only needed working to produce the richest results; therefore, the greatest of all her pleasures from that time was to go to church and listen to the music, and afterward to tell Pepsie of all she had seen and enjoyed, and to repeat as far as was possible, with her small sweet voice, the heavenly strains of the anthems she had heard.

One morning,—it was the day before “Mardi-gras,”—when Lady Jane entered Pepsie’s room, instead of finding her friend engaged in her usual occupation, the table was cleared of all that pertained to business, and on it was spread a quantity of pink cambric, which Pepsie was measuring and snipping with great gravity.

“Oh, Pepsie, what are you making?” cried Lady Jane, greatly surprised at this display of finery.

“It’s a domino,” replied Pepsie curtly, her mouth full of pins.

“A domino, a domino,” repeated Lady Jane. “What’s a domino? I never saw one.”

“Of course, you never saw one, because you never saw Mardi-gras,” said Pepsie removing the pins, and smiling to herself as she smoothed the pattern on the cloth.

“Mardi-gras! Is it for that?” said Lady Jane. “You might tell me about it. I don’t know what it’s for,” she said, bewildered, and quite annoyed by Pepsie’s air of secrecy.

“Well, it’s for some one to wear on Mardi-gras,” replied Pepsie, still smiling serenely, and with an exasperating air of mystery.

“Oh, Pepsie—who, *who* is it for?” cried Lady Jane, pressing close, and putting both arms around her friend’s neck: “tell me, please; do! If it’s a secret I won’t tell.”

“Oh, it’s for a little girl I know,” said Pepsie, cutting and slashing the cambric with the greatest indifference, and evidently bent on keeping her own counsel.

Lady Jane stood still for a moment, letting her arms fall from Pepsie’s neck. Her face was downcast, and something like a tear shone on her lashes; then, a little slowly and thoughtfully, she climbed into her chair, and leaning on her elbows, silently watched the absorbed Pepsie.

Pepsie pinned, and snipped, and smoothed,



“THERE WERE  
DEMONS,  
AND ANGELS,  
AND FAIRIES.”  
(SEE PAGE 914.)

all the while smiling with that little air of unconcern which so puzzled the child. Presently, without looking up, she said:

"Can't you guess, Lady, who it's for?"

"Is n't it for Sophie Paichoux?" ventured Lady Jane.

"No, no," said Pepsie decidedly; "the one I mean it for is no relation to me."

"Then, I don't know any other little girl. Oh, Pepsie, I can't guess."

"Why, you dear, stupid, little goose!" cried Pepsie, laughing aloud.

"Oh, Pepsie. It is n't! is it?" and Lady Jane's eyes sparkled and her face was lit up by a joyful smile.

"Do you mean it for *me*? really, do you, Pepsie?"

"Why, ofcourse. Do you think I'd make it for any one, if not for you?"

"Oh, you dear, darling Pepsie! But why did n't you say so just at first? Why—why did you make me—," she hesitated for a word, and

then added, "why did you make me—jealous?"

"I only wanted to tease you a little," laughed Pepsie. "I wanted to see if you'd guess right off. I thought you would know right away that I did n't love any one else well enough to make a domino for her, and I wanted to try you."

This rather ambiguous explanation was quite satisfactory, and after a great many caresses Pepsie went on to tell that Tante Modeste had been there very early, and that she had invited



"SHE CRIED OUT PITIFULLY, 'IT'S LADY JANE.'" (SEE PAGE 915)

Lady Jane to go in her milk-cart, that afternoon, on Canal Street, to see the king of the Carnival arrive. That the cans were to be taken out of the cart, and an extra seat was to be put in, so that all the young ones could take part in the glorious spectacle.

Then Pepsie waited for Lady Jane to get her breath, before she finished telling her of Tante Modeste's plans for the next day, the long looked for Mardi-gras.

The little Paichoux wanted Lady Jane to see everything; by some means, she must take an active part in the festivities on Canal Street.

"Children don't enjoy it half as well, at least mine don't," said Tante Modeste, "if they're cooped up on a cart or in a gallery; so the best way is to put a domino on them, and turn them in with the crowd."

"But I'm afraid for Lady," demurred Pepsie; "she might get frightened in such a crowd, or she might get lost."

"You need n't be afraid of that, Tiburce is going to take care of my young ones, and I've told him that he must hold fast to the child all the time. Then, Tite can go, too. I've got an old domino that'll do for her, and she can keep the child's hand fast on the other side. If they keep together there's no danger."

"But perhaps Madame Jozain won't allow her to go on Canal Street?"

"Yes, she will, she'll be glad to get rid of the care of the child. I just met her coming from market; she had a cream cheese for the little one. I guess she's pretty good to her, when it don't put her out. She says Madame Hortense, the milliner, on Canal Street, is an old friend of hers, and she's invited her to come and sit on her gallery and see the show, and there's no room for children, so she'll be very glad to have her niece taken care of, and it's so good of me, and all that. Oh, dear, dear, I can't like that woman; I may be wrong, but she's a dose I can't swallow"—and Tante Modeste shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"But Lady's got no domino," said Pepsie, ruefully, "and I'm afraid Madame Jozain won't make her one."

"Never mind saying anything about it. Here's two bits; send Tite for some cambric, and I'll cut you a pattern in a minute. I've made so many, I know all about it; and, my dear, you can sew it up through the day. Have her ready by nine o'clock. I'll be here by nine. I'm going to take them all up in the cart, and turn them out, and they can come back to me when they're tired."

In this way Tante Modeste surmounted all difficulties, and the next morning, Lady Jane, completely enveloped in a little pink domino, with a tiny pink mask carefully fastened over her rosy face, and her blue eyes wide with delight, was lifted into the milk-cart with the brood of little Paichoux, and, with many good-byes to poor, forlorn Pepsie, and to Tony, who was standing dejectedly on one leg, the happy child was rattled away in the bright sunlight, through the merry, noisy crowd to that center of every delight—Canal Street, on Mardi-gras.

There was no room for Tite Souris in the cart, so that dusky maiden, arrayed in the colors of a demon of darkness, an old red domino, with black, bat-like wings, was obliged to take herself to the rendezvous, near the Clay statue, by whatever means of locomotion she could command. When the cart was passing Rue Royale, there was Tite in her uncanny disguise, flapping her black wings, and scuttling along as fast as her thin legs would carry her.

At last, the excited party in the milk-cart and the model for a diabolical flying-machine were together under Tante Modeste's severe scrutiny, listening, with much divided attention, to her final instructions.

"Tiburce, attend to what I tell you," she said, impressively. "You are the eldest of the party, and you must take care of the little ones, especially of Lady Jane. Keep her hand in yours all the time. Mind what I say—don't let go of her. And you, Tite, keep on the other side, and hold her hand fast. Sophie, you can go in front with the two smallest, and the others can follow behind. Now keep together, and go along decently; no running or racketing on the street, and as soon as the procession passes, you had better come back to me. You will be tired, and ready to go home. And Tite, remember what Miss Pepsie told you about Miss Lady. If you let anything happen to her you had better go and drown yourself."

Tite, with her wings poised for flight, promised everything, even to drowning herself, if necessary; and before Tante Modeste had climbed into her cart, the whole brood had disappeared amongst the motley crowd.

At first, Lady Jane was a little frightened at the noise and confusion; but she had a brave

little heart, and clung tightly to Tiburce on one side and Tite on the other. In a few moments she was quite reassured, and as happy as any of the merry little imps around her.

It was delightful; she seemed to be carried along in a stream of riotous life, all disguised, and decorated to suit their individual fancies. There were demons and angels, clowns and monks, imps and fairies, animals and birds, fish and insects. In fact, everything that the richest imagination could devise.

At first Tite Souris ambled along quite decorously, making now and then a little essay at flying with her one free wing, which gave her a curious, one-sided appearance, provoking much mirth among the little Paichoux; but at length restraint became irksome, and finally impossible. She could bear it no longer, even if she died for it. Ignoring all her promises, and the awful reckoning in store for her, with one bound for freedom she tore herself from Lady Jane's hand, and flapping her wings, plunged into the crowd, and was instantly swallowed up in the vortex of humanity that whirled everywhere.

The procession was coming, the crowd grew very dense, and they were pulled and pushed and jostled; but still Tiburce, who was a strong, courageous boy, held his ground, and landed Lady Jane on a window-sill, where she could have a good view. The other Paichoux, under the generalship of Sophie, came up to form a guard, and so, in a very secure and comfortable position, Lady Jane saw the procession of King Rex and his royal household.

When Tiburce told her that the beautiful Bœuf gras, decorated so gaily with flowers and ribbons, would be killed and eaten afterward, she almost shed tears, and when he further informed her that King Rex was no king at all, only a citizen dressed as a king in satin and velvet and feathers, she doubted it, and still clung to the illusion that he must sit always on a throne and wear a crown, according to the traditions of Mr. Gex.

Now that the procession was over, all might have gone well, if Tiburce had held out as he began; but, alas! in an evil moment, he yielded to temptation and fell.

They were on their way back to Tante Modeste, quite satisfied with all they had seen, when

they came upon a crowd gathered around the door of a fashionable club. From the balcony above a party of young men, who were more generous than wise, were throwing small change, dimes and nickels, into the crowd, that the rabble might scramble for them; and there, right in the midst of the seething mass, was Tite Souris, her domino hanging in rags, her wings gone, and her whole appearance very dilapidated and disorderly. The spirit of greed possessed her, and she plunged and struggled and battled for the root of all evil.

Tiburce's first intention was to make a detour of the crowd; but just as he was about to do so, the gleam of a dime on the edge of the sidewalk caught his eye, and, overcome by the temptation, he forgot everything and dropped Lady Jane's hand to make a dive for it.

Lady Jane never knew how it happened, but in an instant she was whirled away from the Paichoux, swept on with the crowd that a policeman was driving before him, and carried she knew not where.

At first she ran hither and thither, seizing upon every domino that bore the least resemblance to her companions, and calling Tiburce, Sophie, Nanette, in heartrending tones, until, quite exhausted, she sank down in a doorway and watched the crowd surge past her.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### LADY JANE DINES WITH MR. GEX.

FOR some time Lady Jane sat in the doorway, not knowing just what to do. She was very tired, and at first she was inclined to rest, thinking that Tiburce would come back and find her there; then, when no one noticed her, and it seemed very long that she had waited, she felt inclined to cry, but she was a sensible, courageous little soul, and knew that tears could do no good; besides, it was very uncomfortable crying behind a mask. Her eyes burned, and her head ached, and she was hungry and thirsty, and yet Tiburce didn't come; perhaps they had forgotten her altogether, and gone home.

This thought was too much to bear calmly, so she started to her feet to try to find them if they were not coming to search for her.

She did not know which way to turn, for the

crowd confused her terribly. Sometimes a rude imp in a domino would push her or twitch her sleeve, and then, as frightened as a hunted hare, she would dart into the first doorway, and wait for her tormentor to pass. She was a delicate little creature to be buffeted by such a turbulent crowd, and but for the disguise of the domino she would soon have found a protector amongst those she fled from.

After wandering around for some time she found herself very near the spot she started from, and thankful for the friendly shelter of the doorway, she slipped into it and sat down to think and rest. She wanted to take off her mask and cool her hot face, but she did not dare to; for some reason she felt that her disguise was a protection, but how could any one find *her* when there were dozens of little figures flitting about in pink dominoes.

While she sat there thinking and wondering what she should do, she noticed a carriage drive up to the next door, and two gentlemen got out followed by a young man. When the youth turned his face toward her, she started up excitedly, and, holding out her hands, she cried out pitifully, "It's me; it's Lady Jane."

The young fellow glanced around him with a startled look; he heard the little cry but did not catch the words, and it moved him strangely. He thought it sounded like some small creature in pain, but he only saw a little figure in a soiled pink domino, some little street gamin he supposed, and without further notice he passed her and followed his companions up the steps.

It was the boy who gave Lady Jane the blue heron, and he had passed her without seeing her. She had called to him, and he had not heard her. This was too much; she could not bear it, and, withdrawing again into her retreat, she sat down and burst into a passion of tears.

For a long while she cried silently, then she fell asleep and forgot for a time all her troubles. When she woke a rude man was pulling her to her feet, and telling her to wake up and go home; he had a stick and bright buttons on his coat. "Some young one tired out and gone to sleep," he muttered as he went on his way.

Then Lady Jane began to think that that place was no longer a safe refuge; the man with the stick might come back and beat her if she

remained there; so she started out and crept along close to the high buildings. She wondered if it was near night, and what she should do when it was dark. Oh, if Tante Modeste, Tiburce, or Madelon would only come for her, or Tante Pauline,—even she would be a welcome sight. She would not run away from Raste, even if he should come just then, although she detested him, because he pulled her hair and teased her, and called her "My Lady."

At that moment, some one behind her gave her domino a violent pull, and she looked around wildly. An imp in yellow and black was following her. A strand of her bright hair had escaped from her hood and fallen over her back; he had it in his hand, and was using it as a rein. "Get up, my little nag," he was saying, in a rude, impertinent voice; "come—trot, trot." At first she tried to get away, but she was so tired and frightened that she could scarcely stand, and she turned on her tormentor and bade him leave her alone.

"I'm going to pull off your mask," he said, "and see if you are Mary O'Brien." He made a clutch at her, but Lady Jane evaded it; all the spirit in her was aroused by this assault, and the usually gentle child was transformed into a little fury. "Don't touch me," she cried; "don't touch me,"—and she struck the yellow and black imp full in the face with all her strength.

Now this blow was the signal for a battle in which Lady Jane was sadly worsted, for in a moment the boy, who was older and of course stronger, had torn her domino from her in ribbons, had snatched off her mask, and pulled the hood from her head, which unloosened all her beautiful hair, allowing it to fall in a golden shower far below her waist; and there she stood with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, quivering and panting, in the midst of a rude crowd, like a little hunted animal brought to bay.

At that moment she saw some one leap on to the banquette, and with one well-aimed and dexterous kick send her enemy sprawling into the gutter, while all the bystanders shouted with laughter.

It was Gex, little Gex, who had come to her rescue, and never did fair lady cling with greater joy and gratitude to the knight who had delivered her from the claws of a dragon, than did

Lady Jane to the little horny hand of the ancient professor of the dance.

For a moment, so exhausted was she with her battle, and so overcome with delight, that she had no voice to express her feelings. Gex understood the situation, and, with great politeness and delicacy, led her into a pharmacy near, gave her a seat, smoothed her disordered dress and hair, and gave her a glass of soda.

This so revived the little lady that she found voice to say :

"Oh, Mr. Gex! how did you know where I was?"

"I did n't, I did n't," replied Gex tremulously. "It vas vhat you call one accident. I vas just going down the Rue Royale, vas just turning the corner, I vas on my vay home. I 'd finished my Mardi-gras, all I vant of the noise and foolishness, and I vas going back to Rue des Bons Enfants, vhen I hears one leetle girl cry out, and I look and saw the yellow devil pull down my leetle lady's hair. Oh, *bon, bon*, did n't I give him one blow, did n't I send him in the gutter, flying,"—and Gex rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight. "And how lucky vas I to find my leetle lady vhen she vas in trouble."

Then Lady Jane and Mr. Gex turned down Rue Royale, and while she skipped along holding his hand, her troubles all forgotten, she told him how she had been separated from Tiburce, and of all her subsequent misadventures.

Presently, Gex stopped before a neat little restaurant, whose window presented a very tempting appearance, and, looking at Lady Jane, with a broad, inviting smile, said :

"I should like to know if my leetle lady vas hungry. It is past four of the clock, and I should like to give my leetle lady von Mardi-gras dinner."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane, delightedly, for the smell of the savory food appealed to her empty stomach. "I 'm so hungry that I can't wait until I get home."

"Vell, you shan't; this is one nice place, vairy *chic* and fashionable, fit for one leetle lady, and you shall see that Gex can order one fine dinner, as vell as teach the dance."

When the quaint little old man, in his anti-

quated black suit, a relic of other and better days, entered the room with the beautiful child, rosy and bareheaded, her yellow hair flying out like spun silk, and her dainty though disordered dress, plainly showing her superior position, every eye was turned upon him, and Gex felt the stirrings of old pride and ambition as he placed a chair with great ceremony and lifted Lady Jane into it. Then he drew out his spectacles with much dignity, and, taking the card the waiter handed him, waited, pencil poised, for the orders of the young lady.

"If you please," he said, with a bow and a smile, "to tell me vhat you prefair?"

Lady Jane frowned and bit her lip at the responsibility of deciding so important a matter; at length she said, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile :

"If you please, Mr. Gex, I 'll take some—some ice cream."

"But first, my leetle lady—but first, one leetle *plat* of soup, and the fish with sauce *verte*, and one leetle bird—just one leetle bird with the *petits pois*—and one fine, good, leetle salad. How vould that suit my leetle lady?"

"And ice cream?" questioned Lady Jane, leaning forward with her little hands clasped primly in her lap.

"And after, yes, one *crème à la glace*, one cake, and one leetle bunch of *raisin*, grape you say," repeated Gex, as he wrote laboriously with his old, stiff fingers. "Now ve vill have one fine leetle dinner," he said, with a beaming smile, when he had completed the order.

Lady Jane nodded an affirmative, and while they waited for their dinner her bright eyes, traveling over everything, at length rested on Mr. Gex with unbounded admiration, and she could not refrain from leaning forward and whispering :

"Oh, Mr. Gex, how nice, how lovely you look. Please, Mr. Gex, *please*, don't wear an apron any more."

"Vell, if my leetle lady don't vant me to, vell, I von't," replied Gex, beaming with sudden ambition and pride, "and, perhaps, I vill try to be one fine leetle gentleman again, like vhen I vas professeur of the dance."

# THE GREAT TRI-CLUB TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

CHARLES COLERIDGE GRACE, as he was called by the tennis editors, or Charley Grace, as he was known about college, had held the tennis championship of his Alma Mater ever since he had been a freshman.

Even before that eventful year he had carried off so many silver cups and highly ornamented and equally useless racquets at tournaments all over the country, that his coming to college was considered quite an important event.

His career was not marked by the winning of any scholarships, nor by any brazen prominence in the way of first honors; and though the president may have wondered at the frequency of Grace's applications to attend funerals, marriages, and the family dentist, he was always careful to look the other way when Grace was to be seen hurrying to the station with three racquets in one hand and a big green cloth bag in the other.

Nor was he greatly surprised to read in the next morning's paper that "this brought the winner of the last set and Charles Coleridge Grace together in the finals, which were won by Mr. Grace, 6-4, 6-4, 6-2."

It was near the end of the first term in Grace's junior year, and at a time when the dates of tournaments and examinations were hopelessly clashing, that he received another of many invitations to attend an open tournament. This particular circular announced that the N. L. T. A. of the United States had given the Hilltown Tennis Club permission to hold on their own grounds a tournament for the championship of the State.

Mr. Grace was cordially invited to participate, not only through the formal wording of the circular, but in a note of somewhat extravagant courtesy signed by the club's secretary.

Hilltown is a very pretty place, and some of its people are wealthy. They see that it has

good roads for their village-carts and landaus to roll over, and their Queen Anne houses are as ornamental to the surrounding landscape as is similar architecture elsewhere.

They have also laid out and inclosed eight tennis-courts of clay and turf, to suit everybody's taste, and have erected a club-house which is apparently fashioned after nobody's. Every year Hilltown invited the neighboring tennis-clubs of Malvern and Pineville to compete with them in an inter-club tournament, and offered handsome prizes which were invariably won by representatives of Hilltown.

But this year, owing chiefly to the energies of Mr. C. Percy Clay, the club's enthusiastic secretary, Hilltown had been allowed to hold a tournament on its own tennis-ground for the double and single championship of the State. This honor necessitated the postponement of the annual tri-club meeting until ten days after the championship games had been played.

The team who did the playing for the Hilltown club were two young men locally known as the Slade brothers.

They were not popular, owing to their assuming an air of superiority over every one in the town, from their father down to C. Percy Clay. But as they had won every prize of which the tennis-club could boast, they of necessity enjoyed a prominence which their personal conduct alone could not have gained for them.

Charles Grace arrived at Hilltown one Wednesday morning. All but the final game of the doubles had been played off on the two days previous, and the singles were to be begun and completed that afternoon. The grounds were well filled when he reached them, and looked as pretty as only pretty tennis-grounds can look when they are gay with well-dressed girls, wonderfully bright blazers, and marquees of vividly brilliant stripes.

Grace found the list of entries to the singles

posted up in the club-house, and discovered that they were few in number, and that there was among them only one name that was familiar to him.

As he turned away from the list, two very young and bright-faced boys in very well-worn flannels, came up the steps of the club-house just as one of the Slades was leaving it.

"Hullo," said Slade, "you back again?"

It was such an unusual and impertinent welcome that Grace paused in some surprise and looked on.

The eldest of the boys laughed good-naturedly and said: "Yes, we 're here, Mr. Slade. You know we drew a bye, and so we play in the finals."

"Well, of course you 'll play my brother and myself then. I hope the novelty of playing in the last round won't paralyze you. If it does n't, we will," he added with a short laugh. "I say, Ed," he continued, turning to his elder brother, "here are Merton and his partner come all the way from Malvern to play in the finals. They might have saved their car fare, don't you think so?"

The elder brother scowled at the unfortunate representatives of Malvern.

"You don't really mean to make us stand out there in the hot sun fooling with you, do you?" he asked impatiently. "You 'll only make a spectacle of yourselves. Why don't you drop out? We 've beaten you often enough before, I should think, to suit you, and we want to begin the singles."

But the Malvern youths were not to be brow-beaten. They said they knew they would be defeated, but the people at Malvern were very anxious to have them play, and had insisted on their coming up. "They wish to see what sort of a chance we have for the tri-club tournament, next week," they explained.

"Well, we 'll show what sort of chance you stand, with a vengeance," laughed one of the brothers. "But it really is a bore to us."

The two boys flushed, and one of them began hotly, "Let me tell you, Mr. Slade,"—but the other put his hand on his arm, saying, "What 's the use?" and pushed him gently toward the grounds.

The Slades went into the club-house grumbling.

"Nice lot, those home players," soliloquized Grace. "I 'll pound the life out of them for that!"

He was still more inclined to revenge the Malvern youths later, after their defeat by the Slades,—which was not such a bad defeat after all, as they had won one of the four sets, and scored games in the others. But the Slades, with complete disregard for all rules of hospitality, to say nothing of the etiquette of tennis, kept up a running comment of ridicule and criticism on their hopeful opponents' play, and, much to Grace's disgust, the spectators laughed and encouraged them. The visitors struggled hard, but everything was against them; they did not understand playing as a team, and though they were quick and sure-eyed enough, and their service was wonderfully strong, the partiality of the crowd "rattled" them, and the ridicule of their opponents was not likely to put them more at their ease.

The man who had been asked to umpire with Grace was a college man, and they both had heard all that went on across the net in the final round. So when their duties were over, they went up to the defeated Malvernites and shook hands with them, and said something kind to them about their playing.

But the cracks did not congratulate the winners. Indeed, they were so disgusted with the whole affair that they refused to be lionized by Mr. Clay and the spectators in any way, but went off to the hotel in the village for luncheon,—which desertion rendered the spread on the grounds as flat as a coming-of-age dinner with the comer-of-age absent.

After luncheon, Thatcher, the other collegian, had the pleasure of defeating the younger Slade in two straight sets, to his own and Grace's satisfaction; but Mr. Thatcher's satisfaction was somewhat dampened when Grace polished him off in the next round, after a game which Grace made as close as he could.

Other rounds were going on in the other courts, and at five o'clock Grace and the elder Slade came together in the finals. Thatcher had gone home after wishing his conqueror luck, and Grace was left alone. He was not pleased to see that Slade's brother was to act as one of the umpires, as he had noticed that

his decisions in other games were carelessly incorrect.

But he was in no way prepared for what followed.

For the younger Slade's umpiring in the final game was even more efficient in gaining points for the Hilltown side than was the elder's playing.

It was a matter of principle with Grace, as with all good players, never to question an umpire's decision, and he had been taught the good old rule: "Never kick in a winning game." But the decisions were so outrageous that it soon came too close to being a losing game for him to allow them to continue. So, finally, after a decision of the brother's had given Slade the second one of the two sets, Grace went to the referee and asked that some one be appointed to act in Mr. Slade's place, as he did not seem to understand or to pay proper attention to the game.

"Mr. Slade's decisions have been simply ridiculous," said Grace, "and they have all been against myself. This may be due to ignorance or carelessness, but in any case I object to him as an umpire most emphatically."

"Well, you can object to him all you please," retorted the elder brother. "If you don't like the way this tournament is conducted you can withdraw. You need n't think you can come down here and attempt to run everything to suit yourself, even if you are a crack player. Do you mean to forfeit the game or not?"

"It seems to me, gentlemen," stammered Mr. Percy Clay, excitedly, "that if Mr. Grace desires another umpire —"

"Oh, you keep out of this, will you!" retorted the omnipotent Slade, and Mr. Clay retreated hurriedly.

Grace walked back into the court, and nodded to the referee that he was ready to go on.

He was too angry to speak, but he mentally determined to beat his opponent so badly, umpire or no umpire, that he would never dare to raise his voice again.

This incendiary spirit made him hammer the innocent rubber balls to such purpose that the elder Slade was almost afraid of his life, and failed to return more than a dozen of the opponent's strokes in the next two sets.

His brother's decisions were now even more ridiculous than before, but Grace pretended not to notice them.

The game now stood two straight sets in Grace's favor, and one set 6-5 in Slade's — or in favor of both the Slades, for they had both helped to win it.

Grace had four games love, in the final set, when in running back after a returned ball he tripped and fell over an obstacle, spraining his right ankle very badly. The obstacle proved to be the leg of one of the Hilltown youths who was lying in the grass with his feet stuck out so far that they touched the line.

Grace got up and tried to rest his weight on his leg, and then sat down again very promptly.

He shut his teeth and looked around him.

Nobody moved except Mr. Clay, who asked anxiously if Grace were hurt. Grace said that he was; that he had sprained his ankle.

The young gentleman over whom he had fallen had by this time curled his legs up under him, but made no proffer of assistance or apology.

"Oh, that 's an old trick!" Grace heard the younger Slade say in a tone which was meant to reach him. "Some men always sprain their ankles when they are not sure of winning. He 'll be able to walk before the year 's out."

Grace would have got up then and there and thrashed the younger Slade, ankle or no ankle, if he had not been pounced upon by the two Malvern boys, who pushed their way through the crowd with a pail of lemonade and a half dozen towels that they had picked up in the clubhouse. They slipped off his shoe and stocking, and dipping a towel in the iced lemonade, bound it about his ankle and repeated the operation several times, much to Grace's relief.

"This lemonade was prepared for drinking purposes, I fancy," said one of them, "but we could n't find anything else. I never heard of its being good for sprains, but it will have to do. How do you feel now?"

"All right, thank you," said Grace. "I 've only these two games to play now, and it 's my serve. I need n't run around much in that. Just give me a lift, will you? Thanks."

But as soon as Grace touched his foot to the ground, the boys saw that he was anything but

all right. His face grew very white, and his lips lost their color. Whenever he moved he drew in his breath in short, quick gasps, and his teeth were clinched with the pain.

He lost his serve, and the next game as well, and before five minutes had passed he was two games to the bad in the last set.

The Malvern boys came to him and told him to rest; that he was not only going to lose the game, but that he might be doing serious injury as well to his ankle, which was already swelling perceptibly. But Grace only unlaced his shoe the further and set his teeth. One of the Malvernites took upon himself to ask the referee if he did not intend giving Mr. Grace a quarter of an hour's "time" at least.

The referee said that the rules did not say anything about sprained ankles.

"Why, I know of tennis matches," returned the Malvernite champion excitedly, "that have been laid over for hours because of a sprained ankle. It will be no glory to Mr. Slade to win from a man who has to hop about on one foot, and no credit either."

"Mr. Grace is a crack player, and I'm not," said Slade; "but I asked no favors of him on that account, and I don't expect him to ask any of me."

"I have n't asked any of you!" roared Grace, now wholly exasperated with anger and pain, "and you'll wait some time before I do. Go on with the game."

The ankle grew worse, but Grace's playing improved, notwithstanding. He felt that he would rather beat "that Slade man" than the champion himself; and he won each of his serves, not one of the balls being returned.

They were now "five all," and the expressed excitement was uproarious in its bitterness and intensity.

Slade had the serve, and it was with a look of perfect self-satisfaction that he pounded the first ball across the net. Grace returned it, and the others that followed brought the score up to 'vantage in Slade's favor, so that he only needed one more point to win.

The people stood up in breathless silence. Grace limped into position and waited, Slade bit his under lip nervously and served the ball easily, and his opponent sent it back to him like

an arrow; it struck within a foot of the serving line on the inside, making the score "deuce."

"Outside! Game and set in favor of Mr. Slade," chanted the younger Slade with an exultant cry.

"What!" shouted Grace and the two Malvernites in chorus.

But the crowd drowned their appeal in exclamations of self-congratulation and triumph.

"Did you see that ball?" demanded Grace of the referee.

"I did," said that young man.

"And do you mean to tell me it was out?"

"It was—I do," stammered the youth. "You heard what Mr. Slade said."

"I don't care what Mr. Slade said. I appeal to you against the most outrageous decision ever given on a tennis-field."

"And I support Mr. Slade," replied the referee.

"Oh, very well!" said Grace with sudden quietness. "Come," he whispered to his two lieutenants, "let's get out of this. They'll take our watches next!" And the three slowly made their way to the club-house.

They helped Grace into his other clothes and packed up his tennis flannels for him. He was very quiet and seemed more concerned about his ankle than over the loss of the State championship.

Grace and his two supporters were so long in getting to the station, no courtesies having been tendered to them in the way of a conveyance, that Grace missed his train.

He was very much annoyed, for he was anxious to shake the dust of Hilltown from his feet, and he was more than anxious about his ankle.

"Mr. Grace," said Merton, "Prior and I were wondering if you would think we were presuming on our short acquaintance if we asked you to come home with us to Malvern. You can't get back to college to-night from here, and Malvern is only ten miles off. My father is a doctor and could tell you what you ought to do about your ankle, and we would be very much pleased if you would stay with us."

"Yes, indeed, we would, Mr. Grace," echoed the younger lad.

"Why, it's very kind of you; you're very

good indeed!" stammered Grace; "but I'm afraid your family are hardly prepared to receive patients at all hours, and to have the house turned into a hospital."

Merton then protested with dignity that he had asked Grace as a guest, not as a patient; and they finally compromised upon Grace's consenting to go on to Malvern, but insisting on going to the hotel.

Grace had not been at the Malvern Hotel, which was the only one in the place and more of an inn than a hotel, for over ten minutes before Dr. Merton arrived in an open carriage

lawn and placed in a comfortable wicker chair under a tree, where he could read his book or watch the boys play tennis, as he pleased. The tennis was so well worth watching that after regarding it critically for half an hour he suddenly pounded the arm of his chair and called excitedly for the boys to come to him. They ran up in some alarm.

"There's nothing wrong," he said. "I have a great idea. I see a way for you to get even with those lads at Hilltown and to revenge me by proxy. All you need is a week's training with better players than yourselves for this tri-club

tournament and you'll be as good or better than they are now."

Then the champion explained how the Malvern team, having no worthy opponents to practice against at home, were not able to improve in their playing; that water would not rise above its own level; and that all they required was competitors who were much better than themselves.

"I can teach you something about team-play that you don't seem to understand," said Grace. "I will write to-day to that college chap, Thatcher, to come down with a good partner and they

will give you some fine practice."

The Malvern boys were delighted. They wanted the lessons to begin at once, and as soon as the letter was despatched to Thatcher, Grace had his arm-chair moved up near the net and began his lectures on tennis, two boys from the Malvern club acting as the team's opponents.

Grace began by showing the boys the advantage of working as a team and not as individuals, how to cover both alleys at once, and how to guard both the front and back; he told them where to stand so as not to interfere with each other's play, when to "smash" a ball and when to lift it high in the air, where to place it and when



GRACE SPRAINS HIS ANKLE.

and carried him off, whether he would or no, to his own house, where, after the ankle was dressed, Grace was promptly put to bed.

In the morning, much to his surprise, he found that the swelling had almost entirely disappeared, and he was allowed in consequence to come down to the breakfast-table with the family, where he sat with his foot propped up on a chair. He was considered a very distinguished invalid and found it hard not to pose as a celebrity in the cross-fire of admiring glances from the younger Merton boys and the deferential questions of their equally young sisters.

After breakfast, he was assisted out on to the

to let it alone. Sometimes one play would be repeated over and over again, and though Grace was a sharp master his team were only too willing to do as he commanded whether they saw the advantage of it or not. When the shadows began to grow long and the dinner-gong sounded, Grace told them they could stop, and said they had already made marked improvement, so they went in radiant with satisfaction and exercise, and delightfully tired.

Practice began promptly the next morning, and continued steadily on to luncheon. At two o'clock Thatcher and another player arrived from the college, which was only a few miles distant from Malvern, and Grace gave them an account of his defeat at Hilltown and of the Slades' treatment of the Malvernites.

"You saw, Thatcher," said Grace, "how they abused and insulted those boys. Well, these same boys have treated me as if I were one of their own family. Dr. and Mrs. Merton have done everything that people could do. It has been really lovely, and I think one way I can show my appreciation of it is to bring back those cups from that hole in the ground called Hilltown. And I ask you to help me."

The college men entered heartily into Grace's humor, and promised to come down every afternoon and give the boys all the practice they wanted.

Every one belonging to the club had heard what was going on, by this time, and the doctor's big front lawn was crowded with people all the afternoon in consequence.

The improvement in the Malvern boys' playing was so great that every one came up to be introduced, and to congratulate Grace on the work he had done. He held quite a levee in his arm-chair.

Mrs. Merton asked the college men to supper, and had some of the Malvern men and maidens to meet them.

The visitors presumably enjoyed their first day very much, for when they returned the next day they were accompanied by four more collegians, who showed the keenest interest in the practice games.

These four men belonged to that set that is found in almost every college, whose members always seem to have plenty of time to encourage

and aid every institution of Alma Mater, from the debating societies to the tug-of-war team.

These particular four were always on the field when the teams practiced; they bought more tickets than any one else for the Glee Club concerts; and no matter how far the foot-ball team might have to wander to play a match, they could always count on the appearance of the faithful four, clad in great-coats down to their heels and with enough lung power to drown the cheers of a hundred opponents.

Barnes, Blair, Black, and Buck were their proper names, but they were collectively known as the Four B's, the Old Guard, or the Big Four, and Thatcher had so worked on their feelings that they were now ready to champion the Malvern team against their disagreeable opponents.

They made a deep impression on the good townfolk of Malvern. Different people carried them off to supper, but they all met later at Dr. Merton's and sat out on his wide veranda in the moonlight, singing college songs to a banjo accompaniment which delighted the select few inside the grounds and equally charmed a vast number of the uninvited who hung over the front fence.

The practice games continued day after day, and once or twice the Malvern team succeeded in defeating their instructors, which delighted no one more than the instructors themselves.

Grace was very much pleased. He declared he would rather have his boys defeat the Slades than win the national tournament himself, and as he said so, he really believed that he would.

He went around on crutches now, and it was very odd to see him vaulting about the court in his excitement, scolding and approving, and shouting, "Leave that ball alone," "Come up, now," "Go back, play it easy," "Smash it!" "Well played, indeed, sir," "Well placed!"

The tri-club tournament opened on Wednesday, and on Tuesday the Four B's, who had been daily visitors to Malvern, failed to appear, but sent instead two big pasteboard boxes, each holding a blazer, cap, and silk scarf, in blue-and-white stripes, the Malvern club colors, which they offered as their share toward securing the Malvern champions' victory.

On the last practice day, Grace balanced him-

self on his crutches and gave the boys the hardest serving they had ever tried to stand up against. All day long he pounded the balls just an inch above the net, and when they were able to return three out of six he threw down his racket and declared himself satisfied. "We may not take the singles," he said, "but it looks as if the doubles were coming our way."

Grace and his boys, much to the disgust of the townspeople, all of whom, from the burghess down to the hostler in the Malvern Hotel, were greatly excited over the coming struggle, requested that no one should accompany them to Hilltown. They said if they took a crowd down there and were beaten it would only make their defeat more conspicuous, and that the presence of so many interested friends might also make the boys nervous. If they won, they could celebrate the victory more decorously at home. But Grace could not keep the people from going as far as the depot to see them off, and they were so heartily cheered as they steamed away that the passengers and even the conductor were much impressed.

The reappearance of Grace on crutches, and of the Malvern boys in their striking costumes caused a decided sensation. They avoided any conversation with the Hilltown people, and allowed Grace to act for them in arranging the preliminaries.

Pineville had sent two teams. Hilltown was satisfied with the "State champions," as they fondly called the Slades, and these, with Malvern's one team, balanced the games evenly.

The doubles opened with Merton and Prior against the second Pineville team, and the State champions against its first. Grace told his boys not to exert themselves, and to play only just well enough to win. They did as he said, and the second Pineville team were defeated in consequence by so few points that they felt quite pleased with themselves. The Slades had but little trouble with the other Pineville team.

Then the finals came on, and the people of Hilltown crowded up to see the demolition of the Malvernites, against whom they were now more than bitter, owing to Grace's evident interest in their success.

The Hilltown element were so anxious to show their great regard for the champions

that they had contributed an extra amount of money toward the purchase of prize cups over and above the fixed sum subscribed by each of the three clubs.

"Get those cups ready for us," said the elder Slade, as the four players took their places. Prior looked as if he was going to answer this taunt, but Grace shook his head at him.

Thatcher, whose late service to the Malvern team was unknown, acted at their request as one of the umpires. Two Hilltown men served as the referee and other umpire. The game opened up in a way that caused a cold chill to run down the backs of the Hilltown contingent. The despised Malvernites were transformed, and Hilltown could not believe its eyes.

"Are these the same boys who were here ten days ago?" asked an excited old gentleman. "They say they are," replied Mr. Percy Clay gloomily, "but they don't look it."

The Slades felt a paralyzing numbness coming over them as ball after ball came singing back into their court, placed in odd corners just out of reach of their rackets.

They held a hurried consultation, and rolled up their sleeves a little higher and tossed away their caps.

Grace had a far-away and peaceful look in his eyes that made the crowd feel nervous. The first set went six to four in favor of Malvern. Then the crowd surrounded the champions and poured good advice and reproaches upon them, which did not serve to help either their play or their temper.

The result of the second set convinced the umpire and referee that it was time to take a hand in the game themselves, and the decisions at once became so unfair that Grace hobbled over to that end of the court to see after things. But his presence had no effect on the perceptions of the Hilltown umpire. Grace hobbled back to Thatcher and asked him what they had better do about it. Thatcher said he was powerless, and Grace regretted bitterly that he had not brought a crowd with him to see fair play, for the boys were getting rattled at being robbed of so many of their hard-won points. To make matters worse, the crowd took Thatcher in hand, and disputed every decision he gave against Hilltown. Thatcher's blood rose at this, and forgetting

that the usual procedure would not be recognized by a Hilltown crowd, he turned on the spectators and told them that he would have the next man who interfered or questioned his decisions expelled from the grounds.

His warning was received with hoots of laughter and ironical cheers.

"Who's going to put us out?" asked the Hilltown youths derisively. But Thatcher had spoken in a loud voice, and his words and the answer to them had reached the ears of four straight-limbed young men who were at that moment making their way across the grounds. They broke into a run, and, shoving their way through the big crowd with an abruptness learned only in practice against a rush line on a foot-ball field, stood forth on the court in all the glory of orange and black blazers.

"The Four B's!" exclaimed Grace, with a gasp of relief.

"What seems to be the matter, Thatcher?" asked Barnes quietly. "Whom do you want put out?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Clay, running up in much excitement. "Get off this court. You'll be put out yourselves if you attempt to interfere."

Several of the Hilltown young men ran to Mr. Clay's assistance, while one of the Slades leaped over the net and seized Mr. Clay by the shoulder.

"Don't be a fool, Clay!" he whispered. "I know those men. Two of them play on the foot-ball team, and if they felt like it they could turn the whole town out of the grounds. Leave them alone."

Mr. Clay left them alone.

"Go on, Thatcher," said Black, with a nod, "if any of these gentlemen object to any decision, we will discuss it with them. That's what we're here for." Two of the Big Four seated themselves at the feet of the Hilltown umpire and looked wistfully up at him whenever he made a close decision. It was remarkable how his eyesight was improved by their presence.

The Malvern boys beamed with confidence again. The second set went to them, 6-4. Grace was so delighted that he excitedly stamped his bad foot on the turf, and then howled with pain.

The last set was "for blood," — as one of the collegians said.

The Slades overcame their first surprise, and settled down to fight for every point.

The Malvernites gave them all the fight they wanted. One by one the games fell now on one side, now on the other side of the net.

And when it came five games all, the disgust and disappointment of the crowd showed itself in shouts and cheers for their champions and hoots for their young opponents.

But all the cheering and hooting could not change the result.

"Set and game! Malvern wins!" shouted Thatcher, and then, forgetting his late judicial impartiality, threw his arms around Morton's neck and yelled.

The silence of the Hilltown people was so impressive that the wild yell of the college contingent sounded like a whole battery of sky-rockets instead of only four, and Grace sat down on the court and pounded the ground with his crutches.

"That's enough for me," he cried, "I don't care for the singles. I know when I've had enough! I'd have two sprained ankles to do it over again!"

Then the Slades announced that the singles would begin immediately after luncheon.

The Malvern contingent went to the hotel to find something to eat, and Blair slipped away to telegraph to Malvern.

Five minutes later the operator at that place jumped as if he had received a shock from his own battery, and hurried out into the street shouting, "Malvern's won the doubles, three straight sets!"

Judge Prior's coachman, who was waiting at the station for an express package, turned his horse and galloped back up Malvern's only street, shouting out:

"We've won. Master John and Mr. Merton's won the tennis match."

And then the people set to work to prepare a demonstration.

The Hilltown people thought they had never seen young men so disagreeable as were the Big Four after luncheon. They seated themselves like sentinels at the four corners of the court, and whenever any one ventured to jeer at Malvern's

representative they would burst into such an enthusiasm of cheering as to deafen the spectators.

There was no one in the singles but Slade and Merton, the Pineville representative having decided to drop out. Merton, was nervous, and Slade was determined to win. Both played as they had never played before, but Slade's service, which was his strong point, was nothing after the one to which Grace had accustomed Mer-

ton. "If he does that again," said Grace, "I'll have nervous prostration!" But he did not do it again. He smashed the next ball back into Slade's court far out of his way, and then pulled down his sleeves as unconcernedly as if he had been playing a practice game.

The next moment Prior and the others had lifted him up on their shoulders, and were trampin' around the field with him shouting, "What's the matter with Malvern?" and "We



MERTON WINS THE SINGLES.

ton. And in spite of Slade's most strenuous efforts the games kept coming slowly and slightly in Merton's favor.

They were two sets all and were beginning the final set, when Barnes arose and disappeared in the crowd. But those of the quartette who were left made noise enough to keep Merton playing his best. It became a more and more bitter fight as the end drew near. Grace was so excited that not even his sprained ankle could keep him quiet, and Thatcher had great difficulty in restraining a desire to shout. At last Merton got "vantage," with only one point to win, but he missed the next ball and back went the score to "deuce" again. Three times this happened, and three times the college men half rose from the ground expecting to cheer and then sank

are the people!" and many other such highly ridiculous and picturesque cries of victory.

And then there came a shout from the entrance to the grounds, and up the carriage-way rode Barnes mounted on top of an old-fashioned, yellow-bodied stage-coach that he had found in some Hilltown livery-stable and decorated from top to bottom with the Malvern colors. He had four horses in hand, and he was waving his whip and shouting as if a pack of wolves or Indians were in close pursuit.

The boys clambered up on top of the coach and began blowing the horns and affixing the new brooms that Barnes had thoughtfully furnished for them. They were in such a hurry to start that they forgot the prizes; and if Grace had not reminded the boys, they would

have gone home content without the tokens of victory.

The faces of Mr. Percy Clay and the other contributors to the silver cups when they saw the prizes handed up to "that Malvern gang," as they now called them, were most pitiful.

"Fancy our giving two hundred dollars extra for those cups, and then having them go to Malvern!" groaned Mr. Clay.

The boys took the prizes without remark, and had the courtesy not to open the boxes in which the cups reposed on blue velvet until they were out of sight of the men who had lost them with such bad grace.

But when once they were on the road, with the wind whistling around their hats and the trees meeting over their heads and the sun smiling its congratulations as it sank for the night, they displayed the cups, and Grace said he had never seen any handsomer.

It really seemed as if the ten miles was covered in as many minutes, and though dogs ran out and barked at them, and the people in the fields stared at them as if thinking they were crazy, and although Barnes insisted on driving over every stone he could find and almost upsetting them, they kept up their spirits and shouted and sang the whole way.

The engineer of the train that had taken them up saw the coach on his return trip bounding through the shady high road where it ran parallel with his track, and told the operator at Malvern that "those boys were coming back on top of a circus band-wagon."

And the people of Malvern were ready to receive them, though they were still ignorant of the second victory. The young people lined the high road for a distance beyond the town, and the boys saw them from afar, seated on the fence-rails and in buggies and wagons. The other members of the club saw the stage, also, for one of the boys had been up in a tree on the lookout for the last half hour. And they

waved the club colors and all the flags they had been able to get at such short notice; but it was not until three of the Big Four stood up on top of the coach at the risk of breaking their necks, and held up the cups and waved them around their heads until they flashed like mirrors, that the club really cheered. And when they saw there were *cups* they set up such a hurrah that the cows in the next field tore madly off in a stampede. That night everybody in the town came to Dr. Merton's with the village band and thronged the big lawn; and Merton made a speech in which he spoke very highly of Prior, and of the Big Four who had helped to save the day, and of Thatcher, but most of all of Grace.

Then Grace had to speak leaning on his crutches; and the band played and the college boys sang and everybody handled the prizes and admired them even to the champions' satisfaction.

The next day Grace bade his new friends good-bye and went back to college, where his absence was attributed to his sprained ankle. He thought of the people of Malvern very often, of the twilight evenings spent on Dr. Merton's lawn listening to the college boys' singing and talking to the girls of the Malvern Tennis Club, and of the glorious victory of his pupils and the friendliness and kindness of his hosts.

He knew he would never forget them, but he never thought they would long remember him.

But, two weeks later, the expressman brought a big box with a smaller black one inside of it; and within, resting on its blue velvet bed, was a facsimile of the prize cup of the tri-club tournament. And it was marked, "To Charles Cole-ridge Grace. From the people of Malvern."

And when Grace exhibits the many prizes he has won, they say that it is this cup which he did *not* win that he handles most carefully and shows with the greatest pride.



# **S**eptember.

We made ourselves a castle  
Once after school was out ;  
We raked the leaves together  
To wall it all about .

We made a winding pathway  
Down to the school-yard gate,  
And there we worked with might and main  
Until the day grew late ;

Until one bright star twinkled  
Above the maple tree ,  
And lights shone down the village street  
As far as we could see .

We planned that every recess  
We'd come out there to play ,  
But in the night it blew so hard  
Our castle blew away .

K.Pyle.

K.P.

## “CHOPPING HIM DOWN.”

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

LIFE in the lumbermen's winter camps, deep in the backwoods of New Brunswick, Maine, or in Quebec, is not so adventurous as might at first appear. It grows monotonous to the visitor as soon as the strangeness of it has worn off.

has died away, the wild beasts might creep near enough to camp to smell the pork and beans with little risk.

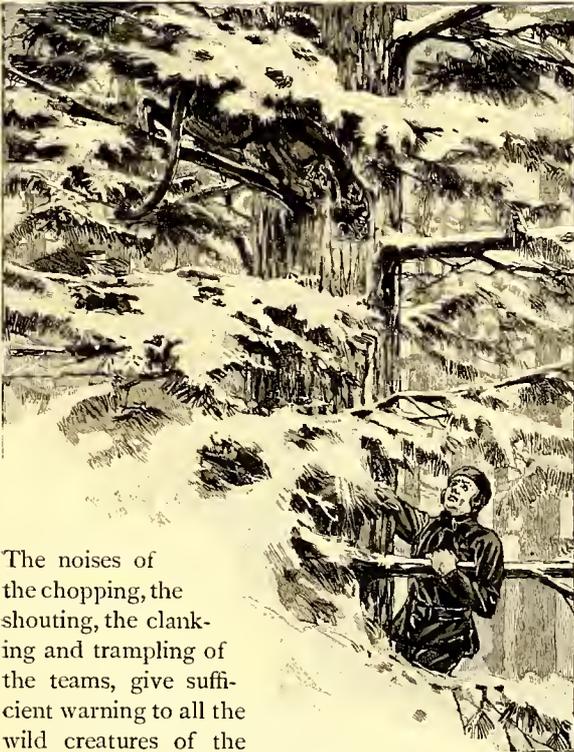
At rare intervals, however, the monotony of profound and soundless snows, of endless forests, of felled trees, of devious wood-roads, of ax and sled and chain, is sharply broken, and something occurs to remind the heedless woodsman that though in the wilderness he is yet not truly of it. He is suddenly made aware of those shy but savage forces which, regarding him as a trespasser on their domains, have been vigilantly keeping him under a keen and angry watch.

The spirit of the violated forest strikes a swift and sometimes effectual blow for revenge. A yoke of oxen are straining at their load: a great branch seems, with conscious purpose, to reach down and seize the nearest ox by his horns,—and the poor brute falls with his neck broken. A stout sapling is bent to the ground by a weight of ice and snow: the thaw or a passing team releases it, and by the fierce recoil a horse's leg is fractured. A lumberman strays off into the woods by himself, and is found, days afterward, half eaten by bears and foxes. A solitary chopper drops his ax, and leans against a tree to rest or to dream of his sweetheart in the distant settlements, and a panther drops from the branches above

and seriously wounds him.

Yet the forest's vengeance is seldom accomplished, and on the careless woodsman the threat of it produces no permanent effect. His onward march will not be stayed. His ax goes everywhere.

There is perhaps nothing that so cheers the heart of the lumberman as to play a practical joke on one whom he calls a “greenhorn,”



“THERE, NOT TEN FEET ABOVE ME,  
WAS A HUGE PANTHER.”  
(SEE PAGE 930.)

The noises of the chopping, the shouting, the clanking and trampling of the teams, give sufficient warning to all the wild creatures of the woods, and they generally agree in giving wide berth to a neighborhood which has suddenly become so dangerous. The lumbermen are incessantly occupied, chopping and hauling from dawn to sundown; and at night they have little energy to expend on the hunting of bears or panthers. Their bunks and their blankets acquire an overwhelming attraction for them; and by the time the camp has concluded its after-supper smoke, and the sound of a few noisy songs

or in other words, any one unused to the strange ways and flavor of the lumber-camps. As may be imagined, the practical jokes in vogue in such rough company are not remarkable for gentleness. One of the harshest and most dangerous, as well as most admired, is that known as “chopping him down.”

This means, in a word, that the unsophisticated stranger in the camp is invited to climb a tall tree to take observations or enjoy a remarkable view. No sooner has he reached the top, than a couple of vigorous axmen attack the tree at its base, while the terrified stranger makes fierce haste to descend from his too-lofty situation. Long before he can reach the ground the tree begins to topple. The men shout to him to get on the upper side,—which he does with appalled alacrity; and with a mighty swish and crash down comes the tree. As a general rule, the heavy branches so break the shock that the victim, to his intense astonishment, finds himself uninjured; though frequently he is frightened out of a year’s growth. There are cases on record, however, where men have been crippled for life in this outrageous play; and in some cases the “boss” of the camp forbids it.

But it is not only the greenhorn who is subject to this discipline of chopping down. Even veterans sometimes like to climb a tree and take a view beyond the forest; and sometimes, on a holiday or a Sunday, some contemplative woodsman will take refuge in a tree-top to think of his sweetheart, or else to eat a sheet of stolen gingerbread. If his retreat be discovered by his comrades he is promptly chopped down with inextinguishable jeers.

I have mentioned stolen gingerbread. This bread is a favorite delicacy in the camps; and the cook who can make really good gingerbread is prized indeed. It is made in wide, thin, tough sheets; and while it is being served to the hands, some fellow occasionally succeeds in “hooking” a whole sheet while the cook’s back is toward him. But in that same instant every man’s hand is turned against him. He darts into the woods, devouring huge mouthfuls as he runs. If he is very swift of foot he may escape, eat his spoils in retirement, and stroll back, an hour later, with a conscious air of triumph. More often he has to take to a tree. Instantly all hands rush to chop

him down. He climbs no higher than is necessary, perches himself on a stout limb, and eats at his gingerbread for dear life. He knows just what position to take for safety, and often, ere the tree comes down, there is little gingerbread left to reward its captors. The meager remnant is usually handed over with an admirable submissiveness, if it is not dropped in the fall and annihilated in the snow and debris.

At one time I knew a lumberman who succeeded in hiding his stolen gingerbread in his long boot-legs, and slept with the boots under his head for security. The camp was on the banks of a lake. The time of the capture of the gingerbread Saturday night in spring. Next morning the spoiler took possession of the one “bateau” belonging to the camp, rowed out into the lake beyond the reach of stones and snowballs, and then calmly fished the gingerbread out of his boots. Sitting at ease in the bateau, he devoured his dainty with the utmost deliberation, while his chagrined comrades could only gey him from the shore.

For myself, I was chopped down once, and once only. It happened in this way. In the midwinter of 1879, I had occasion to visit the chief camp on the Little Madawaska. Coming from the city, and to a camp where I was a stranger to all the men, I was not unnaturally regarded as a pronounced specimen of the greenhorn. I took no pains to tell any one what the boss already well knew, that is, that I had been a frequenter of the camps from my boyhood. Many and many a neat trap was laid for my apparently “tender” feet, but I avoided them all as if by accident. As for climbing a tree, I always laughed at the idea when it was proposed to me. I always suggested that it might spoil my clothes. Before long the men, by putting little things together, came to the conclusion that I was an old stager; and, rather sheepishly, they gave over their attempts to entrap me. Then I graciously waved my hand, as it were, and was frankly received as a veteran, cleared from every suspicion of being green.

At last the day came when I *did* wish to climb a tree. The camp was on a high plateau, and not far off towered a magnificent pine tree, growing out of the summit of a knoll in such a way as to command all the surrounding coun-

try. Its branches were phenomenally thick; its girth of trunk was magnificent. And this tree I resolved one day to climb, in order to get a clear idea of the lay of the land. Of course I strolled off surreptitiously, and, as I thought, unwatched. But there I was much mistaken. No sooner was I two-thirds of the way up the tree than, with shouts of laughter, the lumbermen



ENJOYING STOLEN SWEETS.

rushed out of the surrounding cover and proceeded to chop me down. The chance was too good for them to lose.

I concealed my annoyance, and made no attempt to descend. On the contrary I thanked them for the little attention, and climbed a few feet further up, to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so, I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a large branch, was a huge panther, glaring with rage and terror. From the men below his form was quite concealed. Glancing restlessly from me to my pursuers, the brute seemed uncertain just what to do. As I carefully refrained from climbing any further up, and tried to assume an air of not having observed him, he apparently concluded that I was not his worst enemy. In fact, I dare say he understood what was going on and realized that he and I were fellow-sufferers.

I laughed softly to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I

decided that, considering their numbers, there would be at least no more danger for them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling. And, already influenced by that touch of nature which makes us so wondrous kind, I began to hope that the panther would succeed in making his escape.

The trunk of the pine was so thick that I might almost have reached the ground before the choppers could cut it through. At last it gave a mighty shudder and sagged to one side. I balanced myself nimbly on the upper side, steadying myself by a convenient branch. The great mass of foliage, presenting a wide surface to the air, made the fall a comparatively slow one; but the tremendous sweep of the draught upward, as the tree-top described its gigantic arc, gave me a sickening sensation. Then came the final dull and thunderous crash, and—in an instant, I found myself standing in my place, jarred but unhurt, with the snow threshed up all about me.

The next instant there was another roar, or rather a sort of screaming yell, overwhelming the riotous laughter of the woodsmen; and out of the confusion of pine-boughs shot the tawny form of the panther in a whirlwind of fury. One of the choppers was in his path, and was bowled over like a clumsy nine-pin. The next bound brought the beast on to the backs of a yoke of oxen, and his cruel claws severely scratched the oxen's necks. As the poor animals bellowed and fell on their knees, the panther paused, with some idea, apparently, of fighting the whole assembled party. But as the men, recovered from their first amazement, rushed with their axes to the rescue of the oxen, the panther saw that the odds were all against him. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific and strident snarl, then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him. The owner of the oxen hurled an ax after him, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

As the excitement subsided, and I saw that the chopper who had been knocked over was none the worse for his tumble, I chaffed my tormentors unmercifully. For their part they had no answer ready. They seemed almost to think that I had conjured up the panther for the

occasion. I thanked them most fervently for coming to my rescue with such whole-hearted good-will, and promised them that if ever again I got into a tree with a panther I would send for them at once. Then I set myself to doctoring the unfortunate oxen, whose lacerated necks and shoulders we soon mended up with

impromptu plasters. And the owner of the oxen gratefully vowed to me, "If ever I see any of the chaps a-laying for ye agin, an' any of my critters is around, I'll tip ye the wink, shore!"

For which I thanked him very cordially, but assured him that I hoped I could look out for myself.

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



We 're spending the day,  
In the pleasantest way,  
With Uncle Eliphalet Brown.  
We may run at our ease,  
And do just what we please,  
And we never can do that in town.

For "Quack!" says the duck,  
And the hen says "Cluck!"  
And the chickens say "Peepity-wee!"  
And John milks the cow,  
Though he does n't know how,  
And we 're happy as happy can be.

## TWO SURPRISE PARTIES.

BY JOHN CLOVER.



BUSY sounds issued from a country district school-house one August day as the noon hour drew near. The eye of the day, undimmed by the slightest mote of a cloud, glared down on the wilting fields and woods. The air was throbbing with heat. The cattle had sought the shade. The farmers and their teams were trying to keep cool in the houses and barns.

But the precious noon hour, hot and dazzling as was the day, must not in inactivity be lost to the prisoners of the school soon to be set at liberty. Among the boys, it was plain to be seen, there was something unusual on the programme for this day. A hornet's nest was to be attacked!

Rations from bright tin pails were hastily devoured; the soldiery were marshaled, and the little army started—the youth and valor of District number nine, the flower of Smoky Valley and Miami Hills. Nearly all were veterans in warfare with many of the lance-armed tribes of the field. On many a day had we fought and vanquished the yellow-jackets. We had stormed the castles of the wasps, and borne far away their family treasures. We had attacked the bumble-bees in the meadows, and robbed their larders of stores of honey. But with the hornets, those most retired but fiercest fighters of all the lancers, few of us had ever been in a regular engagement. In fact, only two had seen any service against them; and these two were appointed to act as our generals on this eventful occasion.

The foe were said to be in an old apple orchard on a hillside traversed by ravines, half a mile from the school-house. To reach it we had to cross a pasture-field, a corn-field, some stubble, and a by-road that led to the gravel-beds of a creek.

One faint heart faltered and turned back. He was a town "mother's pet," in the neighborhood on a visit. Two more deserted subsequently. In crossing the pasture, little "Bunty" Crook, armed with his bow and arrow, with which he had become quite proficient, ran a thorn through the tough sole of his bare, brown foot; he threw himself on his back, a comrade, with a pair of pincers improvised from jack-knife and thumb, drew the torturing shaft; and poor Bunty, with tears of anguish in his eyes, but every ounce honest pluck, hobbled along in the rear, leaving bloody footprints as did the patriots at Valley Forge.

We skirted the corn-field, its sword-blade leaves twisted in the heat into the form of scabbards. "A snake! a snake!" Out of the weedy border and in among the corn; with beaded head high, erect, and fiery; forked tongue playing like a splinter of lightning, ran a big, black "racer." There was a sudden, startled halt, a quick rallying of nerve, and a bold dash of pursuit into the forest of maize. "Here he comes!" "Hit him!" "Look out!" "There he is!" "Run, run!" "Hurray!" and Rob Rankin, the widow's son, nailed the snake with the stroke of a "shinney-stick" across the ebony back, just as he was gliding into an immense log heap among the corn, where once ensconced he would have been secure from a thousand boys. He was soon dispatched and showed, from his ugly jaws to the tip of his writhing tail (which we believed would live until sun-down), just five feet and ten inches by Sam Featherstone's tape-line.

Emerging from the corn, and crossing the stubble and road, we cautiously entered the grassy orchard. Here, all unconscious of impending danger, the enemy were encamped. It well behooved all now to be wary. The more impetuous were ordered to the rear, with the warning that a false step was likely to bring upon us sore disaster. A commanding knoll

was reached, and, in silence, Sam Featherstone pointed his fateful finger across a ravine in the direction of a mammoth, lichen-covered tree. There, sure enough, in plain view, was the round lead-colored tent of the foe suspended from one of the lowest boughs like a balloon, as big as a bushel basket. Now and then a hornet could be seen entering or leaving the nest by the small opening at the bottom. A council of war was held. What should be the tactics? Should it be an open, square attack and battle, with such weapons as we could provide? — or should it be some species of strategy? Some who had been the keenest advocates of a sharp, hand-to-hand fight now gave indications of weakening. One even suggested that the job be postponed until some day when it was cloudy and raining, as the hornets then did not fight so hard.

Dan Bruner's plan was a masterpiece. It was carried by acclamation of the whole army: Slip up quietly; pop a plug of grass into that small doorway; drag down the nest, and hurry off with it, with such of the enemy as were at home securely bottled up in their own fort. A bright idea that, if successfully carried into practice. But who would volunteer to do the plugging? Dan Bruner, the great originator of the scheme, was unanimously elected. He accepted the office with an air of apparent reluctance and native modesty, which would have done credit to an old diplomatist. He was one of the veterans, claiming to have seen considerable hornet-fighting and to have felt more than once the point of the javelins. Collecting a large handful of long, dry grass, he twisted it into a hard bunch, and started out on his perilous venture. By a circuitous route he crossed the ravine and carefully approached the tree,—the lurking place of so many foes. At length he reached the trunk on the side opposite the nest; then he took off his hat, wiped his streaming brow, and screwed up his courage a little tighter. With the grass stopper held out in advance, he crouched and was moving slowly around the tree, when "ping!" went Bunty's bowstring, and an arrow piercing the nest half buried itself. Run, Dan, run, as you value your life! Out came three or four stout fellows of the home-guard, or sentries

at the gate, to see what was the matter, and immediately decided that Dan was the author of the mischief. Inside the tent there was a humming and a drumming and sounding of a general call to arms. The bewildered Dan, hesitating a moment, took the alarm, and plunged across the ravine and into the midst of us with a score of red-hot hornets about his ears or in close pursuit. These generously divided their attentions among us all. The attacking party assumed the defensive without delay. An earnest (if not masterly) retreat was unanimously agreed upon, and it was as speedy as was consistent with proper defense. Bayonet charge followed bayonet charge. The home-guard fought without mercy, and sharply pressed pursuit. Hats were doffed, arms flung madly in air, and howls of anguish uttered. One of our leaders rolled in the grass in fierce combat with what might have been the general in command of the sortie, a fiery old warrior with a terrible scimiter. A red-headed boy had an angry fencer entangled among his glowing curls, burying its cruel dagger to the hilt at every thrust.

It was a complete rout. We were driven from the orchard, over the road, across the stubble, and into the rustling corn, where we managed to shake off our assailants. Our army, who lately passed that way so hopeful and courageous, was now scattered, broken, and terrified. After some delay and much signaling, our forlorn band was reassembled at a spring, in an elm-tree's shadow, where we slaked our burning thirst and recounted our wounds. Not one had escaped. The light, scant summer garments which we wore afforded poor protection against their keen weapons, and the enemy did not need to be particular in selecting a spot for a home-thrust. The presentation of our red, swollen frontispieces at school, and at home in the evening, caused us mortifying embarrassment in addition to the physical pain which we suffered.

Every soldier survived that terrible day, but in the lonely orchard hung a hornet's nest, with an arrow sticking in its side; and there it hung and swung, without further molestation, until the coming of the frosts.

## A LITTLE BROWN WITCH.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

THE last of the dark-faced children had departed, and Ellice was alone in the deserted school-room, with the afternoon sun slanting in through the doorway which the retreating troop had left open. Her eye wandered mechanically over books and desks to see that they had been left in proper order, and half absently took note of various little details that made this long, low room unlike an ordinary school-room in "the States"—the American flag draped above the blackboard, the strange fern-like moss and the oddly carved arrows that decorated her table, and in one corner the little pile of white blankets which, borrowed from the "Home," had served as a bed for the two or three babies whose mothers came to be taught with their children. It had been a trying day, and the young teacher breathed a sigh of mingled weariness and relief as she turned her gaze to the outer world revealed by the window near her—the distant line of buildings that marked the village with its one short street, the mission chapel and Home on the outskirts, the half-ruined structure which told of a former Russian occupation, and the fringe of Indian dwellings straggling away in every direction. Low, half-buried huts were many of these last, while before the doors of the more pretentious cabins stood queer, tall, curiously carved poles, pointing their strange fingers skyward. Farther away was the background of towering Alaskan mountains, snow-crested here and there, but seen through thin veils that robed them in rose, amethyst, or emerald.

A breeze from the Pacific swept up the sound, and rustled the papers at Ellice's elbow; and it seemed to the girl like the voice of the wind among the old maples at home,—a far-away home where she was not "Teacher," but only "Nell,"—and her thoughts wandered to the dear circle there. So busy were memory and fancy that the present and its surroundings were

forgotten. She did not heed a swift step, nor notice that she was no longer alone, until a hand touched her arm.

"Teacher, come!"

The hurried voice, the agitated face, the anguish in the dark eyes bent upon her startled Ellice to her feet at once.

"What is it, Taluma? Tell me what has happened?"

"My sister! My little only one! They have taken her for a *witch*!"

Ellice's face paled. One did not need to live long in Alaska to learn all the horror of such a statement, and Ellice, who knew how this sister's loyal heart was bound up in the life of the little one, grew sick with the sudden blow.

"Oh, Taluma! are you sure? Who did it?"

But the Indian girl interrupted the questioning with an imperative gesture and imploring cry:

"Oh, Teacher, come!"

"We must get help. We must go to the Home," said Ellice, while she hastily donned hat and shawl. But even while she spoke, a swift remembrance flashed upon her that the superintendent had that morning been called to Fort Wrangell, and that the matron was just recovering from illness.

"No time; too late,—be too late," urged Taluma in agonized protest. "You come. Canoe down there."

There seemed indeed nothing else that could be done at once. The village to which Taluma belonged was but three miles distant, and Ellice reflected, as they hastened down to the beach, that if they could reach the place before the child was harmed, her influence, even though it failed to procure release, might avail to stay proceedings until more potent authority could be summoned. Evidently that was Taluma's hope. The white face, the civilized dress, the English tongue, represented power; and yet she

knew,— alas, how well! —the strength of superstition and hatred that would oppose her. She had caught up the blankets that formed the bed in the school-room, (the little one might need them if they should be so fortunate as to bring her back), and, with the deference of habit, she arranged them for the teacher's seat; but she scarcely seemed to breathe until the canoe shot out into the water.

Once fairly under way, she was able to tell the story—meager enough in its details—as it had reached her through a friendly Indian. A woman in the village had suddenly become ill, and the “medicine-men,” according to custom, ascribed it to witchcraft. They had declared the helpless little hunchback, a mere baby of seven years, to be the witch who must suffer torture and death.

“My little one! my darling!” moaned Taluma in her native tongue.

Ellice's heart was hot, and her eyes were wet, with indignation and pity. Poor Taluma, turning away from the darkness of the old life, had struggled upward so bravely! She and the little sister were orphans, and the strong, courageous girl had toiled for and shielded the little one, lavishing upon her all the tenderness of her untaught, hungry heart. She refused every offer that would separate them, until an uncle, the guardian of the girls, anxious to secure the price that would be paid for her as a wife, and enraged at her refusal to agree to his selecting a husband for her, determined to carry out his plan by force. Then, as the only alternative, Taluma ran away and begged for admittance at the Mission Home. But the shelter that received her was already full to overflowing. There was no room, no suitable place, for the little Wish, and, moreover, the enraged uncle refused to give up the child. But his opposition, which was due only to anger and not at all in accord with his self-interest,—since there was no prospect that any one would buy the crippled girl for a wife,—had gradually softened in the year and a half since Taluma, partly to compensate for his loss but more to make him kind toward little Wish, had carried him such peace-offerings as she could contrive to earn; and it was understood that as soon as the new wing of the Home building should be finished, Wish

should come also. To Taluma, study and the new ways had opened a whole world of hope and aspiration. She drank in knowledge eagerly. No other pupil learned so rapidly or improved so marvelously, and it was all for the sake of Wish,—little Wish, who should be petted, shielded, and taught, and should never again feel the shadow of the old, hard life. Daily Taluma's handsome face had been growing brighter as she counted the weeks—only a few—until the little one could be with her.

And now *this* had come!

“Would your uncle give her up to those men? Could not he protect her?” questioned Ellice.

Taluma shook her head. She well knew that resistance often proved futile, even when the accused had many friends; and for this poor little orphan her uncle would not be likely to imperil his own life.

“Not care enough for do that!” she said bitterly.

Her strong young arms were well used to paddling, and nerved by love and fear they sent the light boat rapidly through the water. The lights and shadows, the changing tints of sky and wave, a glimpse of forest-clad islands, and the varied beauty of the indented shore made a picture of rare loveliness. But Taluma, with gaze strained eagerly forward, saw only the distant point she longed to reach; and even Ellice, trying amid a whirl of thought to form some plan of action, was for once blind to the beauty around her.

Frantic haste and anxious planning were alike vain, however, for when they reached the village Wish was gone; she had been carried away by her captors and a motley troop of followers of both sexes and all ages to a deserted camp about two miles distant.

It was not easy to obtain details, for the excitement of the accusation and arrest had aroused all the superstition of the natives, their awe of the Shaman\* and the fear of witchcraft, and they were inclined to hold themselves aloof from the sister of the “witch.” There were also friends and relatives of the sick woman who divined at once the mission of the new-comers, and followed them with lowering and suspicious glances. Taluma's uncle was sullen and gloomy, and

\* The “medicine-man.”

seemed chiefly concerned about the "much trouble" that had been brought upon himself. Ellice sought one of the head men of the village, a chief whom, because of his knowing English and his long intercourse with the whites, she



ALASKAN GIRL.

hoped to influence; but he stoutly protested his inability to do anything. He had "made talk to the people," but they would not listen. It would be not only useless but dangerous to interfere. The people were enraged over the supposed discovery, and, moreover, had been drinking *hoochinoo* until they were wild, and whoever attempted to turn them from their purpose would only draw vengeance upon himself. He positively refused to go with the girls to seek the child's release, and declared that it would be madness for them to go. It was unsafe for them even to remain where they were; and he counseled their immediate return, suggesting that they could then send "governor, soldier, big missionary-man, to make talk" to the natives.

The girls understood that this plea was urged merely in the hope of getting rid of them, and because the chief knew full well that long before such aid could be summoned little Wish would have met her doom. But there was nothing to be gained from him, and they turned to go, Taluma herself leading the way back to the canoe as if she had accepted his decision. Ellice's eyes swept wave and sky with a wild thought of the network of wires that connected

all places in the United States. If they could but telegraph to Sitka or Wrangell! But this land, so beautiful, was desolately far from help.

Taluma silently pushed out into the water, and then she turned a resolute face to her companion.

"Teacher, you go back. A little way down, I leave you; some boat will find to take you."

"And what will you do, Taluma?"

"I will go to her—my poor baby! my only one!" Again the tender names were wailed in the Indian tongue.

Ellice looked at her through a mist of tears. Back in her old New England home amid the rustling maples was a little sister, the pet of the household. A vision of that blue-eyed darling in cruel hands, left alone to meet torture and death, flashed upon Ellice its sudden horror. If certain death were before her she would never turn back and leave her own, and she could not ask Taluma to do so. Should she desert her? Memories, hopes, all that made her young life sweet, rose before her, but with them came some old words about losing one's life to save it, and a pitiful saving that was only losing.

"I will go with you," she said simply.

There was no answer in words, but the dark eyes flashed upon her one eloquent look. Presently, as she turned the prow of her craft from a little inlet into a narrower stream, Taluma explained:

"They go across land; it nearer by water. I know the place."

It had been one of their summer villages or camps, where the natives often met to gather fish-eggs and berries and prepare them for winter use. It was a lonely spot, and Taluma moored her canoe where a heavy strip of woodland running far down toward the water would conceal their landing, and might prevent the boat from being seen. Having removed the blankets, she took the further precaution of taking out the paddles also, so that, if the canoe were discovered, it might not be taken away.

"We will hide them," she said, leading the way in and out among the trees and through the undergrowth of dogwood, berry-bushes, and wild roses that grew, in this sheltered spot, in almost tropical luxuriance. She knew the ground well, and soon paused where a tangled thicket had

formed a natural bower. Passing through the narrow opening, she hid paddles and blankets, and came again to Ellice's side. They had decided that whatever they did must be done either through stealth or strategy, for even where they stood there reached them the shouts and yells of the drunken, dancing Indians, clearly confirming all the chief had said. A short distance from them, the thick grove dwindled to a straggling fringe of trees; and beyond that was a clearing. They cautiously made their way forward, keeping out of sight, until

the long Alaskan day had just reached its twilight, and they could hope for no more favorable opportunity, and whatever they did must be done at once. After a hurried consultation, Taluma emerged into the open space, while Ellice, whose face and dress would at once have attracted attention, remained behind the trees. Cautiously seeming to mingle with the people, yet keeping in the shade as much as possible, and keeping away from any one who might recognize her, the Indian girl slowly edged her way toward the hut that held her treasure, until



ALASKAN WAR-CANOE.

the whole scene was before them—a blazing fire, and the howling mob around it. At one side some fresh earth had been thrown up, showing where a shallow pit had been dug. Ellice understood its significance, and shuddered—these villagers buried their “witches” alive! Taluma’s quick eyes assured her that the form she sought was not among the throng by the fire, and she pointed to a half-ruined hut on the outskirts of the crowd, and whispered:

“She tied there, alone.”

There was little need to whisper, for the din was so great that loud speech would have been unheard. It was late by Ellice’s watch, but

VOL. XVII.—115.

she stood in the shadow close beside it. The firelight gleamed in through the half-open door, dimly lighting up the rude interior. There were crevices enough through which she could discern the poor little captive, cruelly fastened so that her feet could scarcely touch the ground, and with her hands bound behind her. Her faint moan, a call on the only love she knew, rent the sister’s heart:

“Taluma! Taluma!”

Evidently the Indians did not dream of an attempt at rescue. In the security of being all of one mind and far away from any interference, they made no special effort to guard

the cabin, and even the binding of the victim was more a matter of ceremony than a precaution against her escape. Occasionally, one of the "medicine-men" entered to march in mystic circle around her while performing some mummary for the benefit of the sick woman, or some valiant brave ventured inside the door to shake his club at the poor little "witch;" but for the greater part of the time all were occupied with the ceremonies at the fire.

Watching her opportunity, Taluma slipped through the doorway. A low word of warning to the little one, the swift cutting of the bands that secured hands and feet, and in a minute or two she was outside again with the child in her arms.

She longed to fly, but dared make no hurried movement. Slowly, with Wish now painfully walking a few steps as less likely to attract observation, now lifted into the sister's strong arms to save time, they retreated toward the wood.

To Ellice, watching breathlessly, the dragging minutes seemed ages; but Taluma had almost reached the shelter of the trees when a sudden cry near the hut announced that the escape was discovered. Further caution was useless, and Taluma darted forward with her burden; but she was seen, and instant pursuit followed. The girls had the advantage of knowing where they were going, and they ran directly for the thicket; while their pursuers, not near enough to keep them in sight, now circled about almost aimlessly through the bushes.

But their capture seemed only delayed. Cowering in their hiding-place, the girls knew that it could afford them but brief shelter. Taluma clasped closely the little one whose trembling arms clung to her neck, and waited in dumb despair the vengeance her deed had provoked. To Ellice, the fierce beating of the bushes, and the shouts and cries, now nearer, now more distant, were maddening.

It seemed to her intolerable to wait there inactive until those terrible hands should seize her. She felt a wild impulse to rush out and meet death half-way, since die she must; and she turned to the Indian girl with a questioning glance.

Then suddenly, born of her very despera-

tion — or was it an inspiration? — there darted through her brain a plan, hazardous indeed, but offering a faint gleam of hope. She caught up one of the blankets and pinned it closely about her throat, so that it would fall around her to the ground. The other blanket she fastened to one of the paddles, hastily twisting the top into a rude imitation of a head. Then taking the paddle in her hands, she held it up so that the blanket fastened to it fell around the upper part of her figure, concealing her head and forming altogether a grotesque figure of stupendous height.

Years before, in childish games at home, she had played "tall white lady" with her merry companions; but now her life hung on the success of the weird representation, and every heart-throb was a prayer as she crept out of the thicket, slipped from tree to tree, and then walked slowly out into a more open space, where she would be seen. With trembling limbs, but measured step, she traversed the little glade.

In a moment, a deafening yell announced that she had attracted attention, but the stillness that instantly followed showed that the figure had produced wonder if not terror.

That odd, white figure, supernaturally tall, moving slowly along in the dim light, and seemingly unconscious of any human presence, was strange and weird enough to have startled any beholder; and the effect on these ignorant and superstitious natives, excited as they were by all the "conjuring" of the afternoon, can scarcely be described.

With that same strange, noiseless, swaying motion the ghostlike form slowly traversed a circle, while the awe-struck observers, huddled closely together at a respectful distance, watched it with staring eyes.

The first triumphant shout of discovery had drawn nearly the whole party to the spot, and Ellice felt that they must not be allowed to examine too carefully, or have time for familiarity to lessen the first impression. So, though her heart beat fast with fear, she turned her steps deliberately toward them.

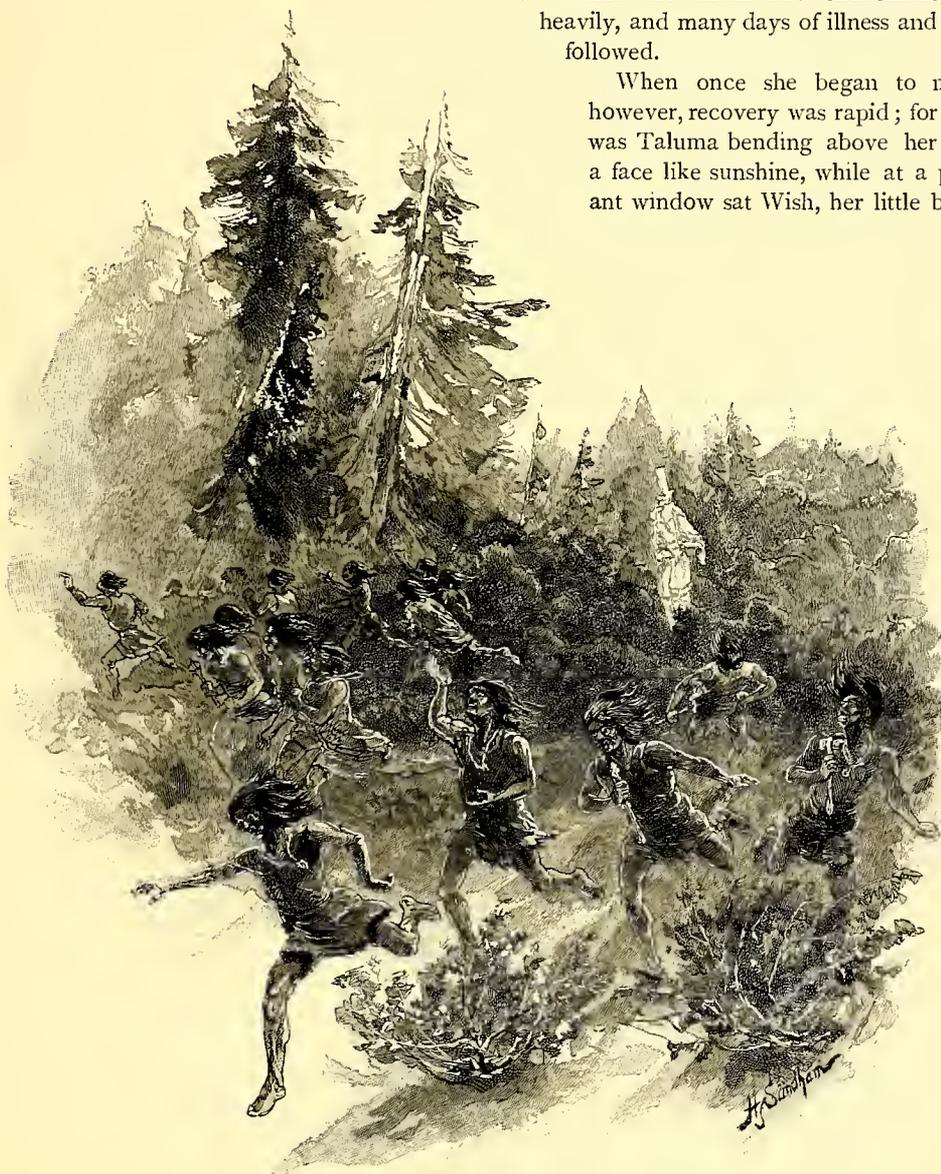
That was too much to be borne. With a howl of terror they all turned and fled, the "medicine-men" leading in the frantic race, and the specter

was left in full possession of the field. Gliding cautiously toward the thicket, she summoned Taluma; and, moving behind her, covered her retreat to the boat. Speedily they swept down

Even then they strained their eyes anxiously in every direction, and shrank in alarm from any dark spot on the water. But they made the voyage unmolested, and reached home in safety.

On Ellice the strain and excitement told heavily, and many days of illness and fever followed.

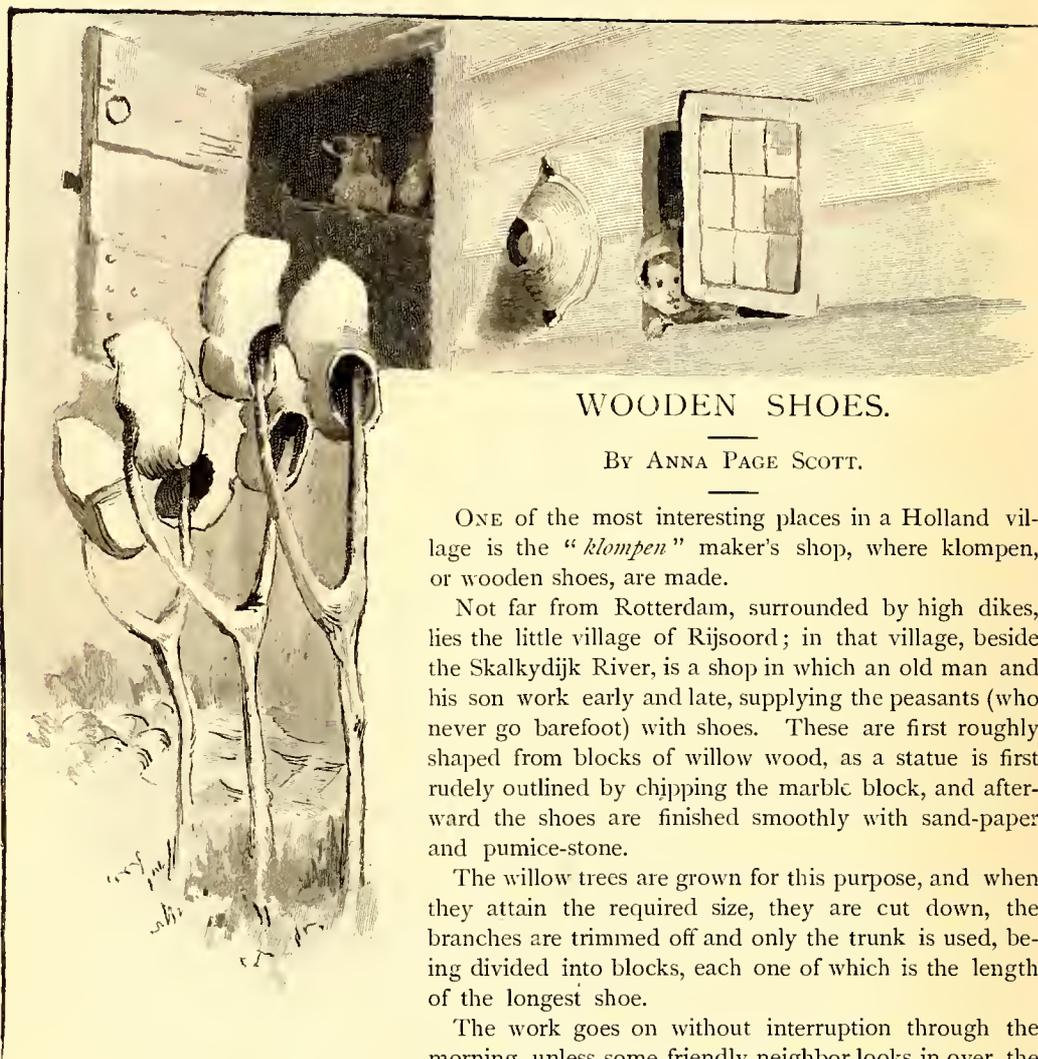
When once she began to mend, however, recovery was rapid; for there was Taluma bending above her with a face like sunshine, while at a pleasant window sat Wish, her little brown



"WITH A HOWL OF TERROR THEY ALL TURNED AND FLED."

the little river, starting at every sound, and only breathed freely when they found themselves out upon the wider waters.

hands blissfully occupied with a doll, and her look of childish content answering with her voice to whoever asked her: "Me Berry happy."



BLEACHING FOR SUNDAY.

## WOODEN SHOES.

BY ANNA PAGE SCOTT.

ONE of the most interesting places in a Holland village is the "*klompen*" maker's shop, where *klompen*, or wooden shoes, are made.

Not far from Rotterdam, surrounded by high dikes, lies the little village of Rijsoord; in that village, beside the Skalkydijk River, is a shop in which an old man and his son work early and late, supplying the peasants (who never go barefoot) with shoes. These are first roughly shaped from blocks of willow wood, as a statue is first rudely outlined by chipping the marble block, and afterward the shoes are finished smoothly with sand-paper and pumice-stone.

The willow trees are grown for this purpose, and when they attain the required size, they are cut down, the branches are trimmed off and only the trunk is used, being divided into blocks, each one of which is the length of the longest shoe.

The work goes on without interruption through the morning, unless some friendly neighbor looks in over the half-open Dutch door; and this is the occasion seized upon by the two men for refilling and lighting their pipes,

and drawing a few long whiffs, while they listen to a little village gossip.

At eleven o'clock the good *vrouw* appears at the door with "*koffij, jongens*" (coffee, boys), and they follow her into the adjoining room. It has a low, thatched roof of deep-yellow reeds, and contains the great fireplace, where in damp weather the newly-made shoes are placed before the fire to dry.

All their food is cooked in the same fireplace, excepting the bread, which in every peasant's home is supplied by the baker.

The shoes are piled round the smoldering embers, often with the tea-kettle simmering among them; and while the sap dries out, they give little groans, and sighs, as if they knew the hard fate awaiting them when the time shall come for them to cover the feet of some sturdy Dutch peasant or workman and to clatter over the pavements of the town.

After this morning's refreshment, which all of the peasants enjoy, they return to work.

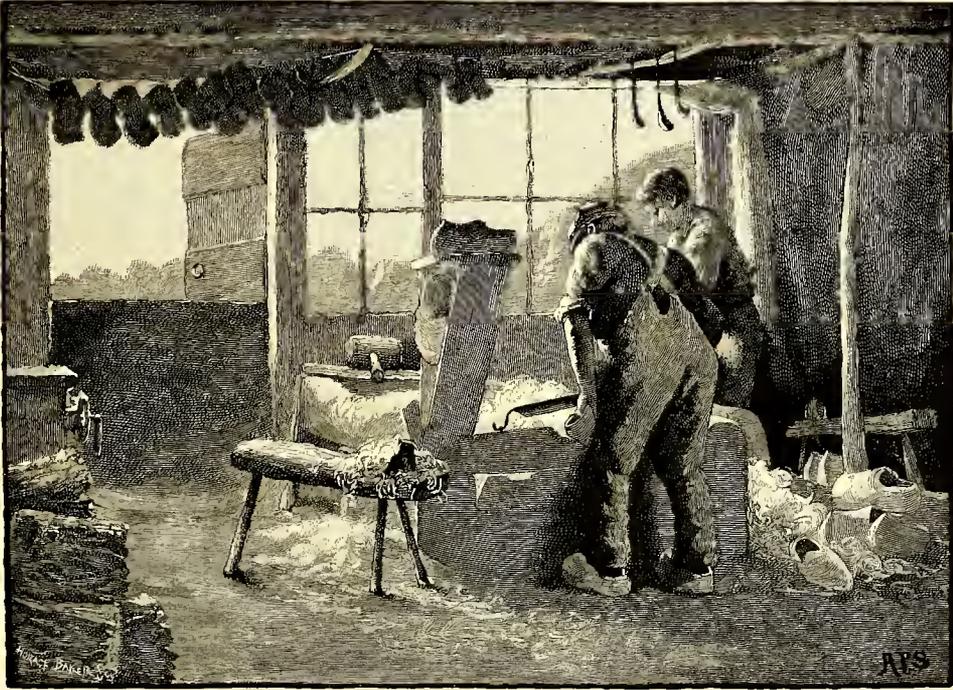
Sometimes, among the piles of white shavings, there are customers waiting to be fitted with new shoes; and from the rows of shoes suspended from the ceiling, and across the side walls, for *kinderen* and grown folks, the right size is always found.

The Hollanders make so many uses of wooden shoes, one is persuaded to believe the "Old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many

dreams of future wealth to be realized "when his ship comes in."

The boats that one may see on the rivers and the coasts of Holland are not unlike the wooden shoes in shape, and the same model may originally have served for both.

The school-boy, heated by play, stops beside the nearest stream, pulls off his shoe, and fills it with water, which he drinks with as much satis-



IN THE WORKSHOP. MAKING WOODEN SHOES.

children she did n't know what to do," was a Dutch *wrouw*. The children turn shoes into boats, and paint them a rich deep brown, in imitation of the large boats which sail on the river Maas. As they trim the tiny sails of their ships, and launch them upon the waters of a *sloot* to some imaginary Van Diemen's land, not to be found in a geography, they seem possessed with the same spirit which inspired the Dutch navigators of earlier days.

There are very many sloots (which are deep ditches full of water), used both to fence and to fertilize the land; so the voyage of the shoe may be a long one, and the owner of the little vessel will have abundant opportunity to indulge in

faction as if it were a delicious draught from a silver cup.

Wooden shoes are ornamental as flower-pots, and many a bright flower whose roots are firmly bedded in a shoe has graced the window of some peasant's cottage — a joy to the owner, and a pleasure to the passing traveler.

They are useful as hammers, and it is not uncommon to see a *koopman* (merchant) by the wayside, with a few taps of his shoe mending his cart, piled high with yellow carrots or little round Dutch cheeses, while his dogs rest in the traces.

These shoes also take the place of the obsolete birch-rod of our grandmothers' days. The



THE WOODEN SHOE AS A  
DRINKING-CUP.

good *vrouw*, in her quaint cap of spotless white, with gold spiral pins, called *krullen*, placed above the ears, does not look very much like such grandmothers as we have known, but her discipline resembles theirs in severity if not in kind.

During the week, after school hours, the little girls walk along the dikes in rows, knitting; and the clatter of their shoes, to an ear unfamiliar with it, is, except that is without

the military regularity, like the sound of an advancing regiment.

Saturday is the great cleaning day in Rijsoord, when everything is made ready for Sunday, the day of rest. The houses are scrubbed inside and out, and among the pots and kettles, are seen the wooden shoes; these, scoured snowy white, hang upon forked sticks near the doorway to dry in the wind and sun as you may see them in the picture at the beginning of this article.

The morning brings the sound of *klumpen* along the dikes, and rows of people are seen walking toward the kirk. At the door they leave their shoes, like faithful servants, to await their return later, after a three hours sermon by the dominic.

In the afternoon, the young men and women stroll up and down the Promendijk, which is the "Fifth Avenue" of the village—its general promenade and meeting place. They exchange nods and friendly greetings until sundown, when



DRYING SHOES BEFORE THE FIRE.

the busy week begins again, and the wooden shoes soon take on their week-day coat of tan.

## MY TRIPLE PLAY.

BY THOMAS WORTHINGTON KING.

THE road leading to the ball-ground was thronged on that Saturday afternoon, for the juniors and the seniors of the Ridge Academy were to play the deciding game of the series for the school championship, each having won seven of the fifteen games that constituted the year's contests. The vacations at "Ridge's" came in the spring and fall, with recesses of a few days at Christmas and at Easter. From the middle of June until the middle of September was the "long term," and during the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays the base-ball games were played.

"Ridge's" ranked high among boarding-schools. The location was healthful, the village a pleasant one, the climate salubrious, and the surroundings were of a kind to admit of all sorts of sport. The long hill road that led to the banks of the creek, where the boys swam in summer and skated in winter, furnished admirable coasting facilities during the latter season, and the elevated plateau on which the village stood provided superb ball-grounds, for which nature had done so much that art could make little improvement.

To the right and left of the catcher's position, and far enough away not to interfere with that important factor in a well-contested game, stood a dozen or more tall trees that afforded welcome shade to the batting nine and spectators. From the home-plate to center-field the smooth turf lay as even as the top of a table, and the diamond was without a flaw. Deceptive bounds of swift grounders and resulting black eyes or bruised noses were unknown on the grounds of the Ridge Academy Base-ball Club.

Long before the hour set for the game—three o'clock—the shady places under the trees, where benches had been placed, were packed with spectators; for Ridge's was one of the features of the village and all the residents were

deeply interested in whatever concerned the school. Besides, there were numerous summer visitors then sojourning at the hotel and at the various boarding-houses, and, as many of them were friends or relatives of the school-boys, they were very enthusiastic attendants.

There was a predominance of lavender ribbons as it happened, for lavender was the junior class-color. The nine of that class was the favorite, and one reason was that though the younger and the weaker club they had held their own so well against the brawny giants who composed the seniors' nine; for the juniors were the lowest class in school. Next above them came the lower middle class, then the upper middle, and finally the seniors; so that it was a contest not only between the "senior" and "junior" classes, but also between the senior and junior members of the school.

By two o'clock most of the juniors were on the ground, and by half-past all were there, and practicing furiously. They were slim, slightly built lads, but coached by their captain and short-stop—"Jack Scoop," they called him—to a remarkable excellence in throwing and running. Jack himself was a phenomenon, and had infused a large amount of his own fire, activity, and accuracy into his "team." Splendid fielders, all of them, they made up in this respect for their weakness at the bat.

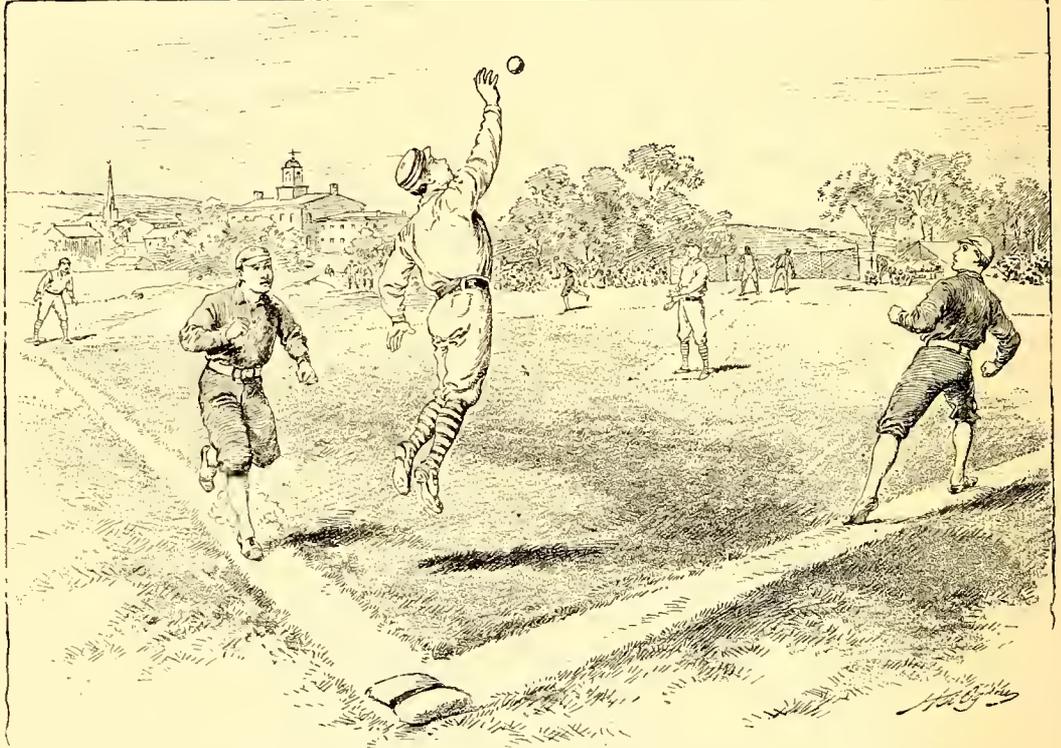
At stealing bases they were most expert thieves. Let one of them but reach first base on a hit or an error, and second was easy prey for him. The modern catapult that officiated in the "box" for the seniors, and the catcher of the same nine, knew this thoroughly, and many were the schemes concocted to catch a runner. But generally, on the first ball pitched he was off for second, and in nine cases out of ten gained it by a desperate slide, while the verdict "Safe!" from the umpire, and a storm of cheers from the crowd, gladdened his heart as he dusted

his padded trousers, and smiled kindly on the discomfited second-base man.

Shortly before three o'clock, the seniors reached the ground, looking handsome and strong in their blue uniforms; and their blue-ribboned friends greeted them warmly and cast pitying glances on the juniors in their gray suits with lavender trimmings. For ten minutes the

its normal state, and I played as coolly as if this were the first, instead of the last, of the championship series.

Our catcher was not at his best that day, and three or four bases had been stolen with impunity. All of his throws to me had been a little slow or a trifle wild, and although I had not let a ball pass me, I had not, as yet, put a



"I LEAPED WITH HAND OUTSTRETCHED HIGH IN THE AIR, AND AS THE SWIFT-LINER FLEW OVER MY HEAD, MY FINGERS CLUTCHED AND HELD THE BALL."

seniors practiced, and then Captain "Scoop" and the catcher of the senior nine "tossed up," and the juniors were sent to the bat, having lost the first point in the day's proceedings.

The game progressed rapidly, with few errors, few runs, and many close decisions, none of which, however, were disputed. The umpire was the left-fielder of a noted college nine and he excited the awe and admiration of every boy on the field. I was playing second-base on the juniors' nine, and if at the beginning of the game my heart was in my mouth, who can blame me? But as the game went on that important feature of my organization had resumed

man out at second base; a couple of flies, half-a-dozen "assists" to first, and one to home, constituted my fielding, up to that time.

At the bat I had been more fortunate, having made two well-timed "singles" that helped wonderfully, and in our half of the ninth inning I had driven the ball for three bases, sending it over the left-fielder's head, bringing in two runs, and perching on third with ease. These two runs tied the score.

A moment or two later a desperate dash for home resulted in a momentary fumble by the catcher in his excitement. I slid. "Safe!" cried the umpire; and we were one ahead. The next man went out and we took the field amid

an excitement unparalleled in the history of base-ball at Ridge's.

The strain was too much for our pitcher. The first senior to the bat made first-base on a "scorching" grounder past third; a moment later he was forced to take second by a base on balls. It was too bad! With the most daring runner of the senior nine on first, and their heaviest hitter at the bat, our chances seemed small and the outlook was gloomy.

"Watch for home, boys!" cried Captain Jack, and we played close. I got inside the base-line, some distance from second, while Jack watched the runner.

A ball or two had been pitched, when crack! went the heavy bat against the ball, as the batter swung it with all his might, and, almost without knowing it, I leaped with hand outstretched high in the air, and as the swift-

liner flew over my head, my fingers clutched and held the ball. The man on first, thinking the hit safe, had taken a long lead and was near second when I caught the ball, while the man on second, with equal confidence, had started in a very leisurely way for third. I touched the one nearest as he passed me and with the same impulse darted to second. The senior had turned, but it was too late; I reached the bag, and "Out!" "Out!!" "Out!!!" came in such quick succession from the umpire that the second and third word sounded like quick echoes. The side was out; the game was won!

I have played many games of base-ball since, but never again have I felt the glow of exultation and pride I experienced when the umpire took my hand and said:

"My boy, that was the neatest play I ever saw on a ball-field!"

---

## BAT, BALL AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

---

### FIFTH PAPER:

#### BATTING AND BASE-RUNNING.

THE importance of a strong out-field can hardly be over-estimated. Nine out of every ten close games are won by the ability of the out-fielders to cover ground. When a grounder is batted to an in-fielder and he makes an error, it usually results that all runners who are on the bases advance each one base. But when there are men on first, second, and third, and a batsman drives a hard line hit which the right-fielder misjudges and allows to go over his head, it results in three runs, and is likely to decide the game. No amount of time and labor should be begrudged, therefore, in making these men strong and capable, for the outlay will be returned with interest in every close game the nine may play.

The out-fielders can be instructed generally as to the principles of their positions, but individual coaching is the only thing that will make them keep up to the mark. In the first place, all fielders are likely to fall into the habit of starting slowly, not moving until they see where the ball is coming, or they may become careless in their way of handling the ball. For this reason each man should receive some systematic coaching every day.

The left-fielder should work in harmony with the shortstop in the matter of taking the short flies. These two players should arrange beforehand which shall take the ball, although the fielder should take it if possible. There are two reasons for this: First, because the fielder is sure to be facing the diamond, while the shortstop may be running with the ball, and hence turned away from the in-field. Second,

because the fielder should, from continual practice, be better able to handle quickly and return speedily ordinary flies.

The throwing of a left-fielder, beyond the ordinary return of the ball to the pitcher by way of shortstop or second base, is usually to third or home. He is seldom required to throw to first; as, in case of a fly to left when a runner is on first, there is usually ample time for this runner to return to his base, after the fly is caught, before the ball could reach that base. His throwing practice should therefore be directed toward third and home—principally to the latter. He should keep the ball down, sending it in as nearly as possible on a line and just a little to the third-base side of home. This last requirement, while it may seem to be asking too much of the fielder, is a vital one. If the ball come at all on the other side of the plate, there is little chance of its catching the runner, and for this reason the fielder should be persistently trained to throw a trifle to the catcher's left. He must be continually cautioned not to make a high throw; but if he cannot put the ball directly into the catcher's hands on the fly, he must at least send it so that it reaches the catcher on the *first* bound. It is remarkable how little the progress of a low-thrown ball is delayed by its once touching the ground; and it is also noticeable how convenient it is for a catcher to handle a ball taken on the bound in putting it on a runner. When a left-handed man is at the bat, unless he have some well-known peculiarity of batting into left field, the left-fielder will do well to come in a little nearer.

The center-fielder occasionally has to be on the same terms with the second-base man, in regard to taking a fly, as those existing between the shortstop and the left-fielder; and about the same rules should govern the two players as those laid down for the shortstop and left-fielder. His throwing, also, should be directed to third and home, but he will have an occasional opportunity of fielding to first after a fly catch. In case he has to throw to first, the pitcher should back up the first-base man, remembering that there is no shortstop on that side of the field to perform this duty. The center-fielder should always back up second quite closely, when the catcher throws down to that base, in order to

prevent the runner from going on to third. All the fielders, after catching a fly, should exercise judgment about throwing home in order to cut off a runner, whenever there are other runners on the bases.

An excellent illustration of this feature of out-field play occurred during a match between the Yale nine and the Brooklyns, in a game played in the city of Brooklyn. It was the ninth inning, and the Yale nine were one run ahead. The Brooklyns were at the bat, with one man out, a man on second, and a man on third. The batsman knocked a fly to left. The ball was falling near the left-fielder. The man on third, knowing that if he made his run it would tie the score, stood on third ready to try for the plate whether the ball was dropped or caught. The man on second, feeling that his run would be needed to win, was naturally anxious to lead well off toward short, so that if the ball were dropped he could surely get in. He counted, of course, upon the fielder's attempting, if he caught the ball, to intercept the man who was running from third. The play happened exactly as this latter runner expected. The Yale left-fielder caught the ball and drove it home; but the runner beat it in, and the man on second had time to touch his base after the catch, and still reach third. This tied the score, and Brooklyn eventually won. Had the left-fielder recognized his opportunity, he might easily have saved the game by fielding to second instead of home. The man starting from second would then have been the third man out; and he would have been put out while the runner from third was still several feet from the home-plate, so that no run would have been scored.

The right-fielder has, in addition to his throw to the plate, a throw to first. This latter is worth practicing faithfully, as, if successful, it cuts off what would otherwise be a safe hit. The selection, however, of a man for this position on the strength of his throwing alone, and his ability to execute that one play, cannot be too strongly condemned. A man to perform it successfully should run up to meet the ball, and, after catching it, should throw it without appreciably slackening speed.

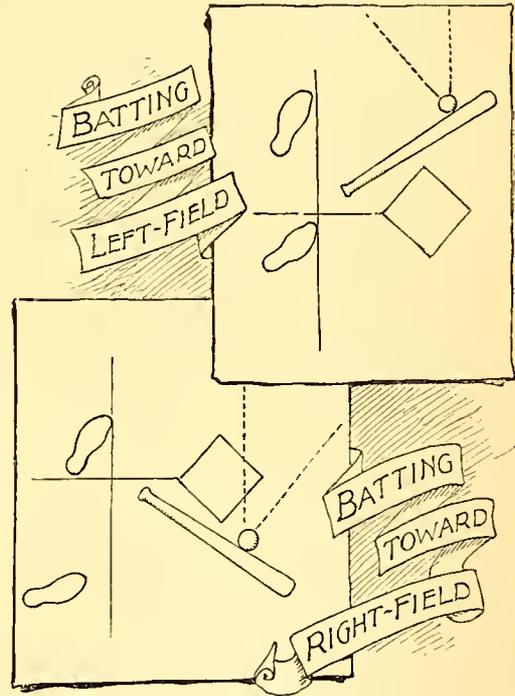
I have seen the professional player Kelly make this play as it should be made. It was in

a game between the New Yorks and Chicagos, when he was a member of the latter nine. He had been catching, but having hurt a finger slightly, was replaced by Flint, and went out into right field. There were two men out and a man on third when one of the New Yorks sent a sharp hit past Anson on first base. The ball was whizzing along at a sharp pace; and Kelly, with his hair flying, came running in on it as if he were running for the plate. A scoop of his hands and a sharp drive of his arm, and the ball shot into Anson's hands a fraction of a second ahead of the runner, and the side was out.

#### BATTING.

IN turning to the other, the aggressive side of the game, the batting, one finds even a greater necessity for education and experience than in the fielding. The majority of boys and men become fairly proficient in fielding long before they have acquired the ability to judge and to bat hard pitching. Occasionally a man will be found who, having a naturally good eye, will manage to use the bat fairly well as soon as he takes it up; but usually even such a man is entirely at the mercy of a skilled pitcher, and it is quite unusual to find among boys who have played for years more than a few good hitters. If, then, a boy will pay attention to the principles and try his best, he will with practice make himself more valuable to a nine than any of his comrades; for batting is more than half the game, although many amateur captains are led by the remarkably clever fielding of some players to forget this fact when making up their nines. A true eye, ability to concentrate the muscular force instantly, and plenty of courage, are the requisites for a good hitter. The batsman must endeavor to swing the bat as nearly on a line as possible, and must not "chop" at the ball. This proper swing he can readily acquire in his indoor practice. He should assume an easy position, slightly facing the pitcher, most of his weight resting upon the foot nearest the catcher. Just as the ball is delivered he should advance the foot nearest the pitcher and if the ball prove a good one, swing the weight of his body into the stroke as he meets the ball with his bat.

He should not strike with all his might and main, as if he were intending to make nothing except a home-run, for these violent batsmen are not usually successful hitters. It does not require the greatest expenditure of muscular force to make a long hit, but the proper meeting of the ball and the putting the weight of the shoulders into the stroke. The bat should be firmly grasped and the arms well straightened and free from the sides when the ball is



hit. The weight of the body is to be coming forward, and the trunk should be slightly turning upon the hips. Early in the season it is best to strive to meet the ball squarely, rather than to hit out hard, for this method improves the eye and judgment far more rapidly than indiscriminate hard hitting. After a good eye has been acquired, the batsman may throw more force into his batting with a certainty of meeting the ball fairly. "Sacrifice" hitting and "placing" the ball are usually mere matters of luck to the average amateur; but a little attention to the principles of batting will enable any batsman to acquire some measure of control over the direction of his hitting. A dia-

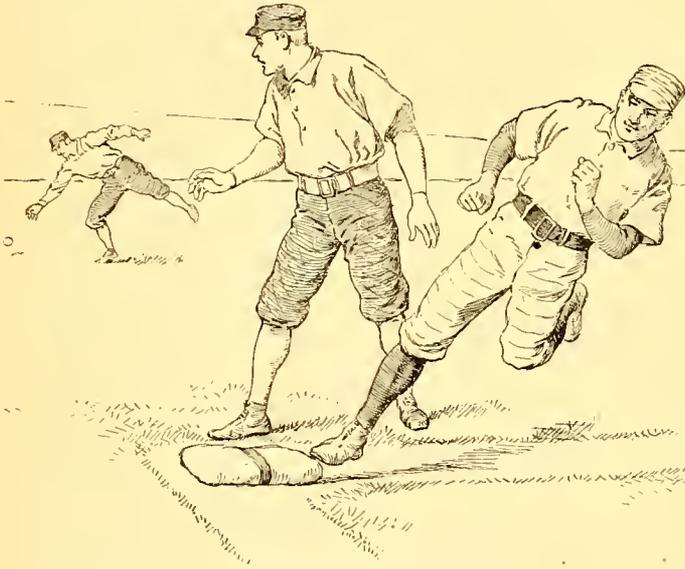
gram will illustrate the principles quite clearly. If the ball be met in front of the base, and the forward foot be drawn away slightly, the tendency of the ball will be to go on the same side of the diamond as that upon which the batsman stands; while if the ball be met behind the base, and the forward foot placed a little nearer the base, the tendency of the ball will be to go toward the opposite side.

The ordinary batsman will do well not to

hits," or to a lucky combination of hits and errors, but it is usually accompanied by good base-running. Whenever a close game is played, superiority in base-running is usually enough to determine the winner. The necessity of quick starting has already been dwelt upon, and is the underlying principle of success. Good judgment comes next; for when a man is on a base and the ball is batted, he may take chances up to what appears to be the very limit of recklessness, and yet seldom make the mistake of being put out. He does this through reliance upon his knowledge of what his opponents can and will do at each moment.

A few instances will illustrate this. A runner is on first base, and the batsman drives a grounder between first and second. The average amateur will run to second, and turn to see whether the right-fielder has the ball; and if the fielder has stopped the ball the runner will not go further. If, however, the runner has thoroughly thought out this particular combination, he will be ready to take a more daring view of the play, and, instead of stopping at second, he will

go straight on for third. This is not nearly so reckless as it appears, provided the runner be fast, and also provided that he has made up his mind at the start exactly what he will do. It is not an easy throw from right field to third, and the right-fielder, if he be playing at all close in, is very likely to be thinking of throwing the runner out at first; and he will therefore lose track entirely of the other runner. Another excellent feature of the attempt is, that if the right-fielder make a wild throw, as he often does in his surprise, there is a strong probability of the runner's going on to the home-plate. Thus, what was only an opportunity to take second may be quite easily turned into a run. The majority of amateurs are thoroughly familiar with the advisability of coming home from second on a base-hit, but



BASE-RUNNER KEEPING ON TO THIRD.

sacrifice his hitting to any false idea of placing *all* his hits; for he should consider that when there are no men on bases, unless he be a thoroughly experienced batsman, he will do best to assume his most natural position, and not be over-particular as to the exact point toward which the ball goes. If a nine will but keep the ball going by sharp hits, their opponents will be obliged to "play ball" to prevent scoring; and that thought should be continually in the mind of the batsman.

Base-running is hardly less important than batting; for by it the batting is made to yield what really count — namely, runs. Any one who follows the scores closely, sees many cases where a nine make fewer base-hits and more errors than their opponents, and yet win the game. This may be due to "bunching the

hits," or to a lucky combination of hits and errors, but it is usually accompanied by good base-running. Whenever a close game is played, superiority in base-running is usually enough to determine the winner. The necessity of quick starting has already been dwelt upon, and is the underlying principle of success. Good judgment comes next; for when a man is on a base and the ball is batted, he may take chances up to what appears to be the very limit of recklessness, and yet seldom make the mistake of being put out. He does this through reliance upon his knowledge of what his opponents can and will do at each moment.

when the hit is made very few of them are really in the best position to take advantage of it. The runner should not try to take too great a lead before the pitcher lets the ball go, but should move well up as the ball is delivered, so that if the hit be made he may have a flying start. He should not be just in the base-line, but back of it slightly, so that he may not have quite so sharp a turn to make in going by third. There are, of course, innumerable combinations that may arise, any one of which lends some new element for the consideration of the base-runner, but there are a few facts which are worth remembering. One of these is, that a fielder who has made an error by dropping or fumbling a ball is very prone to make another error in his throw if the base-runner take a daring chance. Yet another point is, never to assist a fielder by letting him touch the runner with the ball when the fielder is seeking to make a double-play. This is most likely to happen when a man is on first and another on second, and the ball is batted between third and short, but so that either of those fielders stops it. A third point for the consideration of the runner is, always to force the fielders to throw the ball when it can be done without sacrifice on his part. This can be accomplished frequently, and it always affords an opportunity for an error. The same rule applies to tempting a pitcher to throw to bases. To lead him to throw frequently will probably make his pitching irregular, and this favors the batsman and troubles the catcher.

One of the most delicate points of base-running is taking advantage of fly catches. Naturally, every one is thoroughly familiar with the act of running home from third on a long fly caught by an out-fielder, for this is the simplest case, but the taking a base on a fly catch when the apparent odds are not so strongly on the side of the runner requires good judgment and a cool head. For instance, there is a runner on second and a high foul fly is batted over first base almost into the crowd of spectators. The first-base man is running for the ball and away from the plate

so that his back is turned toward third. The clever runner on second stands with his toe just touching the bag, and the instant the first-base man catches the ball he is away like a shot for third. The first-base man, whose mind has been thoroughly occupied in catching the ball and not falling in the crowd, is startled by the cry "Look out for third!" and he turns hastily and throws, but the distance is a long one, his position poor for throwing, and the runner's lead enables him to make the base before the ball reaches the third-base man.

There are many emergencies in base-running which call for attempts when desperate chances must be taken. But every runner should always have the possibilities of the situation in his mind at all times; then if it seem wise at the critical moment to take the chance, he will be prepared to make the most of it.



SHUTTING OFF A RUNNER AT THE HOME-PLATE.

To sum up, the duty of the player, as soon as he becomes a base-runner, is to be one bundle of activity, actuated by the keenest desire to take advantage of any misjudgment or weakness of his adversaries.

# THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

## FIFTH PAPER.

### *The Era of Strange Reptiles.*

THERE was once a time, in the history of this earth, when the frogs were as large as oxen, when lizards were larger than elephants, when sea-monsters swam through the ocean with necks as long as the longest snake you ever saw, and when there were dragons that could take flying leaps by the aid of wings twenty-seven feet across.

These sound like tales from a wonder-book; yet they are absolutely true. The world was then the haunt of enormous sea-monsters and huge creeping animals. We cannot be sure that our dragon sent forth fire from its nostrils, as did the one in the story of St. George and the Dragon, but Hugh Miller says he *did* emit smoke. The frog-like animal, of which I spoke first, had a head three or four feet long and teeth three inches long. Although it was as large as an ox, it had all the characteristics of a frog. Its feet were peculiar, and left impressions in the sand very much like those which might be made by human hands of colossal size.

Possessing a frog-like nature, the creature would instinctively haunt spots where it could find moisture and water. The inference is that the places where these footprints are found were once lakes, whose waters, evaporating under the heat of the sun, left beds of mud over which these gigantic fellows jumped or walked, leaving their footprints. The sun baked the mud, and the footprints hardened before the water again flooded the lake. In the Connecticut Valley these fossil footprints are very plentiful. Some are those of reptiles, and others are those of animals that were partly bird and partly reptile. A great many geologists think the latter were wholly birds; but this question is by no means decided.

Impressions of raindrops also have been found,

so perfect that they show the very way the wind was blowing when they fell.

There has been preserved one great slab of stone upon which is the track of an animal whose foot was twenty inches long and twenty-one inches wide. Another creature — a bird, perhaps,— made footprints twenty inches long, and the distance between them shows that it had a stride of six feet.

These great birds — if they were birds — are supposed to have frequented the shores, in search of fishes, and were, therefore, like wading-birds, but gigantic in size.

An extraordinary creature of this time was the "fish-lizard." It had a head like a lizard, jaws and teeth like a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, the paddles of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped. The first skeleton of this animal was discovered in England by a country girl. She used to make her living by selling fossils, which were very abundant in her native place. One day she discovered some bones projecting from a cliff. Clearing away the rubbish, she found that they belonged to the skeleton of an animal embedded in the rock. She hired some workmen to dig out the entire rock, and the monster proved to be thirty feet long. What a sensation it created! That region, Lyme Regis, was found to be a veritable graveyard of these wonderful animals. The jaws of some of them were eight feet long and contained one hundred and sixty teeth. Whenever a tooth was lost in a conflict, a duplicate tooth in the jaw was ready to take its place. Their eyes were larger than a man's head, and possessed of very powerful and far-seeing vision, so that no matter how dark the sea nor how far distant its prey, there could be no escaping those eyes! Its stomach was like a great pouch, and it swallowed its food without chewing. It was so greedy a monster that it ate even smaller animals of its own kind!

Nobody can say for certain whether its skin was covered with scales or not. Still, as no remains of scales have been found, it was probably soft and smooth. It had to come up to the surface to breathe, like a whale, and perhaps it had "blowers" to blow out water. What a commotion it must have made!

Another animal of this family had the head of a serpent upon the neck of a gigantic swan. It was fitted for quicker motion than the fish-lizard. It probably swam on the surface like a swan, and thrust its long neck down in search of prey.

The most wonderful of all, however, was the "dragon," of which I told you. It is called by a hard Greek name which we will translate into "wing-finger." There were two points in which it resembled a bat: its eyes were so formed that it could see in the dark; and it had enormous wings joined to its claws like those of a bat. It was probably a water animal, whose wings were used to take flying leaps through the air, as the flying-fish does, but probably it could remain longer on the wing.

To add to the number of these monsters which swept through the deep, there was a lizard who could live only on the bottom of the sea.

The woods and plains swarmed with enormous creeping reptiles now called by a name signifying "terrible-lizards," armored in massive scales, which in some species stood upright on their backs. They were taller than the tallest elephant, and much longer and clumsier.

Insects had begun to be numerous, especially the beautiful dragon-flies, which perhaps were often caught and eaten by the terrible flying dragons. There were also ants, crickets, grasshoppers, beetles, two-winged flies, and land and water bugs. A few fragments of butterflies' wings have been found, showing that there were some flowers.

The banks of the rivers and lakes were crowded with crocodiles and tortoises, "and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." A shelled animal known as the "ammonite" flourished during this age, and died out at its close. Its shell was curved like a ram's horn,—very tightly in those living at the beginning of the age. It was exquisitely carved and furnished with arched chambers inside. Through all these chambers

ran a tube, which the animal could fill with water or empty, at its pleasure, so as to sink to the bottom or rise to the surface. Later their shells were more loosely rolled into shapes of exceeding beauty. Some curved like a shepherd's crook, and others looked as if they had been curled tightly and the middle point pulled up, so as to form a turret. Every tiny speck of these was delicately carved.

There was another shelled animal of this age, of whose skeleton only one bone has come down to us. It is like a cylinder in shape and very slender. When they were first found, people did not know what they were, and so they called them "thunder stones" and "lady's-fingers." In place of floating on top of the sea, like the ammonites, these probably swam near the bottom. They look something like the "sinkers" boys put on fish-lines.

The first animal of the family to which man belongs, the mammals, began life during this period. It was a peculiar kind of mammal, of which we have few representatives at the present day. It carried its young in a pouch, as do the opossum and the kangaroo. It was not until the next age, however, that the mammals made their appearance in great numbers.

Red sandstone was again very abundant; and the age is often called the "New Red Sandstone Period." In some places this stone is mottled. The beautiful cathedrals on the Rhine, particularly Strasburg and Freiburg, are made of this mottled red sandstone.

This was a great chalk-making age. The Dover Cliffs, on the southeastern shore of England, are composed entirely of chalk made at this time. They give England a white look when seen from France; and it was formerly called "Albion," some think from the Latin word "albus," meaning "white." Chalk is made from the bodies of very tiny animals, visible only under a powerful microscope. We are told that when we draw a line on the blackboard, we deposit there thousands of the shells of these little creatures.

The forests were thickly filled with pines and cypresses. Some trees with fluted and beautifully carved trunks yet adorned the scene, and the magnificent tree-ferns still waved their plummy fronds in the balmy air. A few blades of grass

peeped up here and there, making ready for the green meadows to come by and by. Palms and lilies appeared, the swamps were covered with reedy plants, and the wide plains were thick with underbrush. The sun shone with a warm light on the red sea-sands, for the air had in great measure lost its impurities and mists, or there would have been no air-breathing animals. And the animals! The monstrous creatures were everywhere.

The surging interior was still uneasy. Once in a while it would force itself out on the surface. Toward the close of the age, convulsions took place which made great changes. No longer was it a world of wide, flat plains and shallow marshes. Mountains were thrown up and rivers began to flow. In the confusion so many plants and animals were killed, that some geologists think that the next age began with an entirely new creation of animate life.

# The Elf and the Bumble Bee.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

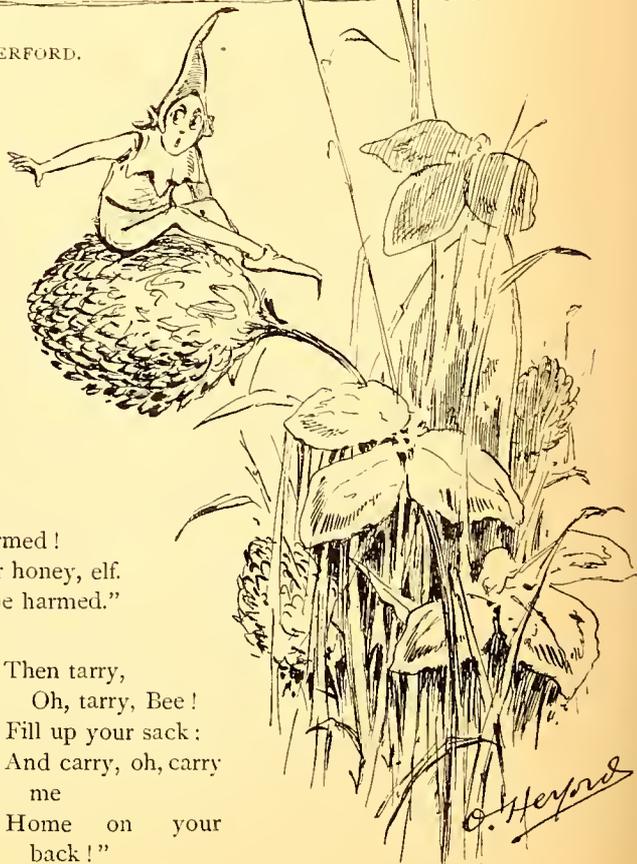


“ Oh, Bumble Bee!  
Bumble Bee!  
*Don't* fly so near!  
Or you will tumble me  
Over, I fear!”

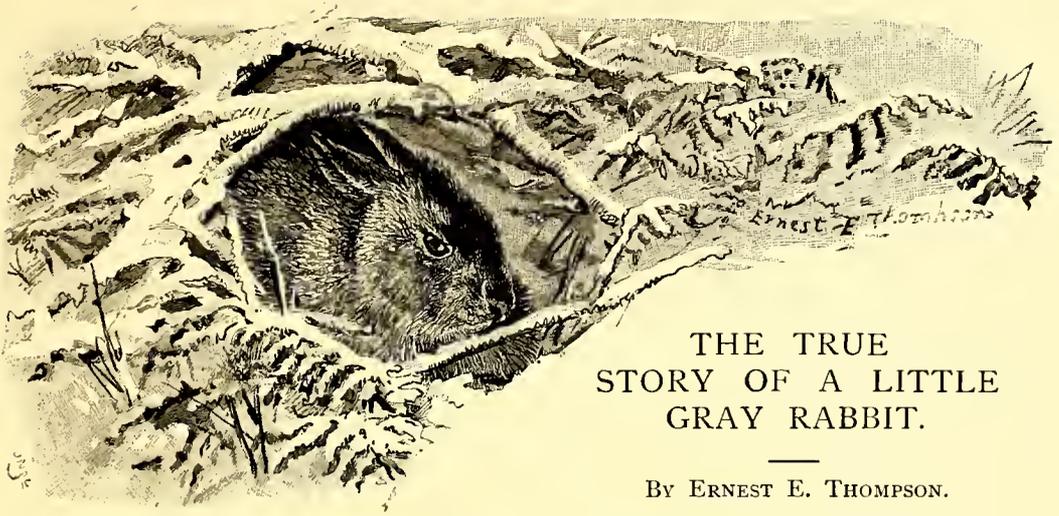
“ Oh, funny elf!  
Funny elf!  
Don't be alarmed!  
I 'm looking for honey, elf.  
You sha'n't be harmed.”



“ Then tarry,  
Oh, tarry, Bee!  
Fill up your sack:  
And carry, oh, carry  
me  
Home on your  
back!”



O. Herford



## THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY RABBIT.

BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

ALL day long the snow came tumbling down on the trees and evergreen bushes of the woods wherein the little gray rabbit had his home, or, rather, his homes; for, in various parts of the woods he had beds under brush piles, and in more than one upturned root he had also a deep hole in which he could take refuge if ever the fox, his old-time foe, should press him too hard. It was the first snow of the season, and Bunny did not like it at all; for he had not a white coat and thick furry boots for winter like his cousin the white hare, but winter and summer was compelled to go in the same clothing. He did not usually move about much in daylight, for too many of his enemies were then abroad; besides, the glare of the sun hurt his eyes. Now, with the additional reason of the ground being covered with snow, he did not move an inch from his bed all day. But at evening the snowfall ceased. The little gray rabbit was beginning to feel very hungry; so, bracing up his courage, much as a boy does when going into a cold bath, he jumped out of his bed under the brush pile and into the snow. Hop-hop-hoppety-hop he went, making his way through the familiar though now strange-looking thickets toward his regular feeding-grounds. It was not so very easy, however, to find his favorite herbs; for six inches of snow lay on everything, and he had to go from place to place, picking a few blades wherever he could find them sticking through the snow.

When, after an hour or more, the moon arose and everything was lighted up nearly as in daytime, Bunny was still running about nibbling the grass and plant stems. Presently he heard the "hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo" of the horned owl, and knowing that it was dangerous to run about much when the owl was near, he hopped quietly away toward his brush pile. Then, shortly afterward, he heard a noise which made him stop and sit up with his broad ears erect to make out the nature of the sound. Tramp, tramp, tramp; trot, trot, trot; snap; grind, grind, grind, went the sounds, not more than fifty yards behind him; but still Bunny listened, for he knew it was no owl but must be some large animal. What had he to fear from anything on four legs? Still nearer came the tramping, and still Bunny waited, when all at once a rolling bass "booo-ooo-ow" re-echoed through the woods, and in an instant Bunny saw the form of a hound rush by, bounding over the snow on his track.

At so short a distance on the snow, in the clear moonlight, a hound can easily see a rabbit; and when he does so he puts forth every effort to increase his speed, while his baying becomes deafening and almost continuous, and is calculated to terrify even an experienced old rabbit; and so it was now. Our little friend did not usually fear the hounds very much, since he had often been chased by them, and had had little difficulty in eluding them by several tricks which he learned when quite young. Indeed, he had

on several occasions actually played with the dogs, leading and misleading them to his great amusement, and finally throwing them off altogether without having to make use of his last resource: running into one of his burrows. But the present pursuit was so sudden, and the rabbit was so taken by surprise, that he completely lost his presence of mind, and set off at once at the top of his speed, straight for his nearest burrow, with the hound close behind him.

In a few seconds he was snugly ensconced in the furthest corner, while the hound was at the entrance, keeping up a continuous and deafening baying.

Several minutes more the dog bayed and scratched at the hole; then down the winding burrow there came a new sound, the voice of a man, and Bunny heard the dog called off. For a few moments there was silence. Then came a faint pattering of little feet, and then—oh, horrors!—trotting about in the hole and ever coming nearer, Bunny made out in the dim light the form of a new and dreadful enemy—a ferret. The hunter had carried one in a bag in case his prey should take to a hole. Now this little creature was doing its part. Sniff, sniff, went the snake-like little fury; nearer and nearer he came, till Bunny could see the faint green glitter of his wicked eyes. Then, suddenly, the ferret discovered the crouching and terrified rabbit and made a spring to seize him; but Bunny gave a great bound past him and rushed toward the entrance of the hole, determined to face anything rather than fall into the power of his merciless little foe. There was silence at the entrance of the burrow, but it was a treacherous silence, for the moment the rabbit reached the opening, he was seized by the hunter, and in an instant he was transferred, unhurt, to a stout bag. Then for a time he heard nothing but the tramping his captor made in going through the woods.

A few hours later, the hunter brought the rabbit alive to me, the writer of this story, and proposed that we should let it go and shoot it as it ran. But I would not hear of this, though I agreed to let two little puppy hounds chase the rabbit after I had sketched it.

Accordingly I made my drawing, and then went out to an open field with the young dogs.

On being put down, poor Bunny at first seemed dazed; but the sight of the dogs aroused him, and away he went with the puppies running merrily after him. The rabbit was by far the swiftest, and the little dogs were left behind, though they continued to follow until at last Bunny slipped through a high fence. Then the dogs gave up the chase. And now the hunter with me, seeing that the rabbit was making his escape, gave a loud whistle. In a few minutes his old hound came running up. At once this dog took up the track of the rabbit, baying loudly, and again Bunny was running free through the woods with a hound in full cry behind him; but remembering how, on the evening before, he had been caught, and had almost lost his life through giving way to terror, he now set out with a stouter heart, determined to keep above ground till the last, and never, if possible, again run the risk of meeting the ferret, his most detested enemy. And how he ran!

I could not follow, for night came on, and still I heard the baying of the hound as he circled about in the distant woods; but after two or three hours the hound came back looking so dejected that I knew the rabbit had outwitted him.

Early next morning, therefore, I went to the woods that I might learn from the tracks in the snow how the dog had been baffled. The whole history of the chase was clearly to be read in the

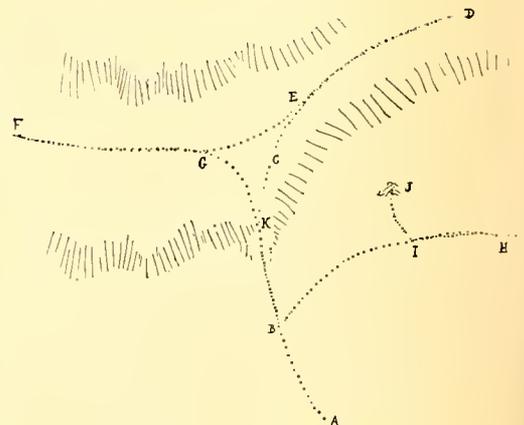
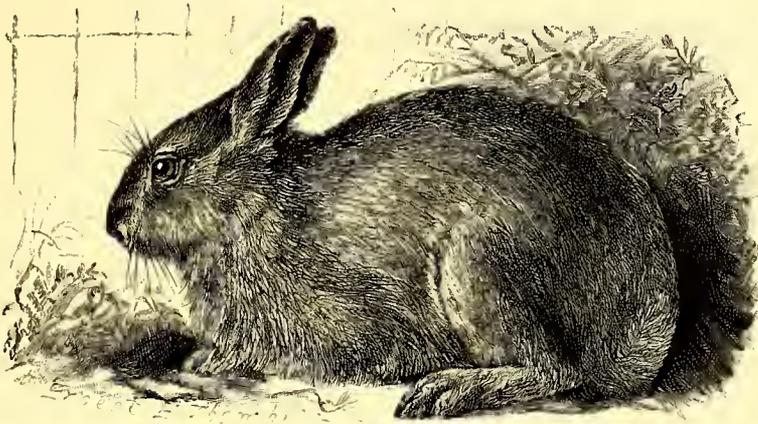


DIAGRAM OF THE RABBIT'S COURSE.

snow; and by following the diagram the reader will at once see the clever trick played by the rabbit. First, starting from A, he ran straight

toward B, K, C; then, hearing the hound, he ran up a low ravine toward D; then, turning back exactly on his track as far as E, he went on in the direction of F, where again he stopped and exactly retraced his steps to G; turning off he again ran on his old track from K to B, when he leaped to one side and ran straight toward H; here he again turned and ran back on his own track to I, where, again,

he leaped aside, and after running a few yards nestled under a brush pile, J, and slept comfortably until next morning. What wonder that such a puzzle of tracks set the old hound completely at fault, and what wonder that so cunning a rabbit should make good his escape and continue to live happily and safely in that same swamp, as to my knowledge he did for many a long month.

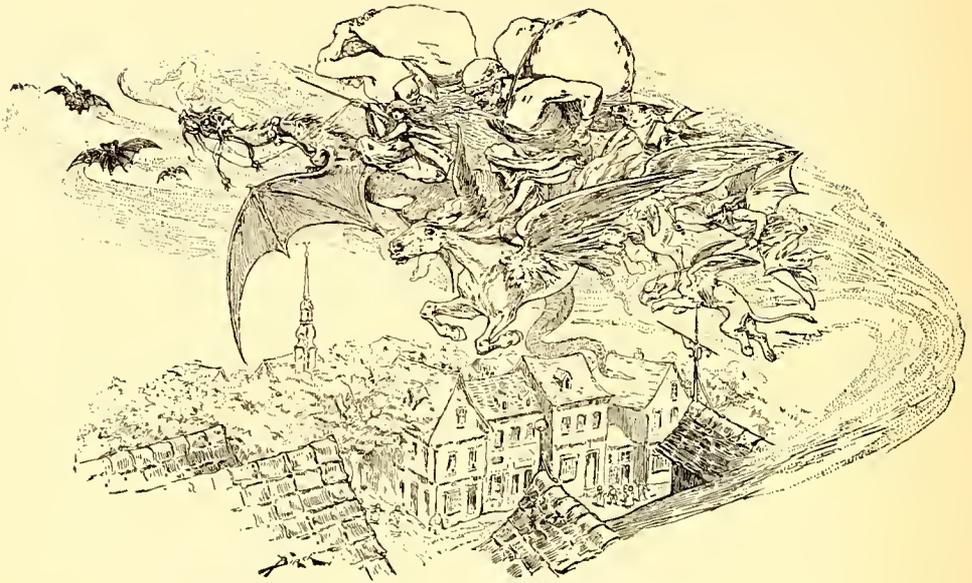


## ANGEL AND IMP.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

ONE is a little angel,—  
 An angel full of grace,—  
 For he makes almost beautiful  
 A homely, careworn face.  
 The other is an imp perverse  
 Who keeps an evil vow  
 To make as ugly as he can  
 The smoothest, whitest brow.

You know the angel and the imp,—  
 You know them both so well,  
 Their dictionary names it seems  
 Superfluous to tell!  
 And yet to make my riddle clear,  
 I 'm forced to write them down:  
 The angel is a smile, of course,  
 The little imp, a frown!



## A FAIR APPRAISAL.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OH, I'm weary of the stupid things that lazy people say  
 Of the bothers and the hardships undergone on moving-day.  
 Why, they 've nothing to consider but their furniture and things,  
 Which are wrap-able in paper and are tie-able in strings.  
 But we wizards and enchanters have a lot that 's hard to bear,  
 And when our landlords raise the rent we're really in despair.  
 For the moving of magician's goods is not a theme for jokes ;  
 It 's a matter that perplexes us — the wisest of all folks.  
 In the first place, to avoid the throngs who come to see the show  
 Seclusion is essential, so there 's but one way to go.  
 One's household must be convoyed through the damp, unwholesome clouds,  
 And even then we 're stared at by appreciative crowds.

No wizard worthy of the name would ride on any steed  
 Less imposing than a dragon of the Japanesest breed.  
 And though giants lug your china at the very lowest rates,  
 They care not for such trifles as a dozen cups or plates.  
 Then griffins always lag behind, the winged horses stray,  
 And when reined in too sharply will try to throw a fay.  
 While, if one meets a witches' train, there 's sure to be a fuss,  
 For partisan retainers your merits will discuss.  
 So if men reckon three removes as equal to a fire,  
 I claim that these magicians' moves should rank a trifle higher.

I've thought the matter over, and I find, for pure vexation,  
 That each magical removal is just twice a conflagration.

## CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER XVI.

AT Crofield, the morning mail brought a letter from Mary, telling of her election.

There was not so very much comment, but Mrs. Ogden cried a little, and said:

"I feel as if we were beginning to lose the children."

"I must go to work," said the tall blacksmith after a time; "but I don't feel like it. So Mary's to teach, is she? She seems very young. I wish I knew about Jack."

Meanwhile, poor Jack was half hopelessly inquiring, of man after man, whether or not another boy was wanted in his store. It was only one long, flat, monotony of "No, sir," and at last he once more turned his weary footsteps up-town, and hardly had he done so before he waked up a little and stood still, and looked around him.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "I never was here before. This must be Chatham Square and the Bowery. I've read about them in the guide-book. I can go home this way. It's not much like Broadway."

So he thought, as he went along. And it did not at all resemble Broadway. It seemed to swarm with people; they appeared to be attending to their own business, and they were all behaving very well, so far as Jack could see.

"Never saw such a jam," said Jack, as he pushed into a small throng on a street corner, trying to get through; but at the word "jam" something came down upon the top of his hat and forced it forward over his eyes.

Up went both of his hands, instinctively, and at that moment each arm was at once caught and held up for a second or two. It was all done in a flash. Jack knew that some boisterous fellow had jammed his hat over his eyes, and that others had hustled him a little; but he had not been hurt, and he did not feel like quar-

reling, just then. He pushed along through the throng, and was getting out to where the crowd was thinner, when he suddenly felt a chill and a weak feeling at his heart. He had thrust his hand into his pocket.

"My pocket-book!" he said, faintly. "It's gone! Where could I have lost it? I have n't taken it out anywhere. And there was more than three dollars in it I'd saved to pay for my room!"

He leaned heavily against a lamp-post for a moment, and all the bright ideas he had ever had about the city became very dim and far away. He put up one hand before his eyes, and at that moment his arm was firmly grasped.

"Here, boy! What's the matter?"

He looked up, and saw a blue uniform and a hand with a club in it, but he could not say a word in reply.

"You seem all right. Are you sick?"

"I've lost my pocket-book," said Jack. "Every cent I had except some change."

"That's bad," and the keen-eyed officer understood the matter at a glance, for he added:

"You were caught in a crowd, and had your pocket picked? I can't do anything for you, my boy. It's gone, and that's all there is of it. Never push into crowds if you've any money about you. You'd better go home now."

"Only sixty-five cents left," Jack said, as he walked away, "for this evening, and Saturday, and Sunday, and for all next week, till I get something to do and am paid for doing it!"

He had eaten ten cents' worth of bread and milk at noon; but he was a strong and healthy boy and he was again hungry. Counting his change made him hungrier, and he thought longingly of the brilliant supper-room at the Hotel Dantzig.

"That won't do," he thought. "I must keep away from Keifelheimer and his restaurant. There, now, that's something like."

It was a small stand, close by a dark-looking

cellar way. Half was covered with apples, candy, peanuts, bananas, oranges, and coconuts. The other half was a pay-counter, a newspaper stand, and an eating-house. Jack's interest centered on a basket, marked, "Ham Sanwiges Five Cents."

"I can afford a sandwich," he said, "and I've got to eat something!"

At the moment when he leaned over and picked up a sandwich, a small old woman, behind the counter, reached out a hand toward him; and another small old woman stretched her hand out to a boy who was testing the oranges; and a third small old woman sang out very shrilly:

"Here 's your sanwiges! Ham sanwiges! Only five cents! Benannies! Oranges! Sanwiges!"

Jack put five cents into the woman's hand, and he was surprised to find how much good bread and boiled ham he had bought.

"It's all the supper I'll have," he said, as he walked away. "I could eat a loaf of bread and a whole ham, it seems to me!"

All the way to the Hotel Dantzig he studied over the loss of his pocket-book.

"The policeman was right," he said to himself, at last. "I did n't know when they took it, but it must have been when my hat was jammed down."

When Jack met Mr. Keifelheimer in the hotel office, he asked him what he thought about it. An expression of strong indignation, if not of horror, crossed the face of the hotel proprietor.

"Dey get you pocket-book?" he exclaimed. "You vas rob choost de same vay I vas; but mine vas a votch und shain. It vas two year ago, und I nefer get him back. Your friend, Mr. Guilderaufenberg, he vas rob dot vay, vonce, but den he vas ashleep in a railway car und not know ven it vas done!"

Jack was glad of so much sympathy, but just then business called Mr. Keifelheimer away.

"I won't go upstairs," thought Jack. "I'll sit in the reading-room."

No letters were awaiting him, but there were plenty of newspapers, and nearly a score of men were reading or talking. Jack did not really care to read, nor to talk, nor even to listen; but two gentlemen near him were discussing a sub-

ject that reminded him of the farms around Crofield.

"Yes," he heard one of them say, "we must buy every potato we can secure. At the rate they 're spoiling now, the price will be doubled before December."

"Curious, how little the market knows about it yet," said the other, and they continued discussing letters and reports about potatoes, from place after place, and State after State, and all the while Jack listened, glad to be reminded of Crofield.

"It was just so with our potatoes at home," he said to himself. "Some farmers did n't get back what they planted."

This talk helped him to forget his pocket-book for a while; then, after trying to read the newspapers, he went to bed.

A very tired boy can always sleep. Jack Ogden awoke, on Saturday morning, with a clear idea that sleep was all he had had for supper,—excepting one ham sandwich.

"It's not enough," he said, as he dressed himself. "I must make some money. Oh, my pocket-book! And I shall have to pay for my room, Monday."

He slipped out of the Hotel Dantzig very quietly, and he had a fine sunshiny walk of two and a half miles to the down-town restaurant where he ate his ten cents' worth of bread and milk.

"It's enough for a while," he said, "but it does n't last. If I was at home, now, I'd have more bread and another bowl of milk. I'll come here again, at noon, if I don't find a place somewhere."

Blue, blue, blue, was that Saturday for poor Jack Ogden! All the forenoon he stood up manfully to hear the "No, we don't want a boy," and he met that same answer, expressed in almost identical words, everywhere.

When he came out from his luncheon of bread and milk, he began to find that many places closed at twelve or one o'clock; that even more were to close at three, and that on Saturday all men were either tired and cross or in a hurry. Jack's courage failed him until he could hardly look a man in the face and ask him a question. One whole week had gone since Jack reached the city, and it seemed about a year. Here he

was, without any way for making money, and almost without a hope of finding anyway.

"I'll go to the hotel," he said, at about four o'clock. "I'll go up the Bowery way. It won't pay anybody to pick my pocket this time!"

"Four," said Jack. "Put up three of 'em in a paper, please. I'll eat one."

It was good. In fact, it was too good, and Jack wished it was ten times as large; but the last morsel of it vanished speedily and after looking with

longing eyes at the others, he shut his teeth firmly.

"I won't eat another!" he said to himself. "I'll starve it out till Monday, anyway!"

It took all the courage Jack had to carry those three sandwiches to the Hotel Dantzic and to put them away, untouched, in his traveling-bag. After a while, he went down to the reading-room and read; but he went to bed thinking of the excellent meals he had eaten at the Albany hotel on his way to New York.

Mary Ogden's second Sunday in Mertonville was a peculiar trial to her, for several young ladies who expected to be in the Academy next term, came and added themselves to that remarkable Sunday-school class. So did some friends of the younger Academy girls; and the class had to be divided, to the disappointment of those excluded.

"Mary Ogden did n't need to improve," said Elder Holloway to the Superintendent, "but she is doing better than ever!"

How Jack did long to see Mary, or some of the family in Crofield, and Crofield itself! As soon as he was dressed he opened the bag and took out one of his sandwiches and looked at it.

"Why, they're smaller than I thought they were!" he said ruefully; "but I can't expect



"'I'VE LOST MY POCKET-BOOK,' SAID JACK, 'EVERY CENT I HAD EXCEPT SOME CHANGE.'" (SEE PAGE 957.)

He had a reason for going up the Bowery. It was no shorter than the other way. The real explanation was in his pocket.

"Forty cents left!" he said. "I'll eat one sandwich for supper, and I'll buy three more to eat in my room to-morrow."

He reached the stand kept by the three small old women, and found each in turn calling out, "Here you are! Sanwiges!—" and all the rest of their list of commodities.

too much for five cents! I've just twenty cents left. That sandwich tastes good if it *is* small!"

So soon was it all gone that Jack found his breakfast very unsatisfactory.

"I don't feel like going to church," he said, "but I might as well. I can't sit cooped up here all day. I'll go into the first church I come to, as soon as it's time."

He did not care where he went when he left the hotel, and perhaps it did not really make much difference, considering how he felt; but he found a church and went in. A young man showed him to a seat under the gallery. Not until the minister in the pulpit came forward to give out a hymn, did Jack notice anything peculiar, but the first sonorous, rolling cadences of that hymn startled the boy from Crofield.

appetite. He sat very still, however, until the last hymn was sung, and then he walked slowly back to the Hotel Dantzig.

"I don't care to see Mr. Keifelheimer," he thought. "He'll ask me to come in and eat a big Sunday dinner,—and to pay for it. I'll dodge him."

He watched at the front door of the hotel for fully three minutes, until he was sure that the hall was empty. Then he slipped into the reading-room and through that into the rear passageway leading to the elevator; but he did not feel safe until on his way to his room.

"One sandwich for dinner," he groaned, as he opened his bag. "I never knew what real hunger was till I came to the city! Maybe it won't last long, though. I'm not the first fellow who's had a hard time before he made a start."

Jack thought that both the bread and the ham were cut too thin, and that the sandwich did not last long enough.

"I'll keep my last twenty cents, though," thought Jack, and he tried to be satisfied.

Before that afternoon was over, the guide-book had been again read through, and a long home letter was written.

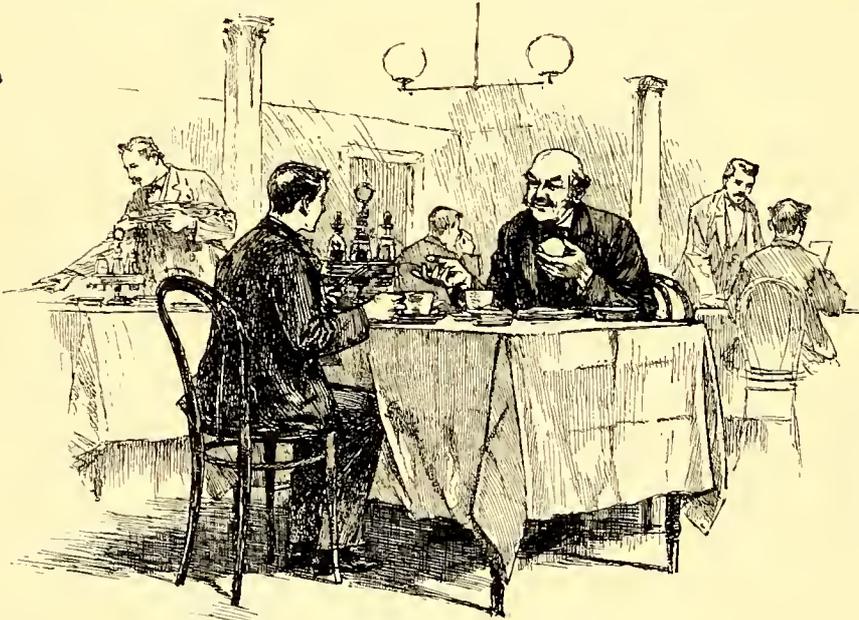
"I'll mail it," he said, "as soon as I get some money for stamps. I have n't said a word to them

"Whew!" he said to himself. "It's Dutch, or something. I can't understand a word of it! I'll stay, though, now I'm here."

German hymns, and German prayers, and a tolerably long sermon in German, left Jack Ogden free to think of all sorts of things, and his spirits went down, down, down, as he recalled all the famines of which he had heard or read and all the delicacies invented to tempt the

about famine. It must be time to eat that third sandwich; and then I'll go out and take a walk."

The sandwich was somewhat dry, but every crumb of it seemed to be valuable. After eating it, Jack once more walked over and looked at the fine houses on Fifth Avenue; but now it seemed to the hungry lad an utter absurdity to think of ever owning one of them. He stared



JACK DINES WITH MR. KEIFELHEIMER. (SEE PAGE 965.)

and wondered and walked, however, and returned to the hotel tired out.

On Monday morning, the Ogden family were at breakfast, when a neat-looking farm-wagon stopped before the door. The driver sprang to the ground, carefully helped out a young woman, and then lifted down a trunk. Just as the trunk came down upon the ground there was a loud cry in the open doorway.

"Mother! Molly's come home!" and out sprang little Bob.

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. Ogden exclaimed, and the whole family were on their feet.

Mary met her father as she was coming in. Then, picking up little Sally and kissing her, she said:

"There was a way for me to come over, this morning. I've brought my books home, to study till term begins. Oh, mother, I'm so glad to get back!"

The blacksmith went out to thank the farmer who had brought her; but the rest went into the house to get Mary some breakfast and to look at her and to hear her story.

Mrs. Ogden said several times:

"I do wish Jack was here, too!"

That very moment her son was leaving the Hotel Dantzic behind him, with two and a half miles to walk before getting his breakfast — a bowl of bread and milk.

## CHAPTER XVII.

JACK OGDEN, that Monday morning, had an idea that New York was a very long city.

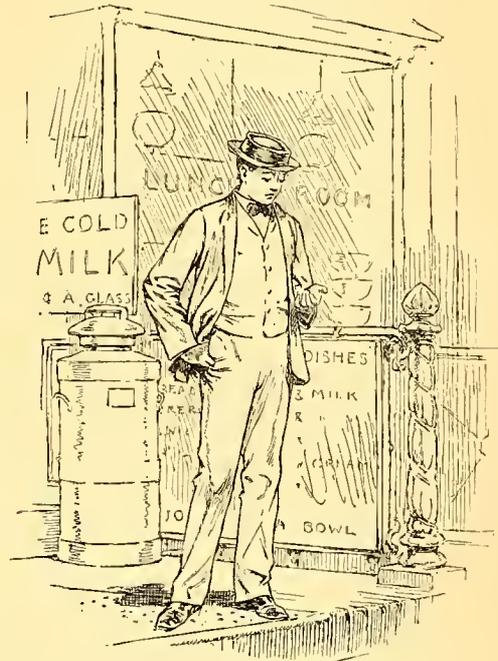
He had eaten nothing since Saturday noon, excepting the sandwiches, and he felt that he should not be good for much until after he had had breakfast. His mind was full of unpleasant memories of the stores and offices he had entered during his last week's hunt, and he did not relish renewing it.

"I must go ahead, though," he thought. "Something must be done, or I'll starve."

Every moment Jack felt better, and he arose from the table a little more like himself.

"Ten cents left," he said, as he went out into the street. "That'll buy me one more bowl of bread and milk. What shall I do then?"

It was a serious question, and demanded attention. It was still very early for the city, but stores were beginning to open, and groups of men were hurrying along the sidewalks on their way to business. Jack went on, thinking and thinking, and a fit of depression was upon him



"TEN CENTS LEFT," HE SAID, AS HE WENT OUT INTO THE STREET."

when he entered a street turning out from Broadway. He had not tried this street before. It was not wide, and it was beginning to look busy. At the end of two blocks, Jack uttered an exclamation:

"That's queer!" he said. "They all sell coffee, tea, groceries, and that sort of thing. Big stores, too. I'll try here."

His heart sank a little, as he paused in front of a very bustling establishment, bearing every appearance of prosperity. Some men were bringing out tea-chests and bags of coffee to pile around the doorway, as if to ask passers-by to walk in and buy some. The show-windows were already filled with samples of sugar, coffee, and a dozen other kinds of goods. Just beyond one window Jack could see the first of a row of three huge coffee-grinders painted red,

and back of the other window was more machinery.

"I 'll go in, anyway," he said, setting his teeth. "Only ten cents left!"

That small coin, because it was all alone in his pocket, drove him into the door. Two-thirds down the broad store there stood a black-eyed, wiry, busy-looking man, giving various directions to the clerks and other men. Jack thought, "He 's the 'boss.' He looks as if he 'd say no, right away."

Although Jack's heart was beating fast, he walked boldly up to this man:

"Mister," he said, "do you want to hire another boy?"

"You are the hundred and eleventh boy who has asked that same question within a week. No," responded the black-eyed man, sharply but good-naturedly.

"Gifford," came at that moment from a very cheerful voice over Jack's left shoulder, "I 've cleaned out that lot of potatoes. Sold two thousand barrels on my way down, at a dollar and a half a barrel."

Jack remembered that some uncommonly heavy footsteps had followed him when he came in, and found that he had to look upward to see the face of the speaker, who was unusually tall. The man leaned forward, too, so that Jack's face was almost under his.

Mr. Gifford's answer had disappointed Jack and irritated him.

"You did well!" said Mr. Gifford.

Before he had time to think Jack said:

"A dollar and a half? Well, if you knew anything about potatoes, you would n't have let them go for any dollar and a half a barrel!"

"What do you know about potatoes?" growled the tall man, leaning an inch lower and frowning at Jack's interruption.

"More than you or Mr. Gifford seem to," said Jack desperately. "The crop 's going to be short. I know how it is up *our* way."

"Tell us what you know!" said the tall man, sharply; and Mr. Gifford drew nearer with an expression of keen interest upon his face.

"They 're all poor," said Jack, and then he remembered and repeated, better than he could have done if he had made ready beforehand, all he had heard the two men say in the Hotel

Dantzic reading-room, and all he had heard in Crofield and Mertonville. He had heard the two men call each other by name, and he ended with:

"Did n't you sell your lot to Murphy & Scales? They 're buying everywhere."

"That 's just what I did," said the tall man. "I wish I had n't; I 'll go right out and buy!" and away he went.

"Buy some on my account," said Mr. Gifford, as the other man left the store. "See here, my boy, I don't want to hire anybody. But you seem to know about potatoes. Probably you 're just from a farm. What else do you know? What can you do?"

"A good many things," said Jack, and to his own astonishment he spoke out clearly and confidently.

"Oh, you can?" laughed Mr. Gifford. "Well, I don't need you, but I need an engineer. I wish you knew enough to run a small steam-engine."

"Why, I can run a steam-engine," said Jack, "That 's nothing. May I see it?"

Mr. Gifford pointed at some machinery behind the counter, near where he stood, and at the apparatus in the show-window.

"It 's a little one that runs the coffee-mills and the printing-press," he said. "You can't do anything with it until a machinist mends it— it 's all out of order, I 'm told."

"Perhaps I can," said Jack. "A boy who 's learned the blacksmith's trade ought to be able to put it to rights."

Without another word, Jack went to work.

"Nothing wrong here, Mr. Gifford," he said in a minute. "Where are the screw-driver and the monkey-wrench, and an oil-can?"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Gifford, as he sent a man for the tools. "Do you think you can do it?"

Jack said nothing aloud, but he told himself:

"Why, it 's a smaller size but like the one in the *Eagle* office. They get out of order easily, but then it 's easy to regulate them."

"You *do* know something," said Mr. Gifford, laughing, a few minutes later, when Jack said to him:

"She 'll do now."

"She won't do very well," added Mr. Gifford,

shaking his head. "That engine never was exactly the thing. It lacks power."

"It may be the pulley-belt 's too loose," said Jack, after studying the mechanism for a moment.

"I 'll send for a man to fix it, then."

"No, you need n't," said Jack. "I can tighten it so she 'll run all the machinery you have. May I have an awl?"

"Of course," said Mr. Gifford. "Put it to rights. There 's plenty of coffee waiting to be ground."

Jack went to work at the loose belt.

"He 's a bright fellow," said Mr. Gifford to his head-clerk. "If we wanted another boy — but we don't."

"Too many now," was the short, decisive reply.

It was not long before the machinery began to move.

"Good!" said Mr. Gifford. "I almost wish I had something more for you to do, but I really have n't. If you could run that good-for-nothing old printing-press —"

"Printing-press?" exclaimed Jack.

"Over in the other window," said Mr. Gifford. "We thought of printing all our own circulars, cards, and paper bags. But it 's a failure, unless we should hire a regular printer. We shall have to, I suppose. If you were a printer, now."

"I 've worked at the press," said Jack. "I 'm something of a printer. I 'm sure I can do that work. It 's like a press I used to run when I worked in that business."

Jack at once went to the show-window.

"An 'Alligator' press," he said, "like the one in the *Standard* office. It ought to be oiled, though. It needs adjusting, too. No wonder it would not work. I can make it go."

The business of the store was beginning. Steam was up in the engine, and the coffee-mills were grinding merrily. Mr. Gifford and all his clerks were busied with other matters, and Jack was left to tinker away at the Alligator press. "She 's ready to run. I 'll start her," he said at last.

He took an impression of the form of type that was in the press and read it.

"I see," he said. "They print that on their

paper bags for an advertisement. I 'll show it to Mr. Gifford. There are plenty of blank ones lying around here, all ready to print."

He walked up to the desk and handed in the proof, asking:

"Is that all right?"

"No," said Mr. Gifford. "We let our stock of bags run down because the name of the firm was changed. I want to add several things. I 'll send for somebody to have the proof corrections made."

"You need n't," said Jack. "Tell me what you want. Any boy who 's ever worked in a newspaper office can do a little thing like that."

"How do you come to know so much about machinery?" asked Mr. Gifford, trying not to laugh.

"Oh," said Jack, "I was brought up a blacksmith, but I 've worked at other trades, and it was easy enough to adjust those things."

"That 's what you 've been up to, is it?" said Mr. Gifford. "I saw you hammering and filing, and I wondered what you 'd accomplished. I want the new paper bags to be," — and he told Jack what changes were required, and added: "Then, of course, I shall need some circulars — three kinds — and some cards."

"That press will run over a thousand an hour when it 's geared right. You 'll see," said Jack, positively.

"Well, here 's a true Jack-at-all-trades!" exclaimed Mr. Gifford, opening his eyes. "I begin to wish we had a place for you!"

It was nearly noon before Jack had another sample of printing ready to show. There was a good supply of type, to be sure, but he was not much of a printer, and type-setting did not come easily to him. He worked almost desperately, however, and meanwhile his brains were as busy as the coffee-mills. He succeeded finally, and it was time, for a salesman was just reporting:

"Mr. Gifford, we 're out of paper bags."

"We must have some right away," said Mr. Gifford. "I wish that youngster really knew how to print them. He 's tinkering at it over there."

"Is that right?" asked Jack only a second later, holding out a printed bag.

"Why, yes, that 's the thing. Go ahead," said

the surprised coffee-dealer. "I thought you 'd failed this time."

"I 'll run off a lot," said Jack, "and then I 'll go out and get something to eat."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Gifford promptly. "No going out, during business hours, in *this* house. I 'll have a luncheon brought to you. I 'll try you to-day, anyhow."

Back went Jack without another word, but he thought silently, "That saves me ten cents."

The Alligator press was started, and Jack fed it with the blank paper bags the salesmen needed, and he began to feel happy. He was even happier when his luncheon was brought; for the firm of Gifford & Company saw that their employees fared well.

"I declare!" said Jack to himself, "it 's the first full meal I 've had since last week Wednesday! I was starved."

On went the press, and the young pressman sat doggedly at his task; but he was all the while watching things in the store and hearing whatever there was to hear.

"I know their prices pretty well," he thought. "Most of the things are marked—ever so much lower than Crofield prices, too."

He had piles of printed bags of different sizes ready for use, now lying around him.

"Time to get at some of those circulars," he was saying, as he arose from his seat at the press and stepped out behind the counter.

"Five pounds of coffee," said a lady, before the counter, in a tone of vexation. "I 've waited long enough. Mocha and Java, mixed."

"Thirty-five cents," said Jack.

"Quick, then," said she, and he darted away to fill her order.

"Three and a half pounds of powdered sugar," said another lady, as he passed her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack.

"How much is this soap?" asked a stout old woman, and Jack remembered that price too.

He was not at all aware that anybody was watching him; but he was just telling another customer about tea and baking-soda when he felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"See here," demanded Mr. Gifford, "what are you doing behind the counter?"

"I was afraid they 'd get tired of waiting and go somewhere else," said Jack. "I know

something about waiting on customers. Yes, ma'am, that 's a fine tea. Forty-eight cents. Half a pound? Yes, ma'am. In a jiffy, Mr. Gifford;—there are bags enough for to-day."

"I think you may stay," said the head of the house. "I did n't need another boy; but I begin to think I do need a blacksmith, a carpenter, a printer, and a good, sharp salesman." As he was turning away he added, "It 's surprising how quickly he has picked up our prices."

Jack's fingers were trembling nervously, but his face brightened as he did up that package.

Mr. Gifford waited while the Crofield boy answered yet another customer and sold some coffee, and told Jack to go right on.

"Come to the desk," he then said. "I don't even know your name. Come."

Very hot and yet a little shaky was Jack as he followed; but Mr. Gifford was not a verbose man.

"Mr. Jones," he said to the head clerk, "please take down his name;—what is it?"

"John Ogden, sir," and after other questions and answers, Mr. Gifford said:

"Find a cheaper boarding-place. You can get good board for five dollars a week. Your pay is only ten dollars a week to begin, and you must live on that. We 'll see that you earn it, too. You can begin printing circulars and cards."

Jack went, and Mr. Gifford added:

"Why, Mr. Jones, he 's saved sending for three different workmen since he came in. He 'll make a good salesman, too. He 's a boy—but he is n't only a boy. I 'll keep him."

Jack went to the press as if in a dream.

"A place!" he said to himself. "Well, yes. I 've got a place. Good wages, too; but I suppose they won't pay until Saturday night. How am I to keep going until then? I have to pay my bill at the Hotel Dantzic, too—now I 've begun on a new week. I 'll go without my supper, and buy a sandwich in the morning, and then—I 'll get along, somehow."

He worked all that afternoon with an uneasy feeling that he was being watched. The paper bags were finished, a fair supply of them; and then the type for the circular needed only a few changes, and he began on that. Each new job made him remember things he had learned in the *Standard* office, or had gathered from Mr.

Black, the wooden foreman of the *Eagle*. It was just as well, however, that things needed only fixing up and not setting anew, for that might have been a little beyond him. As it was, he overcame all difficulties, besides leaving the press three times to act as salesman.

Gifford & Co. kept open to accommodate customers who purchased goods on their way home; and it was after nearly all other business houses, excepting such as theirs, were closed, that the very tall man leaned in at the door and then came striding down the store to the desk.

"Gifford," he said, "that clerk of yours was right. There 's almost a panic in potatoes. I got five thousand barrels for you, and five thousand for myself, at a dollar and sixty, and the price just jumped. They will bring two dollars. If they do we 'll make two thousand apiece.

"I 'm glad you did so well," said Mr. Gifford dryly, "but don't say much to him about it. Let him alone —"

"Well, yes; — but I want to do something for him. Give him this ten-dollar bill from me."

"Very well," said Mr. Gifford; "you owe the profit to him. I 'll take care of my side of the matter. Ogden, come here a moment!"

Jack stopped the press and came to the desk. The money was handed to him.

"It 's just a bit of luck," said the tall man; "but your information was valuable to me."

"Thank you," said Jack, after he had in vain refused the money.

"You 've done enough," said Mr. Gifford; "this will do for your first day. Eight o'clock in the morning, remember. Good-night!"

"I 'm glad I belong here," Jack said to himself. "If I 'd had my pick of the city I would have chosen this very store. Ten dollars! I can pay Mr. Keifelheimer now, and I sha'n't have to starve to death!"

Jack felt so prosperous that he walked only to the nearest station of the elevated railway, and cheerfully paid five cents for a ride up-town.

When the Hotel Dantzie was reached, it seemed a much more cheerful and home-like building than it had appeared when he left it in the morning; and Jack had now no notion

of dodging Mr. Keifelheimer. There he stood on the doorstep, looking stern and dignified. He was almost too polite when Jack said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Keifelheimer."

"Goot-efening," he replied, with a bow. "I hope you gets along vell mit your beezness?"

"Pretty well," said Jack, cheerfully.

"Vere vas you feexed?" asked Mr. Keifelheimer, doubtfully.

Jack held out one of the business cards of Gifford & Company, and replied:

"That 's where I am. I guess I 'll pay for my room here till the end of this week, and then I 'll find a place further down town."

"I vas so sorry dey peek your pockit," said Mr. Keifelheimer, looking at the card. "Tell you vat, Mr. Ogden, you take supper mit me. It cost you not'ing. I haf to talk some mit you."

"All right," said Jack. "I 'll pay up at the desk, and then I 'll get ready for dinner."

When he came down Mr. Keifelheimer was waiting for him, very smiling, but not nearly so polite and dignified. Hardly were they seated at the supper-table before the proprietor coughed twice affectedly, and then remarked:

"You not leaf de Hotel Dantzie, Mr. Ogden. I use up pounds and boxes of tea und sugar und coffee, und all dose sometings dey sell at Gufford und Gompany's. You get me de best prices mit dem, und you safe me a great heap of money. I get schwindled, schwindled, all de times! You vas keep your room, und you pays for vat you eats. De room is a goot room, but it shall cost you not vun cent. So? If I find you safe me money, I go on mit you."

"I 'll do my best," said Jack. "Let me know what you 're paying now."

"Ve go all ofer de leest after ve eat something," said Mr. Keifelheimer. "Mr. Guilder-aufenberg say goot deal about you. So did de ladies. I vas sorry dot dey peek your pocket."

Probably he had now forgotten just what he had thought of saying to Jack in case the boy had not been able to pay for his room, and had been out of employment; but Jack was enjoying a fine illustration of that wise proverb which says: "Nothing succeeds like success."

## A LITTLE CONTRABAND.

BY CHARLES McILVAINE.



IN 1862, my company stacked their guns one bright May evening, unslung their knapsacks, unbuckled their cartridge-belts, donned their fatigue uniforms, and, with the method of well-trained soldiers, proceeded to erect a little village of tents beside a beautiful artificial lake made by capturing the tide at its flood, as it poured from the Edisto River up a narrow sluiceway into the extensive and beautiful grounds surrounding the Seabrook mansion. The mocking-birds were in full tune among the trees, and troling their songs from the great magnolias. Lonely palms stood stark in the glare of sunset by the side of symmetrical live-oaks and cone-shaped pines resting like enormous hay-cocks on the rim of the horizon. The gables, towers, and chimneys of the mansion rose above the mat of trees and shadow, to catch the richness of sunset tints and reflect their fire from many a dazzling dormer. Barns, cotton houses, slave-quarters, together with the multitudinous out-buildings of a Southern plantation, stood on the river bank overlooking its wide waters.

Bird-song, the hum of busy men, the thud of blows driving tent-pins, the stamping of horses as they stood in the wagon-train, the sharp, incisive orders of subaltern officers, as men moved and tents rose at their commands, were the only sounds. War had rested its palsyng hand on lovely Edisto, silencing the low of herds, the happy laugh of negroes, and the joy of yonder fair and stately mansion. Everything was deserted — fields, quarters, homestead.

Dashing out of the forest line and galloping across a vast plain, with cotton rows disturbing its level like ripples on a sea of sand, rode a glittering group of officers with a train of

mounted orderlies — Brigadier-General H. G. Wright and his staff. On they came, waving a passing salute to the officers of my detachment, and clattered up the broad shell-avenue to Seabrook house, there to establish brigade headquarters in its vacant halls.

The men of my company worked with a will at their canvas homes. Their hearts were light and proud that day — for had they not at grand review caught the general's eye, and by their step and keeping won his favor and the privilege of being his guard at his headquarters?

While watching the erection of my own tent, under the generous shade of a live-oak tree, I heard a shrill, childish yell, and then the shouts of the men. Turning, I saw a sight that was too much for the gravity of even a commanding officer. Down the street — newly walled off by the canvas houses — came a little darky at lightning speed. His bare black legs shone like the spokes of a rapidly revolving carriage-wheel, as they spun over the ground; his head was thrown back; his eyes stuck out until the white rings around their pupils made each look like the bull's-eye of a target; his capacious mouth was open for vociferous yelling, and the fragmentary shirt he wore was extended as far behind him as its scanty material could reach. It did not take an observant eye to see that that jet-black youngster was likely to lose his color from fright. And no wonder; for behind him was a long-legged corporal holding a bayoneted musket within reaching distance of his flying calico.

The explanation of this strange chase was not at first evident. While Corporal Russel was the jolliest of fellows in camp, and always ready for trick or joke, there was now in his gait and face a savage determination to catch that darky or run him beyond the department limits. As the youngster came closer the mystery was solved.

In one hand he held a chunk of bacon, and in the other a hardtack. The little rascal had been caught stealing from the corporal's haver-sack.

Well knowing that the corporal would not hurt him,—for he was kindness itself the whole length of his queer, gaunt form,—the comicality of the race struck me. Naturally taking part with the weaker, I joined in the shouting with, "Go it, Sambo! You are beating him! Hold on to the bacon!"

I think this last expression of encouragement decided the little fellow, for he gave one wild, supplicating look at me, changed his course suddenly, and circled to the protection of my legs. There he clung, in terrified entreaty, much to the detriment of my uniform from his handful of grease.

"Don' you let 'im kill-er me, mas'r! Don' you let 'im kill-er me! I did n't take 'em! I 'll gib um back right away! I 's so hungry. Don' you let 'im kill-er me!"

The little fellow's cry, "I 's so hungry," touched me. I have been hungry myself, and experience makes us wonderfully charitable. While the breathless corporal halted, shouldered his musket, and stood at "attention" before me, the perfect picture of a soldier, I did what I could to console the waif through a long and tearful outburst, which finally came to an abrupt conclusion from his choking on a piece of cracker that he had tried to swallow between his sobs.

"He is hungry, Corporal—nearly starved. He must have been left behind when the people left here, and has had nothing to eat since."

In an instant Corporal Russel's face changed from embarrassment, at being so ludicrously caught, to anxious sympathy.

"Let me have him, Captain. He shall have all I 've got."

A yell from the little fellow, and a renewed grasp of his greasy fingers, admonished me that, however willing the corporal might be to feed him, I was regarded by the stray as his defender and adopted protector. Nor would he take his baconed grasp from my trousers until I had promised him that the corporal should not have him.

From that moment he believed that I had

saved his life, and never afterward, on weary march, on dangerous picket, or in the heat of deadly fray, did he swerve from the fidelity born of his gratitude.

Soon the tents were pitched, the camp-fires were lighted, groups sat in their red glare, or lolled where the rippled lake put ruffles around the moon's reflected face (a silvery night-cap most becoming) until "taps" darkened the camp, and no sound but the bittern's cry and measured tread of sentinels disturbed the silence of the night. In a corner of my tent, well fed and sound asleep, lay little "Nigger June."

He had told me his name and his story in his own quaint way. When the Federal gun-boats steamed up the Edisto River, the ignorant and terrified slaves fled to hiding-places in the swamp-forests or followed their masters from the island to the mainland; and June, whose whole family tree, so far as he knew, consisted of the one guardian he had ever had (his old "Aunt Peggy"), was, owing to the shortness of his legs and a chronic habit of going to sleep under all possible circumstances, left behind. Hunger was too much for his honesty; so, like a dog after a bone, he had sneaked into the camp and was spied by the keen-eyed corporal foraging on the provisions. He took to his new surroundings as naturally as if he had been born by a camp-fire and cradled in a drum. Like a cat left behind in a deserted home, he became a legacy to the new-comers, and he was petted and cared for accordingly.

To say anything without an enforcing emphasis, or to expect to be believed without reference to some authority of higher value than his own, was foreign to June's idea of impressive English. His lingo was that of the Carolina Sea Islands, but his laugh was cosmopolitan—there was no limit to its shades and changes. It embodied the diapason of jollity, was ready at the slightest provocation, and was as infectious as sneezes from snuff. His dancing incorporated every caper that ever was cut; his full, rich, contralto voice rang out the complete weird song-lore of his race. It was not long before he became known throughout the whole Tenth Army Corps. No picnic, coon-hunt, fishing-party, nor camp game in which the men indulged was complete without him.

He was in constant demand from all parts of the command because of the amusement he afforded, and in consequence was generally "lent out" to some one. Unlike other loans, he never failed to return. Diving for quarters in a tub of meal was his speciality. He could keep his "bullet" head under longer than any other ducky in the Department of the South,— never failing to capture the silver in his teeth and be up in time to have a laugh at his rooting, struggling competitors. Butting was a favorite pastime. With head down, shoulders up, prancing on one leg, he would issue challenge to man or boy to do battle with him, and he always scored a victory.

An immense negro, named Orchard, used to come daily into camp with a tub on his head containing shrimps, which found ready sale among the soldiers. June had repeatedly danced his war-dance around Orchard without obtaining even recognition as an enemy.

One day, after an unsuccessful challenge, he came to me disgusted and full of contempt. "See um dar, Cappin, see um, dat big niggah. Him too proud. Woffer him not butt me? Woffer him not go down on his knees an' butt me? 'Deed, I knock 'm shoo."

Being in full sympathy with my butting phenomenon, and having been his backer on many occasions, I said, "June, I will give you a quarter if you make Orchard drop that tub of shrimps."

After he had taken a roll, turned two or three somersaults, and done some dancing, to work his elation out properly, he replied:

"Mas'r, dat quartah 's mine. Dat tub mighty high up. Long way up to dat tub, Mas'r Cappin. Orchard hab to git from un'er him." He dashed off in high glee, and was soon stalking beside the black shrimp merchant, with an empty cracker-box balanced on his head, imitating his big model in every action. I watched his manœuvres with keen enjoyment,— it was a contest between a pygmy and a giant. He soon attracted Orchard's attention, and the shrimp dealer came to a sudden and dignified halt.

"What you doin' dat fo', you grinnin' monkey? What you make mock ob me fo'?" asked Orchard, angrily.

"Put down you' tub, an' butt me den," was the little fellow's reply. "Ain't I ax you, ebray day, fo' to butt me? Put down you' tub."

Thus "daring" him, June laid his cracker-box upside down, a few feet in front of the irate Orchard, and backed off as if preparing for an acceptance of his challenge.

"Go 'way, chile. If I butt you, I kill you, shoo. What fo' I go buttin' sich a pickaninny like you, fo'?"

"Put down dat tub!" was all the answer he had from June, who was posturing like a goat full of fight.

"Go 'way, you sassy niggah! What fo' I put down de tub fo' de likes ob you?"

The halt and parley were what the little strategist was after. Quick as a flash he charged like a ram, leaped from the cracker-box, shot forward as from a catapult, and landed his head with the force of a solid shot fair on Orchard's waistband! If Orchard had been hinged in the middle he could not have doubled up more quickly. Down came the tub, the shrimps flew in all directions, and before the astonished giant comprehended what had happened, June was shrieking his delight and celebrating his victory behind a group of soldiers who were cheering his exploit.

The promised quarter was paid to June, and Orchard was compensated for his shrimps; but it was many a day before he forgave "dat grinnin', buttin', sassy brack monkey."

June was always the hero of his adventures, but he was not always heroic. A few days after his appearance in camp, he was despatched to fetch some water from a spring under the protecting shade of a leaning live-oak some distance away, across the plain of cotton rows. In order that he might not have to go soon again, he determined to carry "a lazy man's load." Therefore he put a mackerel-kit on his head, took a bucket in each hand, and away he went — a walking reservoir. Pretty soon he came bounding across the field, bouncing from the cotton-rows like a ricochet shot, yelling at the top of his voice, "De Debble, de Debble, de Debble!" As usual, when in trouble, he came straight to me. All he could gasp was:

"Oh, de Debble, de Debble, de Debble! Lawks-a-massy, Cappin, I see um de Debble!"

"Where?" I asked, as well as laughing would let me.

"In de watah. I stoop down to de watah ober yonder by de spring, an' jus' ez I gwine to scoop de watah in de bucket, dar wuz de Debble dar, lookin' right out de watah at me. Oh, I 'm gwine to die! De Debble's gwine to catch me, sho. Don't let um catch me, Mas'r Cappin!" He was terribly frightened—trembling, and clinging to me piteously. He had certainly seen *something*.

"Don't be afraid, June," I said consolingly.

fo' to swaller me right down kerplump,—ain't I see um?"

Nothing would convince him that he had made a mistake,—and nothing ever did.

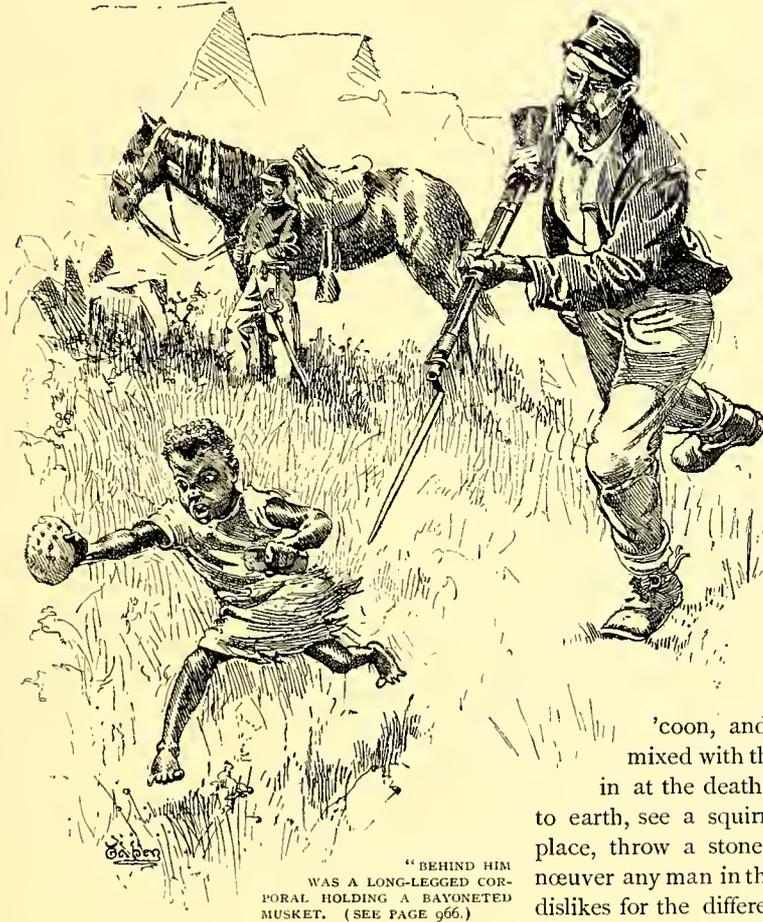
For a moment I was frightened, too, when I went to the spring after the abandoned buckets, and to see what was the matter: for, there in the water was reflected a countenance of more than Satanic ugliness. As it quickly disappeared, a heavy thud on the ground just beside me inclined me to follow in the footsteps of June and to confess entire adoption of his belief.

An instant sufficed to show me that the supposed demon was a large Angora goat, resting in the broad crotch of the leaning tree. The goat's head and shoulders were vaguely mirrored in the spring.

June was no manner of use, so far as the performance of any duty was concerned, but in the camp he was a power which would have been sadly missed. He was the camp Jester. From reveille to taps, his merry pranks amused the men, his laugh kept all in good humor. He was circus, clown, and side-show, combined. He could climb a tree, shake down a

'coon, and be back in time to be mixed with the pile of dogs and darkies in at the death. He could run a rabbit

to earth, see a squirrel in its thickest hiding-place, throw a stone unerringly, and out-manœuver any man in the company. His likes and dislikes for the different men were strong, and knew no compromise. Woe to the soldier who excited June's ire! His shoes would be missing, his haversack mysteriously filled with sand, his blanket with nettles, his canteen with salt-water from the lake, and his every peculiarity would be pantomimed for the amusement of



"BEHIND HIM WAS A LONG-LEGGED CORPORAL HOLDING A BAYONETED MUSKET. (SEE PAGE 966.)"

"You did not see any devil." He backed up his positive assertion to the contrary with a favorite expression. "Fo' a troof, Cappin, I see um. Ain't I know 'im when I see um? Dar wuz his two horns, an' eyes afire, an' mouf big 'nough

his comrades. He invariably appeared on dress-parade in a unique uniform. A sardine-box carried his cartridges, a bit of string answered for belt, a forked stick for a gun. No man of the company went through the parade exercises better, and, if it pleased him to imitate the commanding officer a few

feet to the rear, the quivering line of muskets and red faces of the men bore testimony to the exactness of his mimicry.

He was once caught

Peggy is my boss; an' Aunt Peggy ain't yere no mo'. Le' me go. Woffer you sittin' on me?"

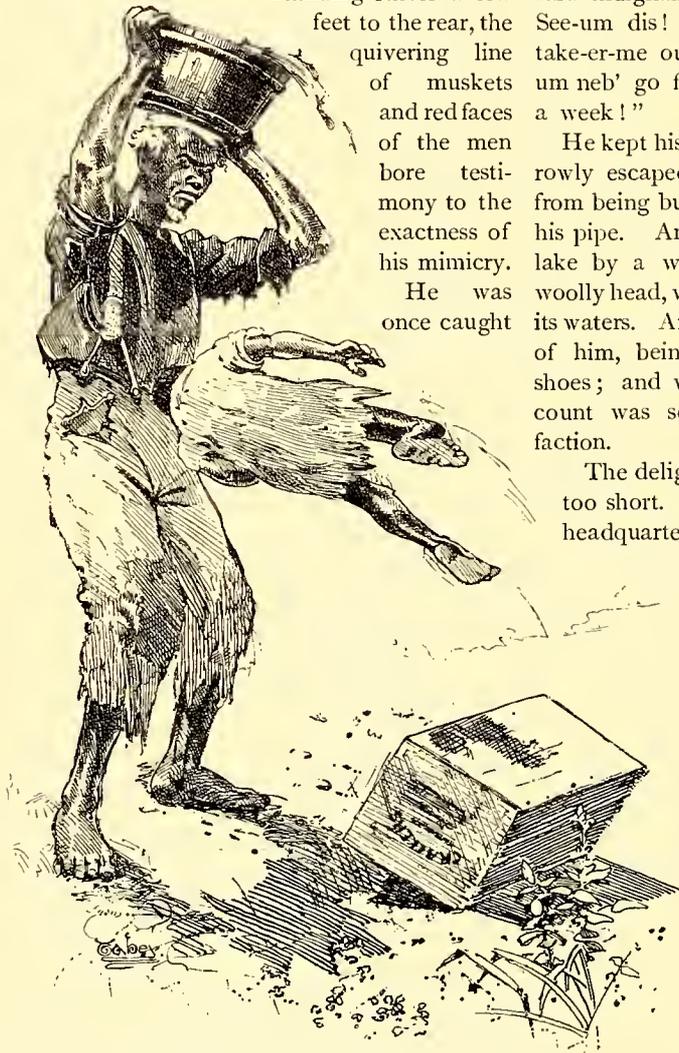
Notwithstanding the force and logic of his defense, he was ruthlessly sentenced to a term of imprisonment within the walls of an empty and headless pork-barrel. In this predicament, he said indignantly to me, "See-un dis, Cappin! See-un dis! Cappin, fo' goodness sake, come take-er-me out. I 'll butt dat co't-ma'sh'l till um neb' go fishin' or 'coon-huntin' no mo' fo' a week!"

He kept his word. One of his persecutors narrowly escaped severe burns in the cook's fire, from being butted into the coals while lighting his pipe. Another was sent sprawling into the lake by a well-calculated blow from June's woolly head, while he was washing his platter in its waters. Another had his senses knocked out of him, being sent headlong while tying his shoes; and with all, sooner or later, the account was squared to June's complete satisfaction.

The delightful sojourn at Seabrook was only too short. One morning there was a stir at headquarters, a riding to and fro of aides-de-camp, a bustle among the orderlies, and the clerks were packing up their papers. All of these signs indicated a move.

Soon came an order to strike tents and join the main body of troops, three miles away, with my detachment. In the excitement of the move, June was in his glory. Missing articles were found as tent floors were taken up, and the secret avenues were discovered by which he obtained entrance to the tents of his enemies. "That infernal little Nigger June" was in demand throughout the camp, but he wisely shouted his derision from a safe distance.

I employed a stray contraband to carry some of the lighter and more breakable articles of my tent furniture, much to the disgust of June, and the breeding of not a little jealousy in him. Taking advantage of my being occupied away from my quarters, the little joker told the fellow that he must carry my trunk, bedding, camp-



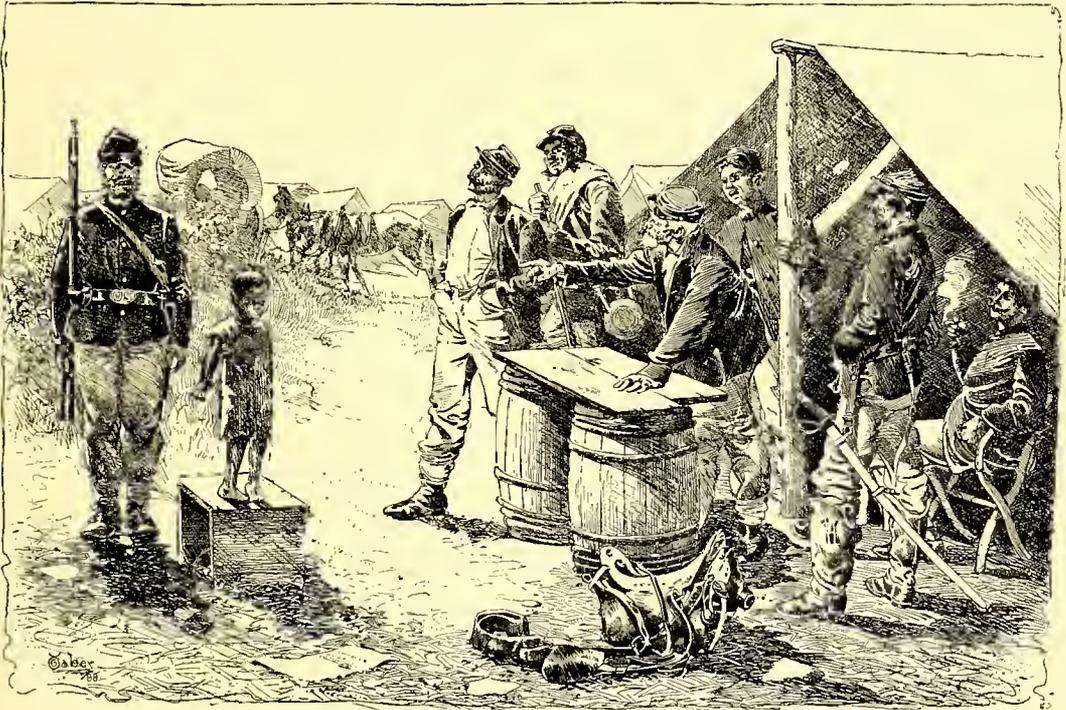
JUNE BRINGS DOWN THE SHRIMPS. (SEE PAGE 968.)

tying a pair of wickedly clawed crabs into the coat-sleeve of one of his tormentors. The wags of the company decided to try him by court martial. The charge was "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." June pleaded his own cause manfully. "What fo' you sittin' on me fo'? Mar's Cappin an' Aunt

chest, and everything else that could be hung on him — load enough for a camel. Upon my return, I found June in the last contortions of a laughing convulsion. Following with my eye his pointing finger, in the direction of our march, I saw in the distance a moving object resembling a pack-mule with a huge chest on his back and side loads reaching to the ground.

“ See-um, dah,\* Cappin ? See-um dat fool nig-gah ? ’Im don’t know nuffin’ no mo’ dan a punken. Dah he go, totin’ de chist, an’ trunk, an’ ebbryting. ’Deed, Cappin, guess dat nig-

rotting mussels, through chaparral alive with stinging insects; across sanded plains, making the air quiver with burning reflections; amid blinding, choking, clouds of dust — batteries tugged, cavalry plunged, and infantry trod with indescribable sufferings. June, alone, seemed not to mind it. Astride a cannon, mounted on a caisson, perched behind a mounted soldier, or trotting alongside my company, his quaint songs and antics cheered the men and lightened many a step. Every haversack was open to him; every canteen was ready to quench his thirst;



JUNE IS TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL.

nah don’t run fas’ dis time, ef he hol’ on to all he tote ! Hi — yah ! ”

It was not long before it was generally known that an attack was to be made upon Charleston ; that a march across John’s Island to the Stono River was to be followed by a landing on James Island, under protection of the gunboats in rendezvous there.

The march commenced ; not one who was in it will ever forget its miseries from its beginning to its disastrous end. Under a scorching sun, through the stench of putrid swamps filled with

every hand would be outstretched to give him a lift over a difficult bit of road.

In the long days and nights that followed, of murderous work and dangerous duty, nothing could prevent June from taking part. The most positive orders would not keep him in camp ; no guard-house was tight enough to hold him. If I was doing duty with outlying pickets, on reconnaissance, or in pushing from the front a fighting skirmish-line, he would climb a chimney-flue, slip through some chink he had made or found, dash through a window or dart be-

\* “ See him there.”

tween the legs of his guard, and speed away with unerring scent on my track. A tiny pair of black legs moving swiftly from tree to tree, the pop of a woolly head from behind a log, a glistening of his bright eyes from some jungle, would give the first knowledge of his presence,



JUNE IS IMPRISONED.

and when detected, his laughing greeting always was, "Lor', Mas'r Cappin, what a time I's done been hab huntin' you. Woffer you done go 'way fo', an' lebe-cr-me?"

He never allowed himself to be put on the defensive. No one wished to see him hurt, so all tried to care for him, but it was not possible; the little fellow, in his faithfulness, felt that it was his duty to take care of me, so all efforts to keep him away and in safety were unavailing.

One day, never to be forgotten,—June 16, 1862,—a charge was made upon the Confederate earthworks at Secessionville, South Carolina, and six hundred brave men and true were laid low in front of the defenses. At an early hour on the morning of that day, I was fastening my sword about me when June waked up where he was lying curled up like a dog in the corner of my tent. I was dressing as quietly as possible without waking him, well knowing the deadly work planned for the morning, but his watchfulness was as keen as that of a Bedouin of the desert. He surprised me with the exclamation, "Mas'r Cappin, what you gwine to do? Whar you been goin' to?"

He was told, sharply, to lie down and go to sleep, and I added, "June, if you follow me to-day, I will stand you on a barrel, with a bayonet on each side of you, and make you hold a piece of ice in each hand until it is all melted." This was the only punishment for which he cared a particle, and the threat of it usually set him to bellowing like an orphaned calf. Strange to say, on this occasion it produced no marked effect; he seemed to feel that something of more than usual importance was taking me out at that time in the morning, armed and equipped. He came to me, and in the faint light passed his hand around my sword-belt to feel whether or not my revolver was there. I seldom carried one,—never, indeed, unless there was an almost certain prospect of its need. When his hand touched its sheath, he took hold of my coat-sleeve in a pleading way, and said, "Woffer you go widout Niggah June? Leave 'im go 'long! 'Im git in de bush an' shake his shirt an' keep de Rebels from shootin' Mas'r Cappin."

With a laugh at his idea of protection, I told him that I would soon be back all right,—to stay where he was. I left him looking disconsolately after me as I went out.

Once in the heat of battle, when shells were shrieking their horrible death-songs overhead, when black balls of iron tore their way through ranks of living men, when grape and canister, shrapnel and bullets were raining death and wounds, the smoke lifted, and through the ragged branches of a hedge in front of me,—not two hundred yards from the fort,—I thought I saw a little black demon wildly waving a white flag.

"June!" I yelled; but the roar and rattle made my voice no more than the piping of a child in a storm, and a belch of smoke from the enemy's guns rolled as a mighty wall between me and the vision.

Such a battle could not last long. We were defeated, but the fort was nearly emptied of defenders.

When the wind shook out the air and cleared it of its smoke and angry trembling, heart-rending groans went up from that stricken field.

During the hurried gathering of the wounded, Corporal Russel came to me with face pale, and

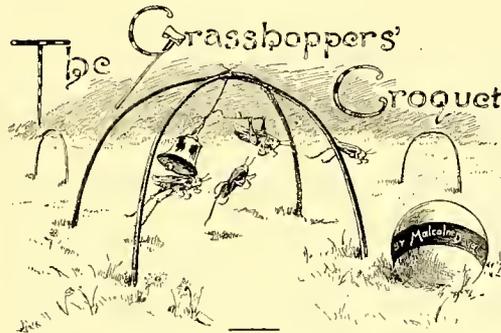
eyes bloodshot. "Come," said he, "over by the hedge. June wants you."

I knew what he meant; the vision came back to me. There little June lay, shot to death. In one hand he clutched his rag of a shirt; in the other was my haversack which I had left in my tent. He tried to laugh when I knelt by him, as he feebly raised the haversack toward me. "I done fotch you you' breakfas', Mas'r Cappin. Dar 's sumpin to eat an' drink in de habbersack. I done shaked my shirt an' kep de rebels from shootin' Mas'r Cappin. Don' stan' me

on de bar'l, an' put col' ice in my han', dis time!"

He smiled, as he had often done before, when he knew that he had the better of me, the haversack fell to the ground, and then, with his eyes resting upon me as if waiting for an assurance of forgiveness, he died.

We laid him at the end of the long ditch where lay so many of his friends; and among those hundreds of graves was one at the head of which stood a piece of a splintered flagstaff, upon which a sincere mourner had written, "Little June."



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

FOUR little grasshoppers, one fine day,  
Hopped on the lawn to play croquet.  
"We can't use mallets and balls," one said,  
"But we 'll play a game of our own, instead;  
We 'll hop through the wickets ourselves and  
see  
Whether I beat you or you beat me."

So hippity-hop they went around  
Through all the wickets upon the ground,  
Till the one who was leading made a jump  
And hit the home-stake—bumpity-bump!

Then out came Johnny and Bess to play;  
And the four little grasshoppers hopped away.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEY-DEY! What is all this noise about? All crying to go to school again? Well, well. This *is* a hard case. Thousands and thousands of children and no schools open! It shall be remedied at once, my ardent brain-workers and lesson-missers. Early this month your wish shall be gratified, if those poor wilted teachers of yours can rise to their work again.

Meantime let us consider

#### WHITE AND RED CLOVER.

WHO knows the difference between white and red clover?

"I do, I do," you are shouting. "One is red and the other is white!"

Yes. But there is more to say. Now who of you can say it?

Next month I will try to tell you of a little girl's experience in four-leaved clover hunting.

#### A TAME BUTTERFLY.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Last September I was visiting one of my aunts, who lives in Massachusetts. She had a tame butterfly. One day, early in September, my aunt was walking in her garden, among the flowers, when this butterfly lit on her hand. It was a cold day and my aunt felt sorry for the butterfly, so she brought it into the house. It was a beautiful, large butterfly, black, with bright yellow-brown markings. My aunt kept it in her warm sitting-room. She fed it from her hand. The butterfly did not seem to care to eat frequently. I think he would eat only once in two or three days. I saw him fed several times. First, my aunt put a little bit of moistened sugar on one of her fingers. After she had caught the butterfly it would stay on her finger if it wished to be fed, but if not it would immediately fly away. When it was hungry it unfolded its proboscis very slowly. Then it would eat for a long time. My aunt would wet the sugar with

her finger, and when it had finished eating it would fly away happily.

The butterfly slept on the floor, and my aunt had to look for it every night, for fear she would step on it.

It lived about nine weeks after she found it.

Yours truly, LUCY S.—.

#### BIRD FLATS.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR JACK: Some time ago a young reader of ST. NICHOLAS (who, by the way, has just returned from a daring exploring expedition in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado) brought me a curious little two-story house,—a seaside residence,—and here is a picture of it. A door on one side furnished exit and entrance to the bottom floor, but the tenants of the top floor always went in and out by the skylight. This was an easy matter for the proprietors, for they were furnished with wings,—the Colonel and his wife. We called him Colonel because he wore shoulder-straps, but he was in reality a red-winged blackbird.

The top nest contained two bluish-green eggs, with strange hieroglyphic markings on their ends. The lower story or nest was occupied by a couple of marsh-wrens.

The occupants of the different floors never interfered with each other, but lived in amity and peace. This habit of living in flats is common to a number of different species of birds, some of which form communities numbering hundreds of individuals, all living in one great



structure, divided into as many compartments as there are families; but, unlike the swamp-blackbird and the marsh-wren, they do not as a rule live on good terms with each other, for a busier, noisier, more quarrelsome set of tenants it would be hard to find,—even in tenement houses occupied by human beings!

DAN BEARD.

Où allez-vous ? A Queue-du-bois.

Vous à  
Queue-du-bois.

Moi à  
Queue-du-bois.

Votre  
Mari  
Gros  
Jean.

Mon  
Mari  
Gros-  
Jean.

Votre  
Enfant  
Niniche

Mon  
Enfant  
Niniche.

Votre  
Berceau Bébédô

Mon  
Berceau Bébédô

Votre Domestique  
Pas-trop-mal.

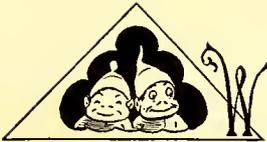
Mon Domestique  
Pas-trop-mal.

Marchons donc de compagnie.



## THE BROWNIES' BIRTHDAY DINNER.

BY PALMER COX.



HEN people through  
the country planned  
To give their public

dinners grand,

The Brownies met at day's decline  
To have a birthday banquet fine.

"The proper things," a speaker cried,

"Await us here on every side ;

We simply have to reach and take,  
And choose a place to boil and bake.

With meal and flour here at hand,  
And water rising through the sand,

The Brownie must be dull indeed  
Who lacks the gumption to proceed.

We 'll peel the pumpkins ripened well  
And scoop them hollow, like a shell,

Then slice them up the proper size  
To make at length those famous pies,

For which the people, small and great,  
Are ever quick to pass the plate."

This pleased them all ; so none were slow

In finding work at which to go.

A stove that chance put in their way

Was put in shape without delay ;

Though doors were cracked, and legs were  
rare,

The spacious oven still was there,

Where pies and cakes and puddings wide

Might cook together side by side .

The level top, though incomplete,  
Gave pots and pans a welcome seat,  
Where stews could steam and dumplings found  
A fitting place to roll around.

Some lengths of pipe were raised on high

That made the  
soot and cinders

fly,

And caused a  
draft through-  
out the wreck

Which door or  
damper failed to  
check.

The rogues who  
undertook the  
part,



That proves the cook's delightful art,

Had smarting hands and faces red

Before the table-cloth

was spread ;

But what cared they at

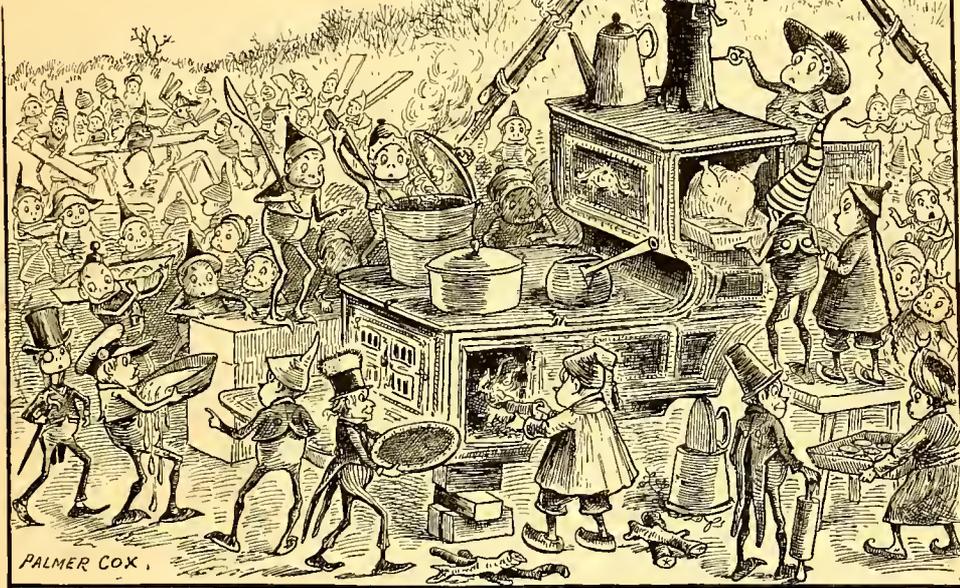
such an hour

For singeing flame or

scalding shower ?



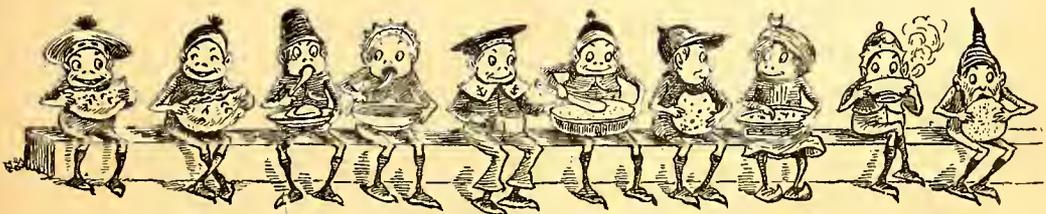
Such ills are always counted light  
 When great successes are in sight.  
 There cakes and tarts and cookies fine,  
 Of both the "leaf" and "notched" design,  
 Were ranged in rows around the pan  
 That into heated ovens ran,  
 Where, in what seemed a minute's space,  
 Another batch would take its place;  
 While birds, that had secured repose  
 Above the reach of Reynard's nose,  
 Without the aid of wings came down



To be at midnight roasted brown.  
 They found some boards and benches laid  
 Aside by workmen at their trade,  
 And these upon the green were placed  
 By willing hands with proper haste.  
 Said one, who on the bench reclined :  
 " All art is not to cooks confined,

And some expertness we can show  
 As well as those who mix the dough."

And all was as the speaker said ;  
 Indeed, they were some points ahead.  
 For when the cooks their triumphs showed,  
 The table waited for its load.





The knives and forks and dishes white  
 Through secret methods came to light.  
 Some space would be required to name  
 The special moves by which they came ;  
 But kitchen cupboards, three or four,  
 Must then have yielded up their store ;  
 For round the table every side  
 The little hands were all supplied.  
 When people find a carver hacked,  
 A saucer chipped, or platter cracked,  
 They should be somewhat slow to claim  
 That servants are the ones to blame ;  
 For Brownies may have used the ware  
 And failed to give it proper care.

A few, as waiters, passed about  
 New dishes as the old gave out,  
 And saw that plates as soon as bare  
 Were heaped again with something rare ;  
 No member, as you may believe,  
 Was anxious such a place to leave,  
 Until he had a taste at least  
 Of all the dishes in the feast.  
 The Brownies, when they break their fast,  
 Will eat as long as viands last.  
 The plates were scraped, the kettles clean,  
 And not a morsel to be seen,  
 Ere Brownies from that table ran  
 To shun the prying eyes of man.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of the ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

Professor John H. Niemeyer, of Yale University, who illustrated for ST. NICHOLAS the amusing French jingle on page 975 of this number, writes that, with the kind permission of the author, the text is taken from the "Contes Merveilleux," by Dr. L. Sauveur.

Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, author of "Marjorie and her Papa," requests that "Mildred" who wrote to "Marjorie" some time ago, will please send her address, in care of ST. NICHOLAS.

OAK KNOLL, NAPA CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading the letters in the "Letter-box." I am going to write you about my California home. I have two deer and an Angora goat. I have a beautiful rustic house and a park for them. I feed them with apples, potatoes, barley, wheat, and acorns. My sister has three little squirrels. A woodman was cutting down a tree, when an old squirrel jumped out of a nest and ran away; he looked in the nest and found the three squirrels. He brought them home and an old cat raised them. He sold them to my father, and he had the carpenter make a cage for them. My little brother has some mountain trout and some goldfish we feed with liver. I remain, your affectionate reader, HARRY.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father has a small yacht; every summer we go up the river to fish, where we stay three or four days. Last summer we went to Kingston, Canada. In the morning we left Clayton and had a pleasant trip. There are a great many islands in this river, and it is very pretty further up. We reached the Canadian shore about five miles below Kingston.

Going up the river no one can see Kingston till it is reached, on account of a high hill. On a point of this hill near the water is a Martello Tower. As we came up the river, the scenery around us was very fine, and when we reached the Canadian shore we could see this old tower, looking very picturesque. To the northward is a large fort commanding the city and harbor. As you enter the harbor the city looks quite imposing. In this city is a large penitentiary which contains over two thousand convicts. The walls are at least forty feet high, and quite wide. The guards have little houses on the walls so that they can watch the convicts. The penitentiary is close to the water. A man once left his yacht in charge of one of the convicts. After the man had gone this fellow and some others took the yacht and ran her over to the American shore, where they beached her, and then escaped.

We have a great deal of fun with our yacht; her name is "The Gypsy," and she is very pretty. This river about which I have been writing is the St. Lawrence.

I am eleven years old, and enjoy reading you very much. Your devoted reader, RICHARD B. C.—

FULTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about my little cousin's fourth birthday. She invited about fourteen little children to tea. At tea-time they all marched out to supper in couples. They looked very cunning, indeed. In the center of the table was a large "Jack Horner" pie. Perhaps you know what it is, but in case you don't, I will tell you. There is a large tin pan covered over the top with tissue paper. Inside, the pan contains a number of presents. And attached to these presents are ribbons which extend outside. Each child takes hold of the ribbon and pulls out a present. They all thought the pie was about the best of the party. Sara, that is the name of the little girl, got a great many presents. They played all sorts of games, such as Spat in and Spat out, Hide the Thimble, and a great many other games. Yours truly, MARGUERITE C.—

GRIGGSVILLE, PIKE CO., ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother Willis (who is nine years old) and myself have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS since January, and we are delighted with it. I like "Crowded Out o' Crofield," and Willis thinks "The Brownies" are so nice! We were very glad the "World's Fair" is to come to Chicago, because it is in our own State. I expect we will go to it in '93. Willis made a kite and a tail like the one described in the March number, and it flew real nicely. Yours truly, KATHERINE L. K.—

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little story to tell you that my father told me this morning, and which I hope will be interesting enough for you to print. About forty-two years ago my great-grandfather bought the remnant of a herd of cows which had come all the way from Ohio. A sheep that came with them always stayed about the cow-stables, and when he was hungry he would walk up to one of the mangers and eat, but, if a cow should object, he would step back and butt her till she would step aside. Then he would help himself.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge is completed, and is a very fine bridge. I must stop. Good-bye.

MARY E. H.—

A YOUNG contributor, Matie E. L., sends the following story with a moral:

FLORENCE AND HER BROTHER.

"HE is an awful boy; he won't do anything to please me"; and Florence Kibler gave a decided nod and looked toward her friend, Daisy Edwards.

"But," said Daisy, "I think you may be as much to blame as he is; he treated me very kindly."

"Oh, well," said Florence, "you have only been here two days, but after a while he will treat you just as he

does me. There, now. I've got my room all fixed; come in while I make his bed," and she started down the hall that led to her brother's room, and I'm sure that you could have told that the room was occupied by a person that did n't care how it looked.

They made up the bed, and then Florence started off. "You are not going to leave the room looking like this?" said Daisy.

"I don't care how it looks; come on."

"What will your mamma say?"

"She never comes in here; hardly ever, at least."

"But, Florence," and Daisy went over and made Florence sit down. "I think that your brother would n't act so if you would treat him different. Archie and I'most always agree, and I do things for him, and he does them for me; and I think Johnnie would do the same way. Won't you try?"

"Yes, I will try, but it won't do any good," and they straightened the room all up.

"Now, I'll mend his jacket that he has been teasing Mamma about. I declare I feel happier any way."

She had just mended the jacket and hung it in his closet when the tea bell rung. At tea Johnnie said:

"Mamma, have you mended my jacket?"

"No, John, I have been helping your father."

"Who fixed my room up, then?"

Florence's face turned red as she said, "I mended your jacket, and Daisy and I fixed your room."

Harry [probably, John] was at the point of saying something mean, but instead he said: "Thank you"; and that night Florence received a package, and on opening it, she found a tiny gold watch and a note saying:

"DEAR SISTER: I have been a bad boy, but I will try and be better.  
Your brother,  
JOHN."

WINNETKA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so aged that I can hardly be called a hoy any longer, but I still take you, and intend to do so until I am gray-headed and have to read your delightful pages through an old man's spectacles. A young friend found me reading your last number, and said contemptuously, "Umph! you still reading ST. NICHOLAS? I've outgrown that kind of thing long ago!" "Have you?" I replied, "the more 's the pity! You don't know all the good things you miss!" I think no one should be too old to be young.

I do not believe there ever was a more charming series than the "Stories of Art and Artists," or the papers on the great musicians, "From Bach to Wagner." Dear ST. NICHOLAS, do give us some more of the same sort! I read them over and over again, and feel like another fellow for days afterward. I never tire of hearing how those great souls lived and struggled; enjoyed, suffered, and fought; triumphed and were defeated, just like common people. It is tiresome to preach and moralize, and yet I cannot help saying that every boy and girl *must* be better and happier after reading the record of those inspired lives. For nowhere does one more fully realize that there is something better than money and worldly goods, and a power stronger than poverty and suffering and the contempt of an ignorant multitude. Your faithful friend,  
ALAN S—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your magazine, and like it very much. I am ten years old, and I came from England. I have been in America a year and a half. We took ST. NICHOLAS in England.

For pets I had thirty-two tame mice; I brought one to America with me, he was brown and white, and called "Brownie"; he would climb up a pole, beg, and sit up,

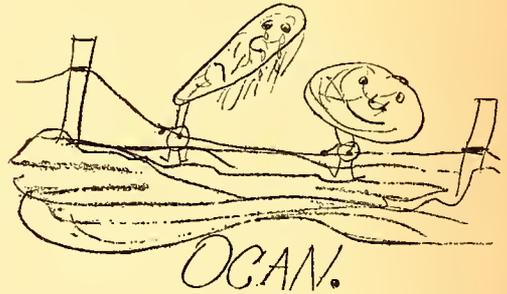
and hold a straw in his paws. Last summer I had nine tame tortoises which I harnessed to carts, and a dog which I drove. When we were in the country, my sister taught me to drive. I am very fond of animals.

From your little reader,  
MARGERY W—.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I dreamed that I was down on the seashore last night, and saw an oyster and a clam in bathing, and I have made a picture to show you how they looked. Here it is. The oyster is crying because he da's n't go out so far as the clam, and the clam is laughing at him for being a-scared. My papa says he will write this out plain, so you can read it.

Yours, very much obliged,  
FREDDIE W. P., Jr.



DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are little twin sisters who have enjoyed you for four or five years. Our brother-in-law has given you to us as a reward for passing our grades. He could not have thought of anything lovelier if he had studied for years. We are little orphan girls; our papa died when we were eight weeks old, and our dear pretty mamma left us two years ago. We live with our brother-in-law and sister. We have real good times together. Last summer we took our first trip East. We were just wild over the beautiful ocean which we had never seen before. Our uncle, who is a navy officer, took us through a man-of-war. This was very interesting for us little Rocky Mountain girls who had never seen a big ship before. This summer we expect to visit Salt Lake. We shall enjoy bobbing around on the water of the great Salt Lake, like corks. Dear ST. NICHOLAS, your charming stories have been the greatest delight to us for years past, and we hope will be for years and years to come.

Your loving little friends  
OLGA AND GENEVIEVE M—.

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen in the time that I have taken your magazine any letter from Madrid, I have decided to write to you.

Lately, some ladies and gentlemen came to visit Madrid for the first time, and I was as much surprised of what they thought of Spain as they were of what really it is. They seemed to think that we were dressed in the old Spanish style, that we danced in the streets, and so forth. Now, as perhaps they may be not the only ones who have a bad idea of what Spain is, I will try to give you a right idea of my country. I will not tell you the physical position of Madrid, its habitants, and so forth; you can find all that in any geography; I will only tell in what features Madrid, and all Spain, are different from

other countries. First: In the dress, the gentlemen wear *capas*, or cloaks of cloth. Of course they wear more the overcoats; and the ladies the *mantilla*, or that thing of lace which they put on their heads; though I must say that now they nearly do not wear it at all. Second: In the carts drawn by six or seven mules, put one before the other in a line; and third: In the *corridas de toros*, or bull-fights, and this is nearly all. In all the rest Spain is like all the other countries, and excepting Sevilla, which keeps many of the old Spanish dresses and features, you can find in all the cities of Spain the same progress as in France, England, and other countries.

Now I must tell you something. You must have often heard that in the old times, here in Spain, the *chulos* used to throw the *capa* before a young lady so that she would step upon it; this gallant custom has been changed into the annoying one that nearly all the common men have and sometimes also the well-educated young men, to call you in your face beautiful, graceful, and so forth, or say something about your eyes, your feet, and so forth. We call this sayings, "to throw flowers"; but indeed I would have called it to throw thorns, it is so very silly and annoying.

I must close, as my letter is getting too long; but before I want to tell you how much I enjoy your charming magazine. Papa reads some of your articles, but what he is always admiring is your beautiful engravings.

All your readers tell you which story they like best; my favorite, this year, is "May Bartlett's Stepmother."

And now, asking you to excuse my many faults, as you must remember that I am Spanish,

I remain, your reader, CARMEN.

AMENIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read "Flower Ladies" in your August number.

When I was a little girl I had no girl friends to play with, as I lived on a small farm. I was very fond of playing school, so I improvised a way to play school by myself. I took daisies, cutting the stems off about an inch from the flower, and stood them on their petals. My school was always a girl's seminary.

Little daisies served as students, and large ones as teachers; and they looked very neat in their white dresses and green aprons.

I generally had a few aristocratic scholars. For these I took wild morning-glories. Splitting the blossom up the front made the pink part hang back like a train. These were princesses and little ladies, who looked gay in pink dresses with trains and no aprons.

I spent many happy hours with my daisy school, and I am surprised to find that so few other children have played with flower dolls.

My mother says that she used to play with flower ladies when she was a child.

Hoping that this letter may be put in your "Letter-box," I remain, your faithful reader, KITIE C.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who live very near each other, and are very intimate. We have taken you for a long time, and we always are very anxious for the next number to come out. We think the nicest pieces in this number are, "Marjorie and her Papa," "Crowded Out o' Crofield," "Lady Jane," "The Bunny Stories," and the funny piece about the "Chinese Giant." We have never written to you before, and we don't see many letters from Baltimore in the ST. NICHOLAS. We think the nicest story we have ever read is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and we expect to go to see the

play before long. Good-bye, dear old St. NICHOLAS, we remain, ever your interested readers,

ELEANOR O. AND MAY W.

COMPTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters from Canada in your magazine, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl not quite fourteen years old, and I have three brothers, and live in the country. In the summer we go driving, play tennis, croquet, and other games. In the evenings we have music, cards, reading, and sometimes private theatricals.

I have only taken your delightful magazine since Christmas, but I like it very much. We all, from Grandpa down to my youngest brother, read and enjoy it.

I am always impatient for the new number to come. I am very much interested in "Lady Jane" and "Crowded Out o' Crofield." Mamma and I both enjoyed the story of "May Bartlett's Stepmother," and we all laughed over "Mark Twain's Letter to Elsie Leslie Lyde," and thought it would make such a good piece for an evening reading. Your devoted reader, GRACE W. K.—

FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you had a letter from an army girl. I am an army boy, and as we move very often, I see many strange sights.

Last year we traveled from northeastern Utah to northeastern Wyoming, camping on the way twenty-five nights. One day we went in a buckboard to see some strange formations called "bad lands"; not a spear of grass or any living thing can be found there, only queer mounds of sand and rock twisted and rolled together by the wind, so scientific men, who have seen them, say.

Huge bones are dug up in these cliffs — bones of animals that died many ages since. While we were in these bad lands a sand storm came up and we had to crawl into a little cave to keep from being suffocated; as it was, our eyes and ears were filled with sand.

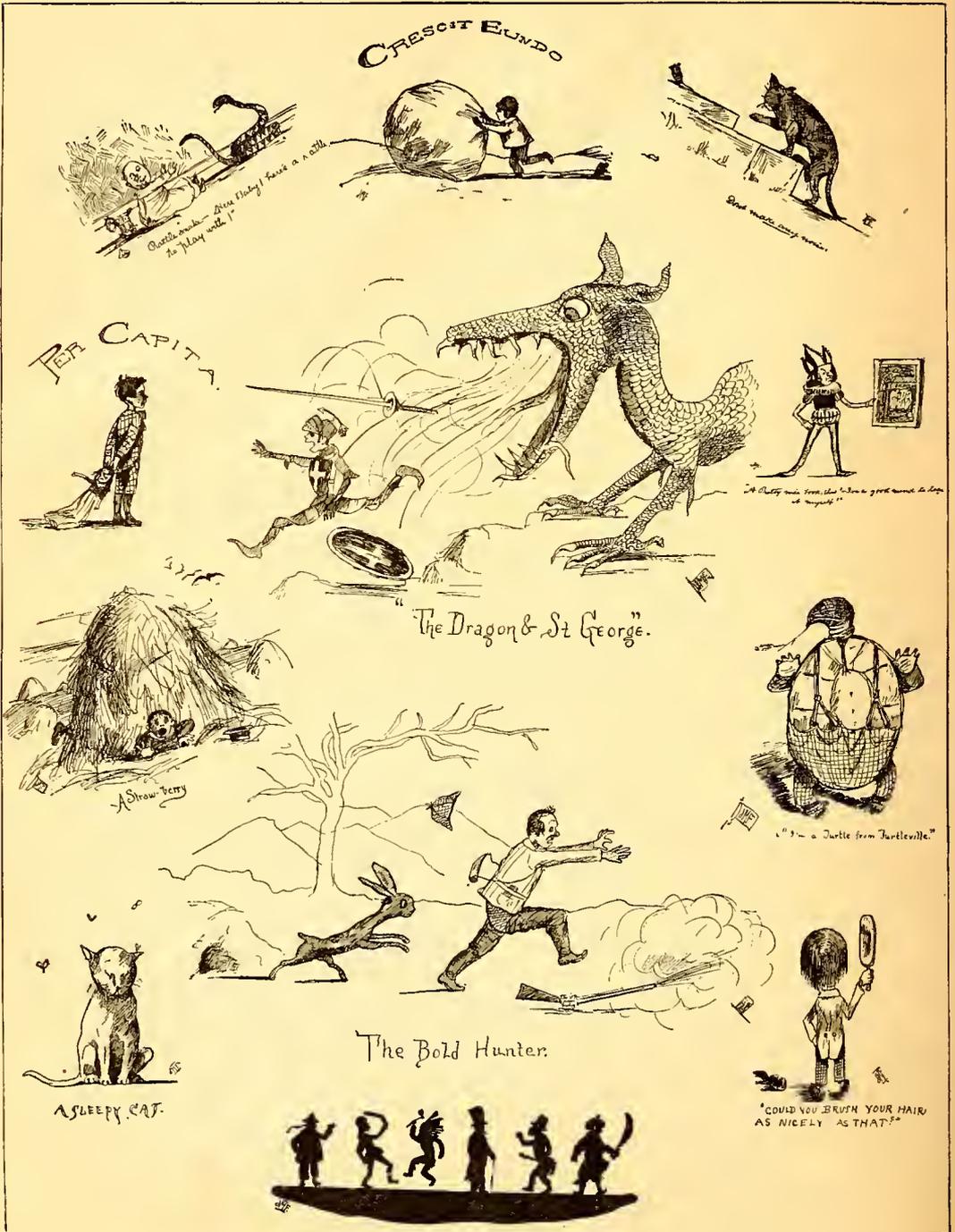
We arrived home very tired, having ridden over thirty miles. From your loving reader,

LEIGHTON, R. C.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Minnie T., Freddie E. H., A. C. L., Kate L. H., Lina T. J., Bessie T. M., Joan B., A. G. B., B. L. H., M. M. W., L. V. E., M. J. S., J. T. B., H. L. W., Mercedes C. and Gwendolyn S., Julia T. M., Addie L., Mabel S., Henriette de R., Edwina B., Charlie C. C., Maud M., Madge De S., Inez B., Louise R. B., Helen F., J. B. and C. B., Bessie and Charlotte C., Louise and Gertrude, Lillie L. P., Bessie R., Kathy H., Royal B. F., Glenn V. B., H. B. C., Helen, Marion L. W., Emily S. T., "Jill," Albert P., Hallie S. H., Josie W. R., Eric S. S., Pauline F., Zabelle M., Virginia B., Malcolm L., Curzon P., Helen H. A., Meta M. K., Miriam G. R., May T., Blanche A., Grace W. L., Fanny C. and Marion H., Mabel S. S., Miriam G., Bertha, John W. S., Willie P. H., Annie G. C., E. M. D., Ellen Y. B., Bessie B., S. I. L., Jr., Miriam Agnes R., Anna P. H., Rosalind B., Charles E. L., Anna S. B., Lito L., Linda K. T., Theo. A., Nannie W. S., Rena C. P. and Florence E., P. R., Alice C. J., Marjory B. M., Gertrude L., Susie Rose P., "Trix," Anne Russell A., Ethel W., Helen G. H., Anna K. B., Walter S. D., F. M. B., Grace L. S., Estelle I., Frank G. W., Arthur H., Dean M., Mabel S., Elva E. S.

A PAGE OF SKETCHES BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, AGED 12.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ANAGRAM. William Ewart Gladstone.  
 DIAGONAL. Byron. Cross-words: 1. Build. 2. Lyons. 3. Lyric.  
 4. Alloy. 5. Adorn.  
 HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Capacious.  
 2. Calling. 3. Adept. 4. Eve. 5. E. 6. Alc. 7. Abate. 8. Crinoid.  
 9. Decedents.

PI. The wild hop, from the young elm's bough,  
 Sways on the languid breeze,  
 And here and there the autumn tints  
 Gleam faintly through the trees;  
 All nature helps to swell the song  
 And chant the same refrain;  
 July and June have slipped away,  
 And August's here again.

H. M. WINSLOW.

WORD-DWINDLE. 1. Minerals. 2. Nailers. 3. Aliens. 4. Lines.  
 5. Lien. 6. Nil. 7. In. 8. I.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A false friend and a shadow  
 attend only while the sun shines.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese — Mamma and Jamie — Nellie L. Howes — Jo and I — "Infantry" — "Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley" — Pearl F. Stevens — Blanche and Fred — Ida and Alice — Aunt Mathilde and Alma — Maxie and Jackspar — Mary L. Gerrish — Josephine Sherwood — Gertrude L. — "Miss Flint" — Nellie and Reggie — William H. Beers and Co. — Edith Sewall — Charlie Dignan — Ida C. Thallon — C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Katie Van Zandt, 6 — "Sunshine," 1 — M. A. Beadle, 1 — Budge and Toddie, 1 — Maude E. Palmer, 10 — Bertha Bard, 1 — C. S. Pinkney, 1 — C. Shirley, 1 — Bertha, 1 — "Cha," "Sorel," and "Nancy," 4 — Anna L. Ransom, 2 — Russell Mount, 1 — C. T. G., 1 — L. R. Blackman, 1 — A. K. Hughes, Jr., 1 — E. Wentworth, 1 — F. Osborne, 1 — A. H. Nye, 1 — Elaine S., 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 2 — J. Brooke, 1 — K. P. P., 2 — Percy H. H., 1 — G. Buck, 1 — Sir Philip, 1 — Judith Irene W., 1 — Ferdie Johnson, 2 — Alice Blanke, 3 — Cornelius Pinkney, 2 — A. M. G., 2 — "June Bugs," 1 — Hubert L. Binyay, 10 — Mattie and Bessie, 2 — S. M. Cahn, 1 — "Dictionary," 6 — Anna E. H., 2 — H. H. Allen, 1 — C. Campbell, 1 — G. T. Perry, 1 — "Beetles and Chickens," 2 — Anna and Mell, 1 — G. Linton, 1 — Fanny Skinner, 2 — G. Chadwick, 1 — Evie B., 1 — S. P. Allen, 1 — T. Bangs, 1 — H. Swartz, 1 — A. B., 1 — M. Harrell, 1 — Arthur E. Lawrence, 5 — Sarah H. Scott, 8 — Minnie and May, 1 — Anna W. and Astley P. C. Ashhurst, 7 — Caroline H., 2 — "May and 79," 9 — Ida L. W., 1 — Clara and Emma, 4 — W. O. Kimball, 4 — B. W. Groesbeck, 1 — Lillian, 1 — Charles L. and Rita Sharp, 4 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — H. Stevens, 1 — M. Ranson, 1 — Julia Grace Meny, 1 — Grace Rice, 1 — V. Brawley, 1 — Ivy and Bee, 1 — "Kodak," 3 — Harry Rising, 7 — "The Lancer," 1 — Anna G. Erskine, 10 — Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 10 — R. M. Cadwalader, Jr., 1 — Miriam N. Binyay, 2 — W. E. Eckert, 3 — "M. O. S. Quito," 1 — Bert Snyder and Maud Huebener, 8 — F. L. Y., 1 — "Charles Beaufort," 8 — H. Wilson, 1 — Gladys Hobson, 1 — M. Francis, 1 — H. W. M., 1 — J. F. Hamilton, 1 — S. M. H., 1 — Harry M., 10 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 6 — Patience and Paulina Cockerell, 1 — No name, Little Rock, 1 — M. I. C. E., 4 — "Nick McNick," 10 — Mabel and Ida, 1 — H. M. Walker, 1 — L. C. Hawes, 1 — Elsa Behr, 2 — Clarence Linville, 2 — Mary Nicholas, 1 — E. M. G., 10 — Edith B., 1 — Estelle Jons, 2.

### GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of an old-fashioned flower. Example: An old cathedral town and the music often heard there. Answer, Canterbury-bells.

1. The pride of the farmer. 2. The pride of the farmer's wife. 3. To break suddenly, and a fabulous monster. 4. A Christmas green, and a kind of wine. 5. A delicate color. 6. A vehicle, and where it will take you. 7. Who parted from his "Black-eyed Susan?" 8. A grieving lady. 9. One of the united states. 10. A foreign country, and starwort. 11. My first wears my second on her foot. 12. My first is a sly animal that could not possibly wear my second. 13. The school-boy's delight in winter. 14. A girl's pretty name, and the color of her hair. 15. An old dog. 16. A singing bird, and something worn by horsemen. 17. An unmarried man, and something he often finds missing. 18. Children love my first, and wish it grew on every second. 19. The mother of Meleager. 20. The peep o' day. 21. A crustacean, and the cause of much discord. 22. Apollo's favorite. 23. Buxom Elizabeth. 24. Sagacious. 25. Precise, and a pretty flower. 26. An animal slides. 27. What Hero said. 28. A compartment in a theater. 29. A royal plume. 30. A great dandy. 31. Remember me. 32. A weapon, and to coin. 33. Wise men followed me. 34. An insect of the class *Arachnida*, and unfermented beer. 35. My first adorns a bonnet, and my second a lawn. 36. A wise man, and a stamp. 37. A tattered tar. 38. A beautiful youth who became enamored of his own image. 39. A conveyance, and a great community of men. 40. What Hamlet said was "out of joint." 41. A ferocious beast, and the emblem of innocence. 42. A Roman

Emperor. 43. Part of every face. 44. What surgeons have to do. 45. A community of men, and part of their garment. W. S. R.

### ZIGZAG.

1	.	.	.	.	.	11
.	2	.	.	.	.	12
.	.	3	.	.	.	13
.	.	.	4	14	.	.
.	.	.	.	5	.	15
.	.	.	.	.	6	16
7	.	.	.	.	.	17
.	8	.	.	.	.	18
.	.	.	9	.	.	19
.	.	.	.	10	20	.

THE zigzags from 1 to 10 spell the name of a battle fought on September 11, 1777; the zigzags from 11 to 20 spell the name of one fought on September 19 of the same year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Obstructions. 2. A liquid often used by dentists. 3. A small bird common in Europe. 4. Free from pain. 5. Footstalks of flowers. 6. Portions of the face. 7. A valuable kind of grass which is cultivated for fodder. 8. To alleviate. 9. Apparent. 10. To reckon. G. F.

### PI.

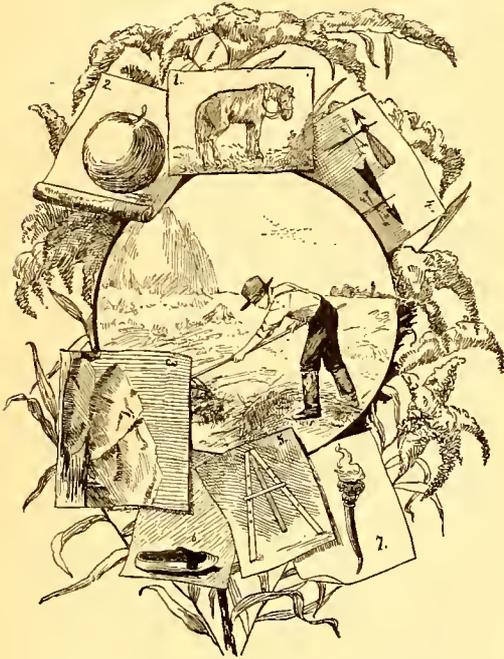
BESTERMEF wrests het nowdaldo ore  
 Hwit mayn a triblinla crool;  
 Hte dowlr sl tribrige tanh boreef,  
 Hyw doshlu roe starhe ef rulled?

**AN AXIOM IN AXIOMS.**

By taking one word from each of the following sentences, an axiom may be formed relating to the last day but one in September.

1. Weigh right, if you sell dear.
2. You cannot catch old birds with chaff.
3. Eat to live, but do not live to eat.
4. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.
5. Lookers on see more than players.
6. So many days old the moon is at Michaelmas, so many floods thereafter.
7. The longest day must have an end.
8. Look before you leap.
9. Where there 's a will there 's a way.
10. It is never too late to mend.
11. Wealth is best known by want.
12. The love of money is the root of all evil.
13. All is not gold that glitters.
14. Long is the arm of the needy.
15. A pin a day is a groat a year.
16. Round by round we climb the ladder of life.

**ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the seven objects may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a word describing the central picture.

**DIAGONAL PUZZLE.**

EACH of the words described contains six letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of one of Job's friends.

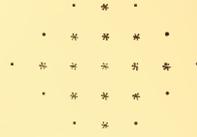
1. The surname of a man who wrote a famous allegory.
2. The surname of an English author who was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen.
3. The surname of a very famous English poet.
4. The surname of the

poet laureate in 1670. 5. The surname of a distinguished Scottish poet who was first a barber and then a bookseller in Edinburgh. 6. The surname of an English poet now living, who was born in 1832. ANNA W. ASHHURST.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. PROFIT.
2. The goddess of the hearth.
3. Beasts of burden used in Eastern countries.
4. Notes, or memoranda.
5. A rope with a noose. MAUDIE AND PAPA.

**DIAMONDS IN DIAMONDS.**



- I. 1. In predestinate.
2. A color.
3. Having a tone.
4. Insnared.
5. A feminine name.
6. A Turkish governor.
7. In predestinate.

INCLOSED DIAMOND. 1. In predestinate. 2. A number. 3. To scheme. 4. A measure. 5. In predestinate.

- II. 1. In predestinate.
2. A feminine nickname.
3. To form.
4. Oars used to propel boats by a vertical motion.
5. Very cold.
6. Conducted.
7. In predestinate.

INCLOSED DIAMOND. 1. In predestinate. 2. A poem. 3. To spoil. 4. A masculine name. 5. In predestinate.

GASPARD RAYNER.

**RIDDLE.**

I 'VE naught to do with past or future hours,—  
 The living present occupies my powers;  
 Yet though with what is past I 've no connection,  
 My time is ever spent in grave reflection,  
 The true results of which to man I show,  
 Knowledge surpassing all,— himself to know.  
 Moreover, I 'm that power "the gift can gie him  
 To see himself precise as others see him."  
 And if from folly it would set him free,  
 Happy would prove his intercourse with me.  
 But, ah! too oft the contrary result  
 Is seen in those who freely me consult.  
 No boastful wealth, nor loftiest pedigree  
 Ere won a smile of flattery from me.  
 And yet 't is wondrous how with each and all  
 I promptly sympathize who on me call:  
 Tears to the sad I give, smiles to the gay,  
 Nor from the humblest object turn away.  
 But while I seem to be thus near perfection,  
 Occurs to me, alas! the sad reflection  
 That I from guilt am still not wholly free,  
 Yet it is guilt imputed rests on me;  
 Which, when this little life of mine is o'er,  
 Will, with my mouldering frame, be seen no more.

C. L. M.

**AN OCTAGON.**

1. ENRAGED.
2. To rejuvenate.
3. Medicinal.
4. To quicken.
5. Declined.
6. To irrigate.
7. Induced.

C. D.

**A RHOMBOID.**

ACROSS: 1. The musical scale. 2. Satiates. 3. Gentle heat. 4. A masculine name. 5. An evil spirit.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Guinea. 2. A conjunction. 3. To twist. 4. A tribe of Indians. 5. Lukewarm. 6. A marine flatfish. 7. An engine of war used for battering. 8. In like manner. 9. In Guinea.

G. F.





THE BOY-KING, EDWARD VI.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS HOLBEIN.)

(SEE PAGE 994.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 12.

Copyright, 1890, by THE CENTURY Co. All rights reserved.

## THE LITTLE-RED-APPLE TREE.

—  
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.  
—

THE Little-Red-Apple Tree!

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,  
And you were a boy with me!  
The bluebird's flight from the topmost boughs,  
And the boys up there — so high  
That we rocked over the roof of the house,  
And whooped as the winds went by!

Ah! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!

In the edge of the garden-spot,  
Where the apples fell so lavishly  
Into the neighbor's lot;—  
So do I think of you,  
Brother of mine, as the tree,—  
Giving the ripest wealth of your love  
To the world as well as me.

Ho! the Little-Red-Apple Tree!

With the garden beds below,  
And the old grape-arbor so welcomingly  
Hiding the rake and hoe,—  
Hiding, too, as the sun dripped through  
In spatters of wasted gold,  
Frank and Amy away from you  
And me, in the days of old.

Oh, the Little-Red-Apple Tree!

Sweet as its juiciest fruit  
Spanged on the palate spicily,  
And rolled o'er the tongue to boot,  
Is the memory still and the joy  
Of the Little-Red-Apple Tree,  
When I was the little-est bit of a boy,  
And you were a boy with me!

## BETTY'S BY AND BY.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

“ One, two, three !  
The humble-bee !  
The rooster crows,  
And away she goes ! ”

AND down from the low railing of the piazza jumped Betty into the soft heap of new-mown grass that seemed to have been especially placed where it could tempt her and make her forget — or, at least, “ not remember ” — that she was wanted indoors to help amuse the baby for an hour.

It was a hot summer day, and Betty had been running and jumping and skipping and prancing all the morning, so she was now rather tired; and after she had jumped from the piazza-rail into the heap of grass she did not hop up nimbly at once, but lay quite still, burying her face in the sweet-smelling hay and fragrant clover, feeling very comfortable and contented.

“ Betty ! Betty ! ”

“ Oh, dear ! ” thought the little maid, diving still deeper down into the light grass, “ There ’s Olga calling me to take care of Roger while she gets his bread and milk ready. I don’t see why she can’t wait a minute till I rest. It ’s too hot to go now ; baby can do without his dinner for a minute, I should think. Just a minute or so. He won’t mind. He ’s glad to wait if only you give him Mamma’s chain and don’t take away her watch. Ye-es, Olga — I ’ll come — by and by.”

A big velvety humble-bee came, boom ! — against Betty’s head, and got tangled in her hair. He shook himself free and went reeling on his way in quite a drunken fashion, thinking probably that was a very disagreeable variety

of dandelion he had stumbled across — quite too large and fluffy for comfort, though it was such a pretty yellow.

Betty lazily raised her head and peered after him.

“ I wonder where you ’re going,” she said half aloud. The humble-bee veered about and came bouncing back in her direction again, and when he reached the little grass-heap in which she lay, stopped so suddenly that he went careering over in the most ridiculous fashion possible, and Betty laughed aloud. But to her amazement the humble-bee righted himself in no time at all, and then remarked in quite a dignified manner, and with some asperity : “ If I were a little girl with gilt hair and was n’t doing what I ought, and if I had wondered where a body was going and the body had come back expressly to tell me, I think I ’d have the politeness not



THE HUMBLE-BEE REPROVES BETTY.

to laugh if the body happened to lose his balance and fall,— especially when the body was going to get up in less time than it would take me to wink,— I being only a little girl and he being a most respected member of the Busy-bee Society.

However, I suppose one must make allowances for the way in which children are brought up nowadays. When I was a little —”

“Now, *please* don't say ‘When I was a little girl,’ — for you never were a little girl, you know,” interrupted Betty, not intending to be saucy, but feeling rather provoked that a mere humble-bee should undertake to rebuke her. “Mamma always says ‘When I was a little girl,’ and so does Aunt Louie, and so does everybody — and I 'm tired of hearing about it, so there !”

The humble-bee gave his gorgeous waistcoat a pull which settled it more smoothly over his stout person, and remarked shortly :

“In the first place, I was n't going to say ‘When I was a little girl!’ I was going to say ‘When I was a little *leaner*,’ — but you snapped me up so. However, it's true, is n't it? Everybody was a little girl once, were n't she? — was n't they? — hem! — confusing weather for talking; very. And what is true one ought to be glad to hear, eh?”

“But it is n't true that everybody was once a little girl; some were little boys. There!”

“Do you know,” whispered the humble-bee in a very impressive undertone, as if it were a secret that he did not wish any one else to hear, “that you are a very re-mark-a-ble young person to have been able to remind me, at a moment's notice, that some were little boys? Why-ee!”

Betty was a trifle uncomfortable. She had a vague idea the humble-bee was making sport of her. The next moment she was sure of it, for he burst into a deep laugh and shook so from side to side that she thought he would surely topple off the wisp of hay on which he was sitting.

“I think you 're real mean,” said Betty as he slowly recovered himself; “I don't like folks to laugh at me, — now!”

“I 'm not laughing at you *now*,” explained the humble-bee gravely; “I *was* laughing at you *then*. Do you object to that?”

Betty disdained to reply, and began to pull a dry clover blossom to pieces.

“Tut, tut, child! Don't be so touchy. A body can laugh, can't he, and no harm done? You 'd better be good-tempered and jolly, and

then I 'll tell you where I 'm going, which, I believe, was what you wished to know in the first place, was n't it?”

Betty nodded her head, but did not speak.

“Oho!” said the humble-bee, rising and preparing to take his departure. (And now Betty discovered, on seeing him more closely, that he was not a humble-bee at all, but just a very corpulent old gentleman dressed in quite an antique fashion, with black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, black patent-leather pumps with large buckles, a most elaborate black velvet waistcoat with yellow and orange stripes across, and a coat of black velvet to correspond with the breeches; while in his hand he carried a very elegant three-cornered hat, which, out of respect to her, he had removed from his head at the first moment of their meeting.) “So we are sulky?” he went on. “Dear, dear! That is a very disagreeable condition to allow one's self to relapse into. Hm, hm! very unpleasant; very. Under the circumstances I think I 'd better be going, for, if you 'll believe me, I 'm pressed for time, and have none to waste, and only came back to converse with you because you addressed a civil question to me, which, being a gentleman, I was bound to answer. Good ——”

He would have said “bye,” but Betty sprang to her feet and cried: “Please don't leave me. I 'll be good and pleasant, only please don't go. *Please* tell me where you 're going, and if — if you would be so good I 'd like ever and ever so much to go along. Don't — do — may I?”

The little gentleman looked her over from head to foot and then replied in a hesitating sort of way: “You may not be aware of it, but you are extremely incautious. What would you do if I were to whisk you off and never bring you back, eh?”

“You don't look like a kidnapper, sir,” said Betty, respectfully.

“A what?” inquired the little gentleman.

“A kidnapper,” repeated Betty.

“What 's that?” questioned her companion.

“Oh, a person who steals little children. Don't you know?”

“But why *kidnapper*?” insisted the little old man.

“I suppose because he naps kids. My Uncle

Will calls Roger and me 'kids.' It is n't very nice of him, is it?" she asked, glad to air her grievance.

"Child-stealer would be more to the point, I think, or infant-abductor," remarked the old gentleman, who saw, perhaps, how anxious Betty was for sympathy, and was determined not to give her another opportunity of considering herself injured.

He seemed to be very busy considering the subject for a second or so, and then he said suddenly:

"But if you want to go, why come along; for I must be off.

But don't make a practice of it, mind, when you get back."

"You have n't told me where, yet," suggested Betty.

"True. So I have n't," said the old gentleman, setting his three - cornered hat firmly on his head and settling the fine laces at his wrists. "It's to By and By. And now, if you're ready — off we go."

He took Betty's hand, and she suddenly found herself moving through the air in a most remarkable manner — not touching the ground with her feet, but seeming to skim along quite easily and with no effort at all.

"If you please, Mr. —," she paused because she suddenly remembered that she did not know the name of the gentleman who was conducting her on so delightful a journey.

"Bombus," said he cheerfully, "B. Bombus, Esq., of Clovertop Manse, Honeywell."

"But you're not a minister, are you?" inquired Betty.

"No; why?" returned the gentleman, quickly.

"Because you said '*Manse*.' A manse is a minister's house, is n't it?" asked Betty.

"No, not always," Mr. Bombus replied. "But I call my place Clovertop Manse because it belongs to me and not to my wife — do you see? I call it Manse because it *is* a man's. It is perfectly plain. If it was a woman's I'd say so."

"Well, I don't think you're much of a *humble* bee —" began Betty, and then caught herself up short and stopped.

Mr. Bombus gave her a severe look from under his three-cornered hat, but did not reply at



"HE TOOK BETTY'S HAND, AND SHE SUDDENLY FOUND HERSELF MOVING THROUGH THE AIR IN A MOST REMARKABLE MANNER."

once, and they advanced on their way for some little time in silence. Then the gentleman said:

"I've been thinking of what you said about my not being a humble-bee. Of course I'm not a humble-bee, but you seemed to lay considerable stress on the first part of the word; as if you had a special meaning. Explain!"

Poor Betty blushed very red with shame and confusion, but the gentleman had a commanding way with him and she dared not disobey.

"I only meant, sir," she stammered, "I only meant — I — did n't think you were very humble, because you seemed very proud about the

place's being yours. I thought you were 'stuck up,' as my brother says."

"Stuck up? Where?" queried Mr. Bombus, anxiously. "Pray don't make such unpleasant insinuations. They quite set my heart to throbbing. I knew—I mean I *saw* a humble-bee once," he remarked impressively; "and would you believe it, a little boy caught him and impaled him on a pin. It was horrible. He died in the most dreadful agony,—the bee, not the boy,—and then the boy secured him to the wall; made him fast there. So he was stuck up. You surely can't mean—"

"Oh, no indeed! I meant only proud," replied Betty contritely, for Mr. Bombus's face had really grown pale with horror at the remembrance of the bee's awful fate, and she was very sorry she had occasioned him such discomfort.

"Then why did n't you say only 'proud'?" asked her companion sharply. "You said 'proud' and then added 'stuck up.'"

Betty thought it was about time to change the subject, so she observed quietly that By and By seemed a long way off.

"Of course it is a long way off," replied her companion. "Don't you wish it to be a long way off?"

Betty hesitated. "Well, I don't think I ever wished much about it. Can you tell me how many miles it is from some place I know about? You see, Mr. Bombus, I am pretty sure it is n't in the geography. At least, I don't remember that I ever saw it on the map. Could n't you tell me where it is?"

Mr. Bombus considered a moment, and then asked, "Do you know where Now is?"

Betty thought a minute, and then replied, "I suppose it is Here, sir."

"Right!" assented the old gentleman promptly. "Now, if you had said 'There,' it would have been wrong; for Then is There. You see, this is the way: When we have lived in Now until it is all used up, it changes into Then, and, instead of being Here, is There. I hope it 's plain to you. Well, you asked me where By and By was. That 's the very thing about it: it never *was*, not even *is*; it 's always *going to be*, and it 's generally a rather long way from Now; so if you know where Now is you can make

your own calculations as to the distance of By and By."

"But I don't know anything about calculating distances," said Betty dolefully.

"It does n't matter," remarked Mr. Bombus; "for even if you did you could n't apply it in this case. But we 're getting on in our journey. Yes, indeed, we seem to be really getting on."

"Why, I should hope so!" returned Betty. "It seems to me I never flew so fast in all my life before and for such a long time. If we were n't getting on, I think I should be discouraged. We seem to be almost running a race, we go so quickly."

"*We are running a race*," observed Mr. Bombus.

Betty opened her eyes wide and said: "Why, I did n't know it. When did we begin?"

"When we started, child. Pray, don't be stupid," replied her friend a little severely.

"But with whom are we running it?" queried Betty.

"With Time," whispered Mr. Bombus confidentially. "One always has to beat him before one can get into By and By. And then it depends on one's self whether one likes it or not after one gets there."

But even as he spoke Betty seemed to feel herself hurried along more rapidly than ever, as if she were making a final effort to outstrip some one; and then she was brought to so sudden a standstill that she had to do her best to keep from falling forward, and was still quite dizzy with her effort when she heard a panting voice say, "That last rush quite took away my breath!" and found herself being addressed by Mr. Bombus, who was very red in the face and gasping rather painfully, and whom she had, for the moment, forgotten.

Betty said, "My, Mr. Bombus, how warm you are! Sit right down on the grass and cool off before we go any further, please."

"Oh, dear, no!" objected her companion. "That would be terribly imprudent with these cold Autumn winds blowing so, and Winter just over there. I'd catch my death, child."

"Why, I 'm sure," replied Betty, "I don't know what you mean. It 's as summer as it can be. It 's a hot August day, and if you can't sit outdoors in August, I'd like to know when you can."

"Allow me to inform you, my dear child, that it is n't August at all; and if you had half an eye you 'd see it, let alone feel it. Do those leaves look as if it were August?" and he pointed to

"I 'm afraid so," said Mr. Bombus, replying to her question though she had only *thought* it. "I told you it depended on one's self if one were going to like By and By or not. Evi-



"BETTY FOUND HERSELF STANDING IN AN ENORMOUS HALL THAT WAS FILLED WITH COUNTLESS CHILDREN, EVERY ONE OF WHOM WAS HURRYING TO AND FRO AND IN AND OUT."

a clump of trees whose foliage shone red and yellow in the sunlight.

Betty started. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "How came they to change so early?"

"It *is* n't early," explained Mr. Bombus. "It 's the last of October,—even later,—and keeps getting more so every minute."

"But," insisted Betty, "it was August when I first saw you,—a few hours ago and,——"

"Yes, *then* it was August," assented Mr. Bombus, "but we 've got beyond that. We 're in By and By. Did n't you hear your mother say it would be October By and By. Well, here we are in By and By, and it *is* October. Time is jogging on, back there in the world, but we beat him, you see, and are safe and sound—far ahead of him—in By and By. Things are doing here that are always *going to be done* behind there. It 's great fun."

But at these words Betty's face grew very grave, and a sudden thought struck her that was anything but "great fun." Would she be set to doing all the things she had promised to do "by and by"?

dently you 're *not*. Oh!—going so soon? You must have been a lazy little girl to be set about settling your account as quick as this. See you later! Good——" but again he was not permitted to say "bye," for before he could fairly get the word out Betty was whisked away, and Mr. Bombus stood solitary and alone under a bare maple-tree, chuckling to himself in an amused fashion and it must be confessed, spitefully. "It 'll be a good lesson for her. She deserves it," he said to himself, and Betty seemed to hear him—though she was, by this time, far away.

Poor child! she did not know where she was going nor what would take place next, and was pretty well frightened at feeling herself powerless to do anything against the unknown force that was driving her on.

But even while she was wondering, she ceased to wonder; and what was going to happen had happened, and she found herself standing in an enormous hall that was filled with countless children, of all ages and nationalities,—and some who were not children at all,—every one of whom was hurrying to and fro and in and out, while all the time a voice from somewhere

was calling out names and dates in such rapid succession that Betty was fairly deafened with the sound. There was a continual stir in the assembly, and people were appearing and reappearing constantly in the most perplexing manner, so that it made one quite dizzy to look on. But Betty was not permitted to look long, for in the midst of the haranguing of the dreadful voice she seemed to distinguish something that sounded strangely familiar:

"Betty Bleecker," it called, "began her account here when she was five years old by the World calculation. Therefore she has the undone duties of seven years — World count — to perform. Let her set about paying off her debt at once and only stop when the account is squared"; whereupon Betty was again whisked off, and had not even time to guess where before she found herself in a place that reminded her strangely of home and yet was not home at all. Then a wearisome round of tasks began.

She picked up pins; she opened doors; she shut windows; she raised shades; she closed shutters; she ran errands; she delivered messages; she practiced scales; she studied lessons; she set her doll-house in order and replaced her toys; she washed her face and brushed her hair; she picked currants and stoned raisins; she hung up her skipping-rope and fastened her sash, and so she went on from one thing to another until she was almost ready to cry with weariness and fatigue. Half the things

she did she had forgotten she had ever promised to do. But she had sent them

into By and By, and here they were to be done, and do them she must. On and on she went, until after a while the tasks she had to perform began to gain a more familiar look, and she recognized them as being unkept promises of quite a recent date. She dusted her room; she darned her stockings; she mended her apron; she fed her bird; she wrote a letter; she read her Bible; and, at last, after an endless space and when tears of real anguish were coursing down her cheeks, she found herself amusing the baby and discovered that she had come to the last of her long line of duties and was canceling her debt to By and By. As soon as all was finished she felt herself being hurried, still sobbing and crying, back to the place from which she had started, and on entering heard the same voice she had listened to before, say: "Betty Bleecker's account is squared. Let a receipted bill be given her, advise her to run up no more accounts, and send her home."

At these words Betty wept afresh, but not now from sorrow, but for gladness at the thought



"AS BETTY TURNED TO ADDRESS HIM, HIS COCKED HAT FLEW OFF, HIS LEGS DOUBLED UP UNDER HIM, HIS EYES ROLLED MADLY, AND HE ROARED IN A VOICE OF THUNDER, 'BETTY'!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of returning home. And before she could even realize it, she was standing beside Mr. Bombus

again, with something in her hand which she clutched tightly and which proved to be a signed receipt for her debt to By and By. Then she heard her companion say: "Like to look about a bit before you leave? By and By 's a busy place, don't you think so?" And Betty replied promptly: "Oh no, sir. Yes, sir. Not at all, sir. If you please, sir," quite too frantic at the thought of having to go back, even for a moment, to answer the questions.

But all the while she was very angry with Mr. Bombus for bringing her there,—quite forgetting she had pleaded with him to do so,—and his smiling at her in that very superior fashion provoked her sadly, and she began upbraiding him, between her sobs and tears, for his unkindness and severity.

"It would only have been harder in the end," replied her companion calmly. "Now you 've paid them and can take care not to run up any more debts, for, you mark my words, you 'll have to square your account every time, and the longer it runs the worse it will be. Nothing in the

world, in the way of responsibility, ever goes scot-free. You have to pay in one way or another for everything you do or leave undone, and the sooner you know it the better."

Betty was sobbing harder than ever, and when she thought she caught a triumphant gleam in Mr. Bombus's eyes and heard him humming in an aggravating undertone, "In the Sweet By and By," she could restrain herself no longer, and raised her hand and struck him a sounding blow. Instantly she was most deeply repentant and would have begged his pardon, but, as she turned to address him, his cocked hat flew off, his legs doubled up under him, his eyes rolled madly, and then with a fierce glare at her he roared in a voice of thunder:

"BET-TY!"

And there she was in the soft grass-heap, sobbing with fright and clutching tightly in her hand a fistful of straw; while yonder in the wistaria-vine a humble-bee was settling and a voice from the house was heard calling her name:

"Betty! BET-TY!"

---

## THE BOY-KING, EDWARD VI.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

---

At the distance of about an hour's ride from London is one of the most beautiful palaces in England. The silver Thames runs by its park, and emerald meadows with intervening spaces of forest surround the old, harmoniously tinted, brick building. It has no flare of red, such as latter-day bricks afford, but a soft blending of hues,—dull crimson, seaweed purple, purplish brown,—it is full of varying lights and shadows; subdued in sunshine, warm in color on a cloudy day. The palace covers eight acres, and contains one thousand rooms. There is a Great Court and a Clock Court, a Fountain Court and a Kitchen Court; there are wonderful clusters of ornamented brick chimneys, beautiful terraces, gardens, and greenhouses, with the largest grape-vine in the world; there is an elm beneath

whose branches played Charles the Second, when a boy; there are yews planted by William the Third; and the remains of Queen Anne's orange trees.

The famous Cardinal Wolsey built it for himself, and the completed structure he named Hampton Court. His arms were sculptured over the doors,—his taste arranged, his money furnished, this regal home. Here, at all times, two hundred and eighty beds were kept ready for strangers; here he received ambassadors and princes; and here came to visit him King Henry the Eighth, with his first wife, Catharine of Arragon.

King Henry often paid friendly, informal visits to Wolsey; hawked, hunted, jested, danced, at his will; and, withal, expressed so warm an ad-

miration of his host's splendid home, that eventually it was presented to him, even as it stood. But the magnificent gift could not avert disgrace

he died while Henry and Anne were enjoying their honeymoon at Hampton; nor could he foresee that in three short years it would be her



KING HENRY VIII, JANE SEYMOUR,\* AND PRINCE EDWARD.

from the donor. Henry had now a second wife, Anne Boleyn; and as she regarded Wolsey with anything but favor, the King's "awne goode cardinall" was soon a prisoner under charge of high treason. Friendless and stricken,

turn to meet disgrace. One day a queen—the next she was beheaded in the Tower, and Jane Seymour occupied her throne.

This queen also was fond of Hampton Court, and there, in the autumn of 1537, was born her

\* One historian of Hampton Court says that the queen shown in this painting is Catherine Parr. But another authority states that the portrait is one of Jane Seymour, added to the picture after her death.

son Edward, ere long to be the sixth of his name in the list of English kings.

The grim father was wild with delight when the prince was born. True, he had daughters—Elizabeth and Mary; but this was a son, a veritable heir to his throne! On such an occasion it was impossible to do too much, and accordingly, the christening was celebrated with unusual splendor. Magnificent carpets, with hangings of red silk and cloth of gold, decked the rooms through which the procession was to pass. A fire-pan full of coals, “with a goode perfume,” was provided to keep the baby warm; the christening vessels were of solid silver, and all persons concerned in the ceremony were ablaze with jewels.

Then there was a grand procession to the chapel where the service was held,—first came the attendant noblemen and servants, bearing each a torch or taper; next, Princess Elizabeth, afterward “Good Queen Bess,” herself so young that she was carried in arms; then, borne under a canopy, the baby-prince, with a train many times longer than his body; then the Princess Mary, who was to be godmother; then more attendants, more tapers, and at last the procession reached the chapel, and the baby was duly christened. His name and titles were proclaimed, splendid gifts were presented, a *Te Deum* was sung, refreshments were passed—the young princesses being treated to spiced wafers and wine; and finally, with a tremendous blare of trumpets to conclude the ceremony, the child was carried back to its mother.

But only twelve days later the queen mother died. Here, where she had been wife and mother, she now lay in state, watched night and day by her ladies, until she was borne to Windsor for burial.

Although motherless, the little Prince Edward thrived. His household was organized on a scale to correspond with his christening,—with a chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, steward, and governor; an almoner, a dean, and many other high officials; but most important for the baby’s comfort, with a nurse and “rockers”!

King Henry drew up with his own hand a list of rules “for the best care and management”—as he wrote it—“of the holle realmes most

precyouse joyelle [jewel], the Prince’s Grace.” No strangers were to visit him without special order (which was seldom granted); and no visitor must touch the prince except to kiss his hand.

From Hampton the baby-prince was removed to Havering-at-Bower, for change of air. Here came to visit him the lords of council; and the Lord Chancellor Aubrey reported, in the quaint spelling and lofty style of those times, that they had never before seen “so goodly a child of his age, so mery, so plesaunt, so good and lovyng countenauns, and so earnest an ye, as it were, a sage juggement towards every person that repayreth to his Grace; and, as it semyth to me, his Grace encresith well in the ayer that he is in, . . . he shotyth out in length, and wexith ferme and stiff, can stedfastly stond, and wold avauce hym self to move and go, if they wold suffir hym.”

Lady Bryan, one of the court-ladies, made up frequent reports; in one letter telling Cromwell that “his Grace hath *nij* teeth; *nij* fol [fully] out, and the forthe apearethe.” In another letter she expresses the wish that the King could have seen the young prince on Easter night, “for his Grace was marvelowss plesauntly desposed. The mensterels played, and his Grace dawansed and played so wantownly [merrily] that he cold not stend stil, and was so fol of pretty toyes [ways] as ever I saw chyld in my leyf.”

About this time the little prince probably looked very much as he does in the first portrait of himself, by Holbein;—with a chubby face, made chubbier by the close-fitting linen cap, above which is a bonnet of red velvet, with a white plume. The dress is of red velvet, around his neck is a gold chain, and he clutches a rattle in one dimpled hand. All his biographers agree that he was a very pretty child, and especially do they praise his brilliant, starry eyes.

Until he had passed what old Hayward calls “the weak and sappie age of sixe,” he was brought up among the women. After that age none but men were members of his household, and Dr. Coxe and Mr. John Cheke were appointed to care for his education. They certainly made the boy study, for, in the short course of his life, he learned to speak French, Italian, and Latin;

he could read and write Greek; and also he had a fair understanding of natural philosophy, logic, music, and astronomy.

To these attainments was now to be added a practical knowledge of government. He was only nine years old when Henry died,—leaving his throne to a boy-king. Edward the Sixth was duly proclaimed, but until he should be eighteen, his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, was made protector of the realm, being also advanced to the dignity of Duke of Somerset.

To Edward's acts as king his historians have given undue praise,—as in reality they were the acts of his uncles and council. But he studied diligently, thought seriously, and behaved with a gravity which, no doubt, befitted his station, though, to our modern eyes, it seems rather unchildlike. A certain William Thomas had frequent interviews with Edward, and could hardly say enough in his praise. He calls him “the Bewtisiest creature that lyveth under Sunne; the Wittiest, the most amiable and the gentlest Thinge of all the world. Such a spirit of Capacitye, lernynge the Thinge taught hym by his Schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to heare say.”

Edward wrote a number of letters to different friends,—some in Latin, some in French, a few in English; but, for the most part, they are stiff and devoid of interest. One of the prettiest is to his father, thanking him for a present of jeweled buttons, and other ornaments. Another is to his sister Mary, assuring her that although he does not write often, he loves her well, just as he cares most for his best clothes although he wears them seldom.

But the most interesting memorial of King Edward is his Diary, “that most judicious Journall,” as his biographer describes it. It was begun about the time of his accession to the throne, and kept up until six months before his death. The writing is excellent, and the spelling fair.

Although the Diary gives no clue to his tastes and amusements, other writers have mentioned his great liking for perfumes, his attachment to dogs, and his enjoyment of tennis. These are the only boyish traits recorded in his precocious history,—and even these had

little indulgence. When he should have been playing or exercising, he was bent over his desk in study, or solemnly attending councils of state.

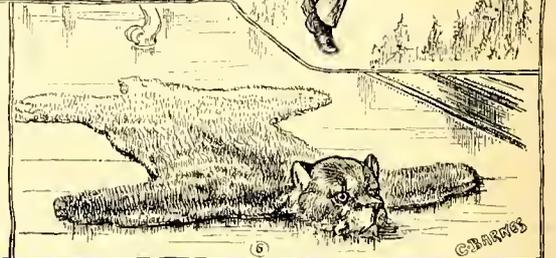
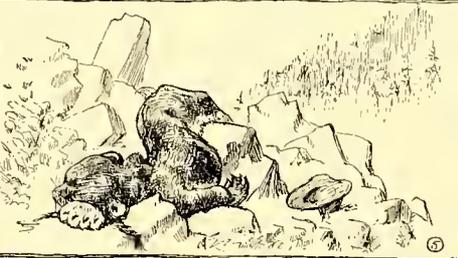
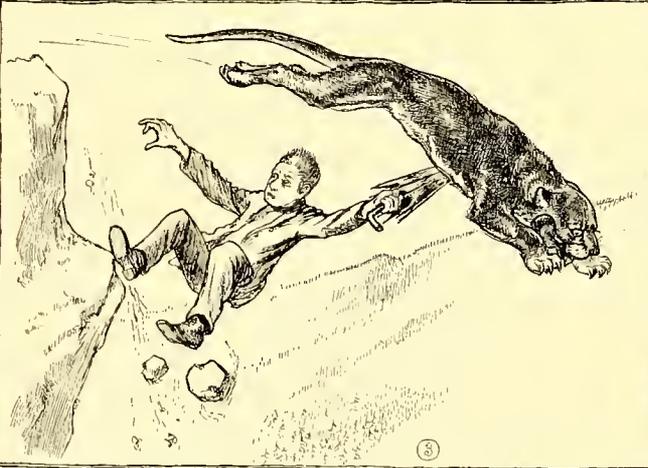
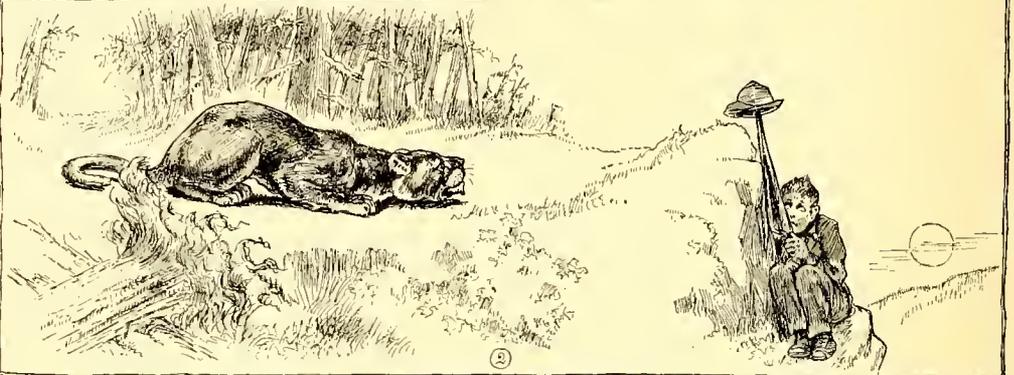
Meanwhile, there were changes in the kingdom. When Edward was only eleven, one uncle had been put to death; and now the Duke of Somerset was deposed from the Protectorate, and shortly afterward executed. His king and nephew calmly signed the death warrant, recording in his journal one day that “the Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Towre Hill, betwene eight and nine a cloke in the morning.” If he felt any grief, he did not express it, even in this private record. Besides, says Hayward, the courtiers did their best to dispel any “dampy thoughts” which the memory of his dead uncle might cause. The common people, despite their love for Edward, seem to have blamed his apathy on this occasion. Mrs. Elizabeth Huggons was actually brought to trial for too frank speeches on the subject,—having been heard to say, among other things, that the young king showed himself an unnatural nephew, and to express the wish that she had had the punishing of him.

No doubt it had been good for him,—that same discipline,—in season! But now the end was close at hand. In 1551 he fell ill of small-pox and measles, and never regained his strength. Within two years, despite the efforts of all his physicians, he was dying of consumption. A little before the end, not knowing that any one could hear, he prayed softly aloud for the welfare of his kingdom; “—indeed,” he urged, “I tried to do my best.” And finally, “I grow faint,” he murmured; “Lord have mercy upon me, and take my spirit.” These were his last words. His breathing grew fainter, then ceased. The poor little king was dead.

He was buried August 9, 1553, having lain in state a whole month. With funeral chants and drooping banners, with solemn pomp and grieving hearts, he was borne to Westminster Abbey—the immemorial resting-place of English royalty.

His story may be fitly ended with a line from an epitaph written at the time, and expressing well the love of the people for their young king:

“Adewe pleasure! Gone is our treasure!”



THE PANTHER AND THE BOY. A TALE OF THE NORTHWEST.

## THE REASON WHY.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

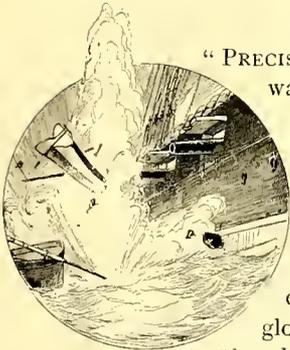


“WHEN I was at the party,”  
Said Betty (aged just four),  
“A little girl fell off her chair,  
Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls  
Began to laugh, but me—  
I did n’t laugh a single bit,”  
Said Betty, seriously.

“Why not?” her mother asked her,  
Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—  
Had been so sweetly kind.  
“Why did n’t *you* laugh, darling?  
Or don’t you like to tell?”  
“I did n’t laugh,” said Betty,  
“’Cause it was me that fell!”

## HOW A SINGLE SHOT WON A FIGHT.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



“PRECISELY what all the row was about, I don’t profess to remember,” said the old quartermaster, as he lit his pipe afresh, and puffed and pulled at it until it was under full headway, and glowing like a live coal; “but the Chilians and Peruvians were at war with each other, and we had been in the harbor two weeks, blockaded by the former, who had a fine fleet outside. We were having altogether a lazy time of it on our steamer, and had nothing in the world to do, until the blockade should be

raised or an earthquake should shake out some new channel through which we might get to sea. Of course the captain and agents were out of temper, but the rest of us did n’t care how long the blockade lasted, as we were drawing good pay right along.

“The town lay in a basin-like formation of the shore, with large white stone forts at both ends of the harbor, mounting a few heavy rifled guns, of English make; and there were batteries back of the shipping wharves at the foot of the hills. Our ship lay inside of the forts, and well protected by a stone jetty. She was just out of range of the Chilian fleet, which generally rode at anchor, in a line across the harbor’s mouth.

“The blockade was not exciting. For days not a shot would be fired by either side; but

at other times the men-of-war, taking advantage of a good tide or wind, would steam in closer and fire away at us in a lazy fashion all day, the forts replying at longer intervals. Occasionally the enemy's shells would strike the water or burst quite near us, but usually the shots passed over and beyond the vessels, falling among small houses, of the poorer class, in the town down by the water.

"The blockaders ventured in too close one day, and, a stiff off-shore breeze springing up, some of the big guns in the fort, served with extra powder charges, plumped a few holes in them—to their evident confusion, for they

the bridge vociferously assuring those on the little stranger that we were neutrals; nor did he stop until one of her officers politely assured him that they were Peruvians, and that, under cover of the attack of a Peruvian ironclad on the blockading fleet, they had stolen in quietly during the confusion.

"It did not take long for the blockaders to find out that the town had been reënforced by a torpedo boat, for she immediately began a system of attack and annoyance which made their lives both day and night one continued round of apprehension and misery.

"She was a handy little open boat, with a good outfit, and could steam about eighteen miles an hour. She had been brought from England by speculators and sold to the Peruvians down the coast. They had named her 'La Chiquita,' the Little One. She would lie beside us all day at the stone pier with steam ready, her crew sleeping about the decks in the hot sun, most of the time, while her officers played dominoes under an awning aft, and plotted meanwhile some novel method of frightening the blockaders. Occasionally, when they knew the enemy were at dinner, they



"HE STOOD SOLID AS A ROCK, WITH FEET WIDE APART TO STEADY HIMSELF AGAINST THE ROLLING OF THE BOAT."

promptly got out of range and there remained. We were usually very quiet at night, but one dismal rainy morning there was a great commotion outside, with much banging of guns. The reports sounded at one moment like muffled thunder, or, when the wind shifted against the fleet, like some one shutting a heavy barn-door sharply. At about breakfast time, we were suddenly startled by escaping steam. We rushed on deck to see, lying beside us in the misty rain, a long, low torpedo boat. We expected immediately to be blown up, and our captain was on

would make a rush down the harbor in a most warlike and threatening manner. Then the foe would beat to quarters, slip their anchors, and put themselves in a state of commotion, whereupon the torpedo boat would come leisurely back to the dock. In this way they made the Chilians burn tons of coal which it was difficult for them to get, and for which they had to pay big prices.

"It was at night, however, that La Chiquita was in her glory, for in a few minutes after her departure from the dock there would be banging and booming of guns along the enemies' line,

and we could tell about where she was by the uproar around her. Once she stole out close along shore and with a rush came in from the sea through the Chilian ships.

"Their guard boats were unprepared for this attack; and before they knew it she was alongside the admiral's ship, and exploded a torpedo which blew up two or three small boats at the gangway, hurt several sailors, and smashed glass and windows. Then she made off into the harbor before a gun in the fleet could be brought to bear on her in the darkness.

"This scare was too much for the 'Dons,' as the Chilians are called, so they put their heads together and sent to Valparaiso for help. It came finally, in the shape of two brand-new torpedo boats of German make; each of them was larger and faster than La Chiquita.

"The day after they arrived, a slight defect had been discovered in the machinery of our little dock companion; and as her native engineer had fallen sick of a fever at the same time, and was not quite up to duty, one of our engineers, a Yankee boy by the name of Clark, from Boston (and a smart fellow he was, too), volunteered to tinker up the engine. While their own man was up in town getting some supplies, Clark was putting the engine to rights, when a telegram arrived aboard stating that the enemies' two torpedo boats had started early that morning to go down the coast. The lookout at the harbor entrance had sent word that the fog was becoming heavier, and the Peruvian commander ordered La Chiquita out to take advantage of the situation by doing what mischief she could.

"The boat, of course, was ready in a few minutes, but their own engineer was ashore, and the fog prevented their signaling his recall from the town. Go they must, and something must be done at once. But what? While they were discussing the question, Clark, who had finished repairing the engine, was about putting on his jacket, when the captain drew him aside and, after explaining matters, asked if he would act as engineer for that trip, saying, it would be nothing more than an excursion or frolic and that he would be well paid. Now, the Yankee boy had long been wishing for a trip of this kind, but despaired of getting leave of absence for any such purpose. Here was an oppor-

tunity, and an excuse for taking advantage of it, and while coolly replying that he would do it 'as a favor,' he turned on steam, and in a few minutes the saucy little boat was lost to our view and speeding out into the fog with a grand scheme of surprise for the Chilians.

"But, as very often happens, the surprise was destined to come from the other side; for the Chilian torpedo boats had started down the coast only as a ruse, and under cover of the fog had stolen back again, and were quietly lying behind their men-of-war prepared to give their little annoyer a warm welcome.

"Quietly and swiftly La Chiquita stole on until the largest of the enemies' ships was seen to be near,—a dull gray mass without a sign of life about her and apparently at anchor. Still closer ran the torpedo boat, and all was quiet on the big ship. She was almost alongside, and yet the sleepy sentry did not heed. The young Peruvian captain rubbed his hands in glee at the glorious opportunity afforded him, and he had just made the signal for the lowering of the torpedo when 'Bang!' went the sleepy sentry's gun.

"'Never mind,' cried the gay captain, as he felt the bullet pierce his cap. 'You are awake at last, my boy, and just too late!' But no! A dark object darted out from beyond the ship's stern, and behold—there was one of the *absent* torpedo boats! To add to the consternation of the Chiquita's crew, the second torpedo boat now hove in sight, rounding the frigate's bow.

"'We are in a trap,' yelled the captain. 'Stop her! Back her! Starboard your helm. *Hard!!!*' and he fairly danced with rage as the bullets began to sing about him.

"In less time than it takes to tell it, the Peruvian 'surprise party' was in full retreat through the fog, followed closely by the Chilian boats and a hail of small shot which dashed up the spray all around them. The big ships, too, were in pursuit, surging and rocking, their black smoke and their masts visible above the low-lying fog.

"For ten minutes the race progressed finely, the crew of the fleeing craft doing their utmost to escape the fierce pursuers. The officer distributed his men about the boat so as to

give her the best possible balance. Soft coal was being burned and dense black smoke and sparks were pouring furiously from her funnel, but it was evident that the two other torpedo boats were overtaking her, although the men-of-war were dropping behind.

"The officer looked anxiously at Clark and asked, 'Can not you make her go faster?' Clark glanced at the steam-gauge and at the safety-valve, from which a jet of steam was already flying, and shook his head. He screwed down the valve a little, however. The gauge showed ten pounds more pressure, but that was all he dared put on. La Chiquita was rushing 'like a streak' through the water, faster than she ever went before, but it was of little use. The larger boats were steadily gaining. A few minutes more would have ended it. It was too bad, for La Chiquita was almost in the harbor. She had run out of the fog and could see the forts, which dared not fire, however, for fear of hitting their own vessel. The Peruvian sailors crouched in the bottom of the boat while Clark coolly tended his engine, parts of which moved so fast that, as he afterward told me, they looked like a whirling blue mist.

"'Señor,' said the officer to Clark, 'we have done our best, but it won't help us. They are too near to us, we must give up,' and as he said this he proceeded to take from his pocket a handkerchief to wave in sign of surrender. Clark glanced back, and there, not four hundred feet away, was the first pursuer, her sharp snout cutting the water like a knife and throwing the spray to each side. He observed quickly that from her brow projected a spar, on the end of which was a large, black, pear-shaped, vicious-looking torpedo, its head studded with percussion caps. This torpedo was ready to be thrust further forward to blow up La Chiquita as soon as they should come within striking distance. As Clark's keen glance returned along the boiling

wake of his own boat, he noted in the stern-sheets a rifle which belonged to the captain. It was just like the one with which the engineer used to 'pick off' squirrels from the hickory-nut trees, at home in 'the States.'

"He motioned to the captain not to wave his flag of surrender. He gave the engine one more drenching of oil, and the safety-valve another twist, then seized the rifle, carefully adjusted the rear sight, wiped the oil from his trigger finger, raised the piece to his shoulder, and took aim. He stood solid as a rock, with feet wide apart to steady himself against the rolling of the boat. His head was bare and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. 'What can he be going to shoot at?' muttered the captain. 'No one is visible on the other boat.' But he noticed that as the pursuing boat, now but three hundred feet away, rose and fell with the swells, and its torpedo bent and swayed from side to side on the end of the spar, the muzzle of Clark's rifle was following it. Now up, now down, now this way, now that, it swung, as if avoiding that keen eye looking through the sights. But, finally, for one moment it paused and was quiet. It was that for which Clark was waiting. There was a sharp report from the rifle! The torpedo, struck by the bullet fair and square on one of the caps, exploded with a tremendous report. The spar and torpedo flew in fragments through the air, and, as the on-rushing boat emerged from the cloud of smoke, it was seen that her bow was shattered and split, and that she was sinking rapidly, while her crew were heard calling upon the other Chilian boat for help.

"Clark laid down the rifle and turned his attention to his engine again as if nothing had happened, and, amid the booming of guns and the dipping of flags in salute, La Chiquita ran into the harbor and was soon at her moorings, thanks to the cool Yankee boy who had saved the vessel with one shot."

---



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

DEEP a-wood there 's a wee little play-house I 've  
 found,  
 Roofed o'er by the leaves growing thickly  
 around,  
 Where the elfin-folk troop, with their spirits  
 elate,  
 O' nights when their watches are pointing to  
 eight.

They have cunningly raised up a stage of green  
 moss,  
 And a spider has spun a fine curtain across,  
 While the footlights are fireflies ranged in a row,  
 With their wing-shaded lamps shining full on  
 the show.

A pompous frog orchestra fiddles away,  
 While the lily-bell dressing-rooms dreamily sway,

As the little play-people, with fast-beating hearts,  
 Look in mirrors of dew to make up for their  
 parts.

All around sit the spectators, holding gay chats,  
 With the ladies bedecked in the highest of hats,  
 Till a tinkle is heard on a gold buttercup,  
 And gloves beat pit-a-pat as the curtain goes  
 up.

Oh, the wonderful plays these small actors strut  
 through!  
 I would like to attend one, I 'm sure — would n't  
 you?

But, if we both went, it would fill them with  
 fright,  
 And there would n't be any performance that  
 night!

# THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

## SIXTH PAPER.

### *The Age of Giant Mammals.*

WE now come to a time in our history of the ages, when the earth's surface began to look as it does at present with mountain peaks, plains, winding rivers, valleys, and the blue sea. Ferns and mosses grew in damp places, and trees and plants, which now grow only at the tropics, were scattered over the whole earth.

This abundance of tropical vegetation did not last throughout the entire age. The crust of the earth was becoming so thick as to greatly modify the heat from the interior, especially at the poles, where at length it began to grow cold. At one time in the history of the period vast seas of ice extended over the plains.

This age saw all the *high* mountains raised up. The melted interior could find no easy vent through the hard crust, and in forcing its way out it rose high into the air.

The rock-making was particularly interesting, because little animals and plants did the most of it. All the magnificent buildings of Paris are made of limestone taken from quarries near the city. These quarries are composed of layers made entirely from the tiny shells of microscopic animals. No less than one hundred and thirty-seven species exist in these limestone beds. There were other little beings, not so small, that did an enormous share of rock-building. They have received the name "nummulites," from the Latin word "nummus," meaning "money," because their shells resemble coins. In Germany they are commonly called the "devil's money." They are so perfectly formed that one cannot help thinking, on first looking at them, that they have been stamped with a die. In some places mountains of great height are made of their shells. In Egypt the layers are of such extent that since centuries before Christ the rock has been used for building pur-

poses. The ancient Pyramids and the Sphinx are made of this rock.

Beds of lignite, a kind of half-finished coal, are also found amongst the rocks of this age. With it is found the yellow amber, which is only fossil resin from a species of pine tree. It is abundant on the shores of the German Ocean. Insects are often found preserved in it as perfect as on the day they were imprisoned. The first bee of all the ages was found in amber, "an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin." With it were found fragments of flower and leaf, as if the resin dropped on the flower upon which the bee had alighted, and enveloped both.

It is probable that the first bird made its appearance in this age. In the new red sandstone of the age before, footprints have been found which look as if they had been made by gigantic birds; but geologists think they may have been tracks of birdlike reptiles. The remains of this age, however, are surely those of birds, for tail and wing feathers have been found.

There were a great many different species of crocodiles, tortoises, and turtles. We are told of one crocodile, twenty feet long, which had feet as large as those of a rhinoceros.

The fishes generally resembled those of the present day. There was one shark that measured one hundred feet from head to tail. A shark is quite a curiosity now, but in those days sharks were the rule and not the exception.

But it is not on account of its birds, or its fishes, or its reptiles, that this age is noted. Its one distinguishing feature is the immense number and huge size of its mammals, or milk-giving animals. They were distributed over all the earth. Animals of the same class, which live now only in warm climates, then roamed over the whole globe from pole to pole. Its great water-mammal, the whale, differed from ours only in size. There is one variety of fossil whale

found in the Southern part of our own country, and each bone of its spinal column is a foot and a half long and a foot across. An English geologist, who once visited America, says he saw the skeleton of one whose spinal column extended seventy feet.

For many centuries, at different places on the continent of Europe, people discovered gigantic bones. Little curiosity was excited, until at length some workmen in the quarries near Paris found some bones which were brought to Cuvier, the famous French naturalist. He had just made himself eminent by giving an unlooked-for decision regarding some fossil remains found in Siberia. He compared the bones with human bones and with those of animals now living, and concluded that they belonged to animals different from any that now inhabit the earth. From his knowledge of bones he drew pictures of two animals, to which he thought the bones must have belonged. When he made known his opinion, it caused a great deal of argument. Soon after, complete skeletons were found in the quarries, and these proved Cuvier's pictures correct. These animals were neither tapirs, nor horses, nor rhinoceroses, but resembled all three. They, as well as all the other mammals of this period, were thick-skinned, like our elephants. They varied greatly in size—some were as large as cows, others as small as rabbits. They probably wandered in peaceful herds through the valleys, in quest of pasturage.

The giant of all the mammals was probably a beast called by a name meaning the "terrible animal." Why it should have received this name is a mystery, because there is no evidence to show that there was anything "terrible" about it, except its size. It was eighteen feet high. Its head was four feet long. Its trunk was like an elephant's, and from its lower jaw projected two tusks, curving downward. It lived on a vegetable diet. As it is supposed to have inhabited lakes, rivers, and marshes, like our hippopotamus, it may, some naturalists think, have used its tusks to draw itself up on the banks.

An animal that ought to interest us greatly, because the only five perfect skeletons of it that have ever been found have been found in North

America, is the mastodon. It was considerably larger than the elephant. One skeleton was discovered with the remains of its food between its ribs. They showed that it lived, in part at least, on the small leaves and branches of spruce and fir trees. Away back as far as 1739, when the French owned the Mississippi Valley, a French officer was traveling toward the Great River, guided by some Indians. When he reached a salt marsh in Kentucky, called the "Big Bone Lick," where quadrupeds resorted to lick the salt, he found its shores covered with the bones of this animal which he did not know. He brought some of them home with him; and Buffon, another famous French naturalist, pronounced them the bones of an elephant whose species had died off the earth. Great quantities of these animals must have roamed over North America, for when, in 1763, the English took possession of the French region, cases were filled with these bones and sent off to England.

The great Siberian mammoth, a species of elephant of this period, was from sixteen to eighteen feet high and twice as heavy as any elephant existing to-day. Its tusks were from ten to fifteen feet long, and curved upward with a great sweep. We know all about this animal, for at least two specimens retaining the skin and the hair have been found preserved in the ice in such perfect condition that dogs and wolves have fed on the meat when it had been dug out of the ice.\* Its body was covered with long black hair and red wool. Its trunk was like the elephant's, but its legs were shorter. The further north naturalists go, the more remains of this animal are found in the ice. There must have been a temperate climate in the places over which they roamed; for the hair, while it shows the animal could resist *some* cold, is not heavy enough to ward off the cold that exists at present in Arctic regions. Nor if the present low temperature had prevailed there, would there have been food for these vast herds. It is inferred that the cold came suddenly, and killed them; if they had been dead any length of time before the ice enveloped them there would have been some decay.

Northern Siberia, and especially the islands off the coast, were great herding-grounds for these monsters. Some of the islands are com-

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1887.

posed entirely of mammoths' bones and sand, frozen together in the ice. Tusks weighing from 150 to 200 pounds are exported to all parts of the globe, and it seems impossible to exhaust the supply. It is said that the Chinese wrote of these mammoth remains five hundred years before Christ. When the attention of the learned men of Europe was called to them, a great many disputes arose. It was suggested that they were the remains of Indian elephants swept up there by the flood. When they were found farther south, it was said that they were African elephants which Hannibal had brought with him when he came over to Italy to fight the Romans; but Cuvier claimed that an Indian elephant would remain an Indian elephant no matter where it was carried, and that these remains differed from those of any known species of elephant. It at once roused great interest in geology, and more specimens being found, what Cuvier said was proved true.

There is a mammoth in the museum at St. Petersburg of which a curious history is told. One day a Siberian fisherman saw a rounded mass enveloped in ice. He was attracted by its strange shape, and for four years he watched it, the ice melting a little each year. At the end of the fourth year, it had melted sufficiently for him to see that the object inclosed in the ice was a mammoth. The tusks projected from the ice, and he cut them off and sold them. At the end of the fifth summer, which was very warm, the ice melted so fast that the mammoth dropped by its own weight. An Englishman traveling through Russia, and hearing of the monstrous animal that had been discovered at the mouth of a river in northern Siberia, went there to see it. The wolves had eaten a great deal of its flesh, and the natives had cut off more and fed it to their dogs, but there were portions left with the hair upon them. He collected all of the parts that remained (it was minus a foot, which the wolves had perhaps carried off), bought back the tusks from the merchant to whom they had been sold, carried them to St. Petersburg, and sold them to the Czar for about \$6000. The skeleton is now in the Imperial Museum.

The name "mammoth" comes from a Tartar word meaning "earth-beast." It is a tradition amongst the natives of Siberia that it lives down in the earth, and whenever it comes into the sunlight it dies. Its remains have been found in England and in North America.

During the age of mammals, the sloth, the ant-eater, and the armadillo were represented, only on a much larger scale than now. The oddest of all the odd animals we have met, was the "great wild-beast," an enormous, massive, sloth-like creature, twelve feet long, all of whose bones were twice as thick as an elephant's and whose tail was two feet across. It burrowed in the earth for food and shelter, and pulled down trees to feast on their green shoots and twigs. There was another of the same family which had a double skull. It fed on trees like the first, and was so clumsy that it could not get out of the way when the trees fell; so sometimes its outside skull was cracked, and healed up again without any serious injury. There was a creature six feet long, of the armadillo family, that had a coat of mail. The scales were arranged in the form of rosettes. It resembled somewhat an immense turtle.

Besides these strange animals, troops of tigers and hyenas, which are now confined to tropical countries, roamed over the land. Great cave-bears had their homes in all parts of Europe. There is a famous cave in England, called the Kirkdale Cave, the floor of which is covered with the bones of elephants, tigers, hyenas, bears, and wolves. It is supposed to have been the home of hyenas. These bones are all bitten and broken, showing that the hyenas dragged the animals into the cave, to feed upon them unmolested.

Toward the close of the period, after the reign of ice, the ox, the horse, the deer, and other animals useful to man, began to appear.

The fields were rich with grasses and grain. Fruit trees added to the beauty of the scene, and the fair home was ready for him who was to be "a little lower than the angels."



ctober.

We went to hunt for chestnuts  
One fine October day ,  
And in the windy country  
We wandered far away .

We built a fire of brush-wood  
Beneath the sheltering hill ,  
Among the rustling corn-shocks  
The wind was never still .

We played that we were gypsies ,  
Who never sleep in beds ,  
But lie beside their fires  
With stars above their heads .

But when the air grew frosty ,  
Beneath the chestnut tree  
We filled our bags and baskets ,  
And hastened home to tea .

K.P.

K.Pyle.

## A RAT'S CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

SEVERAL centuries ago, the peasantry of Friesland finding their country invaded by a mounted army, and having no cavalry to put in opposition, conceived the idea of stopping the advance of the horses by putting in their way pieces of timber, pierced in X fashion by stout rods of wood, tipped with sharp iron points. It was impossible for the horses of the invaders to make any way against this ingenious device, and, with a grim sort of humor, the soldiers dubbed it the horse of Friesland, or, those particular soldiers being Frenchmen, *cheval de Friesland*. This was presently corrupted to *cheval-de-frise*, or, in the plural, *chevaux-de-frise*.

What the Frisians did then, soldiers who are put on the defensive have done ever since; and so have gardeners who grow tempting fruits, or gentlemen who have attractive dooryards in the city. In fact a *cheval-de-frise*, properly constructed, is so good a barrier to progress, that it seems to suggest itself naturally to both man and beast; for it is not only the soldier who constructs one according to rule, or the gardener who makes one off-hand by sowing broken bottles in mortar on the top of his wall, who has thought of this method of repelling invasion. A great many birds recognize the value of thorn bushes for nesting places, and one bird, at least—the road-runner of our western, or southwestern, plains—displays now and then a sound knowledge of the practical uses of the *chevaux-de-frise*. It is said that its hatred of rattlesnakes is so intense that when it finds one asleep in the warm sand of the deserts it will gather the spiny leaves of the prickly pear—a species of cactus—and surround the snake with them in such a manner that it is impossible for the beleaguered reptile to escape without passing over the spiny wall, a thing he cannot do without becoming impaled upon the sharp spines.

But the most remarkable story of the use of the *chevaux-de-frise* by one of the lower animals is told by a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. He writes from the southwest, where the arid, sandy, desert lands and the intensely hot sun combine to produce a varied growth of cacti. Some of these rise in imposing columns of great size, some creep along the ground, some bear flowers of the most exquisite hues and shapes, some bear fruit that is juicy and almost luscious, and all are armed in a greater or lesser degree with the sharp spines spoken of in connection with the prickly pear.

Among the worst of these cacti in this respect is the one called *toyo*. Perhaps it is the very worst; for not only is it covered to an unusual degree with the spines, but they are so sharp and so easily detached from the plant, that one has only to lightly touch them to cause them to penetrate the flesh and to separate from the cactus. More than this, there seems to be a poison in the spines for man or beast, and the consequence is that a *toyo* thicket is one of the most highly respected places in the desert. Snakes, coyotes, and other reptiles and beasts give the *toyo* a wide berth. The birds seem to understand this and make the thickets their homes.

For the birds to use the thickets for nests seems natural enough, however, and it is not of this fact that the gentleman referred to speaks in his letter. He was fortunate enough to discover a party of rats engaged in building a veritable fortification, or *chevaux-de-frise*, of the *toyo* spines about their burrow. He had some difficulty at first in discovering what the rats were about, but by making a circuit, and stealing cautiously upon the workers, he was able to see what they were doing. His own description is as follows:

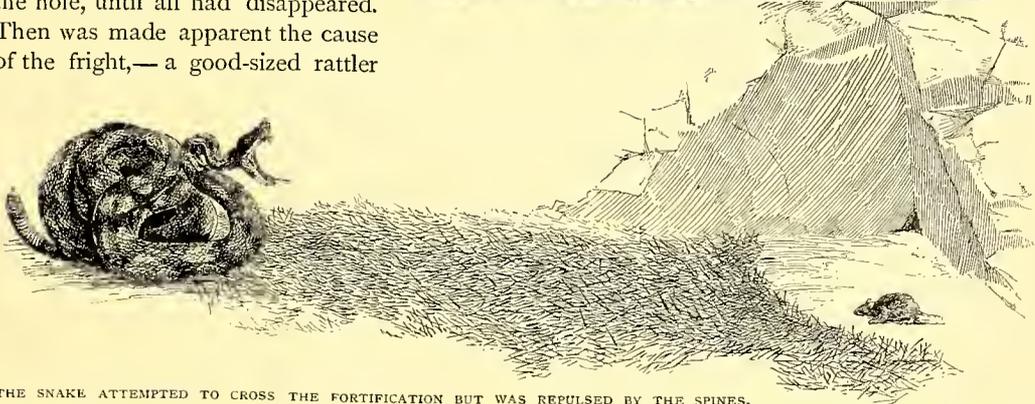
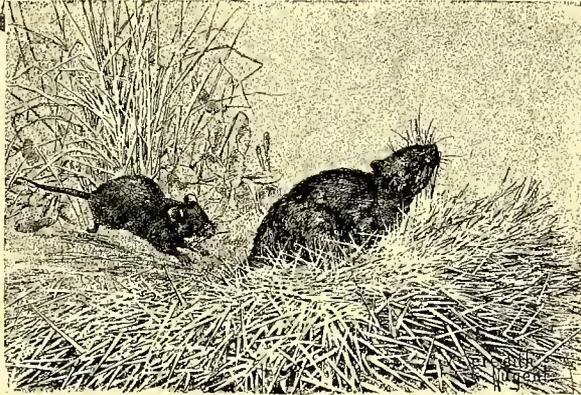
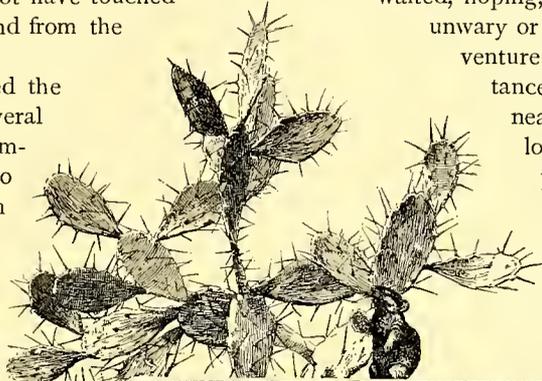
“Some were at the *toyo* thicket, cutting the thorns, others were transporting them with cau-

tious haste to the vicinity of the nest, and still others were setting them in the earth in such a way as to make a perfect and formidable chevaux-de-frise. All the points were turned out, and so thickly were the thorns planted that even the tip of one's finger could not have touched the ground without a wound from the needle points."

The same writer watched the rats at their work for several days, and until it was completed. A circular line of toy spines was constructed from the rock on each side of the burrow hole. Then he visited them daily for some time longer before he discovered the special purpose for which the fortification had been erected.

"One evening," he says, "while watching them at play, I saw a sentinel rat, at some distance from the nest, come running in with evident signs of alarm. In a moment the scene was changed, and a stream of rats went leaping from one stepping stone to another,"—the rats had for this purpose left a series of these stone steps in the midst of the spines,— "finally diving into the hole, until all had disappeared. Then was made apparent the cause of the fright,— a good-sized rattler

Arrived at the fortification, the snake attempted to cross it, but was repulsed by the spines and drew angrily back. Several times he made the attempt, but seemed satisfied at last that the fortress was impregnable. Coiling himself he waited, hoping, perhaps, that some unwary or overbold rat would venture within striking distance. But none came near, although before long several of the prisoners ventured out to enjoy the discomfiture of the defeated snake, diving back into the hole at the first



THE SNAKE ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE FORTIFICATION BUT WAS REPULSED BY THE SPINES.

at some distance, winding his way along in chase of the fleeing sentry. He evidently 'smelt a rat,' but was in no hurry, as if sure that the refuge of his intended supper was easy of access and at no great distance."

movement of the enemy, as if fearing that he knew some wile yet to be practiced.

The observer afterward learned that it was usual for the wood-rats of that region to thus protect themselves.

## A COPPER BRAZIER.

BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.



FIERCELY fighting, with revolver in right hand, sword ready in left, his fair beard begrimed with dust, stood Armand Leslie, one of

the few white men who remained to rally the cowardly rabble of Egyptians enrolled under a valiant commander for the relief of the garrison of Toka in the Eastern Soudan. Desperately but hopelessly he fought, his hot Irish blood brightening through the deep tan of his sunburnt features as he fired his last cartridge. Then, hurling the useless weapon into the surging crowd of fanatics, he seized his sword; but before he could strike the cruel Arab spearmen overcame him. And so died the genial, handsome Irish surgeon, Leslie.

We first met in a country very different from the Eastern Soudan. To say that the roads were muddy in that part of the world where we were then would be as mild a statement as to express an opinion that the atmosphere of Bombay in the full burst of the monsoon is rather moist.

The streets of the Servian town of Nisch, in the last week of the year 1876, were mere quagmires. In attempting to cross them there was always a doubt whether the liquid mud would be over one's ankles, as high as one's waist, or up to the neck. The highways and byways were rivers, estuaries, and pools of mud. The houses were built of the same material, and in fact most things were muddy in that Turkish frontier town.

To watch a company of troops crossing a road was an amusing sight to one seated comfortably at a first-floor window. The men would break off from the narrow sidewalk of cobbles into Indian file, and extend at least three paces as

they took running leaps through the mire. Fortunate were those who succeeded in arriving on the other side with the pasty soil only up to their knees. The cause of all this muddiness was a rapid thaw following after many weeks of hard frost, a thaw for its rapidity and thoroughness peculiar to this part of the Balkan peninsula. In a few hours it would freeze just as quickly, converting the streets into glacier-like surfaces again, necessitating the immediate calking of our horses' shoes, and the covering of our boots with raw-hide, perhaps a discarding of them altogether for the moccasin of the Bulgarian peasants. The shining crust of mud reflected the deep cobalt-blue of the bright sky, the morning I rode from my lodgment to the hospital barracks, a few miles out of the town, and, for a wonder, I arrived almost spotless, although my horse's shoulders were dripping little mud-pies on the threshold of the barracks as the Turkish sentry saluted us.

It had been my firm intention not to indulge in much walking or riding till Nischava roads had resumed their normal state of hardness, but a letter that morning had been delivered to me by the hospital orderly, from the chief surgeon, asking me "to come and be of rather important service to him." I was always open to calls in this way from the workers under the Red Cross; hence this letter from Armand Leslie and my fortitude in facing the mud.

"Well, what is it, Leslie?" said I, after the usual greeting *à la turque*, for he followed the Orientals in always offering coffee to callers.

"It is, as I stated in my note, rather important business," replied my friend. "Please don't smile. It is a question of waterproof sheeting, beef-tea, condensed milk, and blankets. I have just received from Constantinople a large supply

of these things for hospital use. You are aware that I am the only British surgeon left in Nisch, and that I remain simply to wind up the Society's affairs, and to hand the hospital and stores over to the Turkish authorities before the New Year. That, as you know, will be the day after to-morrow, when you and I have arranged to journey together in the morning to Constantinople to taste once more a little luxury and civilization."

"Yes," I said, and nodded.

"Well, these things," he continued (pointing from the window to the yet unloaded wagon in the yard), "must be distributed to the patients before we leave, and I want you to assist me in the work."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," cried I, "but why not hand them over in store to the Turkish officials?"

"There's the rub," said he. "I can't do it."

"Can't do it?" I queried.

"For a very good reason," replied Leslie.

manufacture mackintoshes out of the waterproof sheeting belonging to the hospital."

"The scoundrels!" I broke out indignantly. But the doctor quickly placed his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, just as an Armenian surgeon in seedy uniform passed under the window.

"You see that young man?" said he. "I caught him only yesterday stealing the sheets from under the patients; and he shamelessly told me what kind of a waterproof he would have made of them if the pieces had not been cut too small. Their unblushing effrontery is too much for me. My poor patients shall not be robbed.

"It is my intention to frustrate such little plans by distributing the stores to each patient, and cutting all the sheeting into lengths impossible for rubber coats. It is to assist me in this work that I have sent for you."

I spent the morning with Leslie in measuring out the sheeting. In the afternoon we passed



"MOST OF THE INVALIDS WERE EATING THE BEEF-EXTRACT AND CONDENSED MILK WITH THEIR FINGERS." (SEE PAGE 1012.)

"These miserable officials would trade with the Franks of the town with the beef-extract and condensed milk; make winter jackets of the blankets, to cover their own bodies; and would

through the wards giving away the hospital comforts, and delivering to each man a pot of Liebig's extract and two tins of condensed milk. After the distribution we returned through the rooms

to explain to the patients the proper use and cooking of the provisions. On entering the first ward, for this purpose, to our dismay we discovered that most of the invalids were sitting up in bed ravenously eating their respective shares of beef-extract and condensed milk with their fingers. We never heard what effect this concentrated mixture had upon their digestive organs, for we started early next morning for Constantinople.

But, at all events, Leslie's patients were, for once, not robbed of their rations.

It was the eve of the New Year. A bitter frost had set in during the night. The roads were as hard as they had been soft a few hours before. The tower of skulls glistened in the bright sunshine, as we halted at the grim trophy a few miles from the town. This ghastly edifice was built after a Servian rebellion about seventy years before. The Serbe prisoners captured by the Turks were marched to this spot. Men, women, and little children were decapitated, and their heads built up with plaster in horizontal rows, making four walls three feet thick and fifteen feet in height. Many of the skulls had already rolled out of their niches, and had

Lom Palanka, where we arrived as the sun sank in a large red ball behind the row of poplars flanking the road and surmounting the picturesque ruins of the old Turkish fortress.

When we entered the courtyard of the inn, darkness had fallen. The burning charcoal, fanned into a state of purity for heating purposes by boys seated round the braziers on the balconies, gave forth a glow of comfort and hospitality. The inn was well patronized that night and rooms were scarce, so Leslie and I decided to share the same apartment, one opening upon the balcony of the courtyard. We divested ourselves of our furs, and, assisted by a servant who poured water over our hands from the long spout of a kind of tea-kettle ewer, we were able to wash in a primitive way at one of the troughs fixed on the balustrade at the corners of the quadrangular balcony. The soapy liquid drained through holes in the trough to the flags below, falling on the backs of some herons we had noticed flapping about the yard. One irate bird, with shrill cries, lazily settled himself upon the roof of the cook-house opposite, and looked down from this point of vantage with calm dignity, mightily puzzled, no doubt, as to why mankind

should carry on its washing so far into the night.

We dined in the café below on meat soup, baked turkey, and plenty of red pepper. The wine of the country cheered our drooping spirits, and after coffee and cigarettes we played a game of French billiards on the rickety old table in the center of the room, and soon after retired to rest. There were two small trestle bedsteads, set end to end on the side flanking the door of our room. A window, well closed with wooden



WE ARRIVE AT LOM PALANKA.

been trampled into the earth or carried away by jackals or wolves. A few still remained to tell the terrible story, and to bear witness to the barbarity of the Moslem. We traveled all day, toiling over the rough roads of the Balkans to

shutters, opened, as did the door, to the balcony. The night was exceedingly cold. We rolled ourselves in our blankets and furs, and were soon fast asleep. I was too tired and weary to dream, but suddenly I found myself awake,

sorely depressed and miserable. The room was oppressively warm. I tried to rise in bed to relieve myself of one of the furs, but all power of movement seemed to have left me, and I had a horrible feeling of suffocation. I tried to call my friend, but my tongue was powerless. At last I was able to repeat, hardly coherently:

"Leslie, Leslie!"

when — we went to bed. What on earth can be the matter? Good heavens!" he cried, and with great exertion he struggled to a sitting posture once more. "Try to get — out of bed or we are — lost, Villiers."

"No use," I faintly murmured. "I can't move."

"We *must*," said Leslie, "or we are dead men! Look! Look!" and he pointed to the center of the room.

My heavy eyes slowly followed the direction of his arm, and there, close to the floor, was a dull, ruddy glow; a glare like that from the eye of the fiery dragon of legendary lore.

"That fire," gasped my companion, "is unpurified charcoal. We are being slowly poisoned!"

The terrible truth flashed on me in a moment. A brazier of insufficiently burnt charcoal had been placed in our room after we had fallen asleep.

"Villiers," continued Leslie, "unless we can manage to crawl to the door we shall probably never see the light of



"I HEARD HIM INHALING THE PURE NIGHT AIR THROUGH A CHINK IN THE PANEL OF THE DOOR."

Then he awoke. I could hear him trying to sit up in bed.

"Heavens! Villiers," cried he, "I think I am dying!"

"That 's exactly my feeling," I was now able to whisper, "I never felt such pain in my life"; for my head ached as if a blacksmith was taking it for an anvil, and with swinging regularity beating out, on my cranium, a red-hot horseshoe. An appalling sickness overcame me. I heard Leslie, with a groan, fall back in his bed. In this way we both lay for some time, till the doctor in short, weak gasps exclaimed:

"How hot — the room is! It was cold

day! Listen to me," he went on, "and do as I tell you. Shift yourself to the edge of the bed, and roll over to the floor." This I managed to do. "Now, for your life, drag yourself up to me!"

With excruciating agony racking every limb, I turned over on my back and gradually wriggled along the floor with alternate movements of my shoulder-blades. At last I reached Leslie's side. Then, shoulder to shoulder, we assisted each other to the door.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Leslie, and I heard him inhaling the pure night air through a chink in a panel of the door. I then took

my turn and placed my mouth to the narrow opening. The cool, fresh air immediately gave us strength. We were soon able to rise on our knees and unlatch the door, and then a wave of frosty air swept over us.

After an inexpressible feeling of thanksgiving for our safety, a reaction set in of bitter revengefulness toward the cause of our dire sufferings. We instinctively crawled back into the room, and seizing the copper brazier, dragged it out upon the balcony, and by a supreme effort tilted it over into the courtyard below.

With a loud crash it fell, scattering the live charcoal into a thousand stars. The herons,

and redder, as they gradually died into white ashes.

The ringing noise of the swinging iron bars under the hammers of the Bulgarian bellmen, announced the dawn of a New Year, from the wooden signal-tower in the town, before the servants in our hostelry began to bestir themselves. The cook, crossing over to the kitchen, was the first to notice the advent of the copper brazier in the center of the courtyard. There was quite a motley little group gathered round it before anybody began to look about for the cause of its advent. We were at last discovered, still with our heads over the balcony, and staring



“QUITE A MOTLEY LITTLE GROUP GATHERED ROUND THE BRAZIER.”

disturbed once more, rose with wild cries into the air, flapping themselves over the roof of the inn. Then all was silent. We lay prone, stretched outside our room, with our heads over the edge of the balcony, deathly sick and absolutely helpless. With vacant eyes we watched the stars of that detestable charcoal turn redder

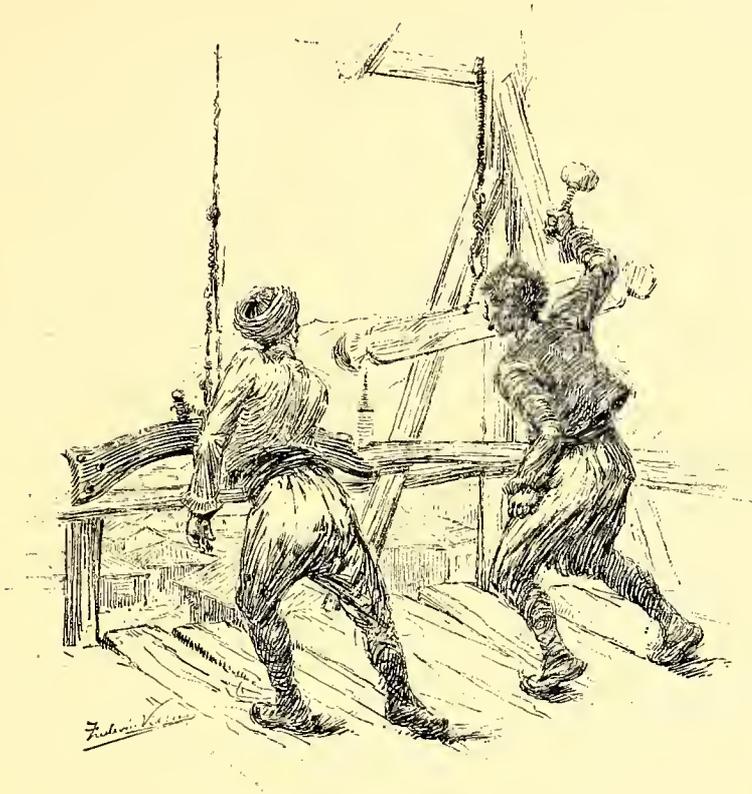
hard at the crowd below. Unconscious, stiff and cold, we were lifted, and placed on our beds. Not till another dawn lighted Lom Palanka were we in fit condition to continue our journey.

How the metal brazier came into our room we never were able to discover. Appalled by so serious an accident, the servants denied all

knowledge of it. Could it have been in revenge for Leslie's laudable action in the matter of the hospital stores? In the mixed crew

in the Eastern Soudan, I identified poor Armand Leslie's body.

I could not help thinking, since we must all



"THE SWINGING IRON BARS HERALDED THE DAWN OF A NEW YEAR."

of officials at Nisch, perhaps one might have been vindictive enough for so dastardly a deed.

When, five years later, I shared the fortunes of Sir Gerald Grahame's avenging army to Toka,

die, it was indeed a happy fate that his brave heart should cease to beat while he faced a valiant foe, rather than that so noble a soldier should be stifled to death by the poisonous fumes from a copper brazier.

---

## WILL AND WON'T.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

---

How naughty and blunt a cruel "I won't"!  
While sweet things distil from gracious "I will."

Yet, sometimes they do change so queerly  
about,  
The meaning of each can be turned inside-out.

"I will" can be naughty, "I won't" can be good,  
And children decide it. If only they *would*  
Make those strong little words always pull  
the right way,  
'T would give us bright sunshine the cloudiest  
day.

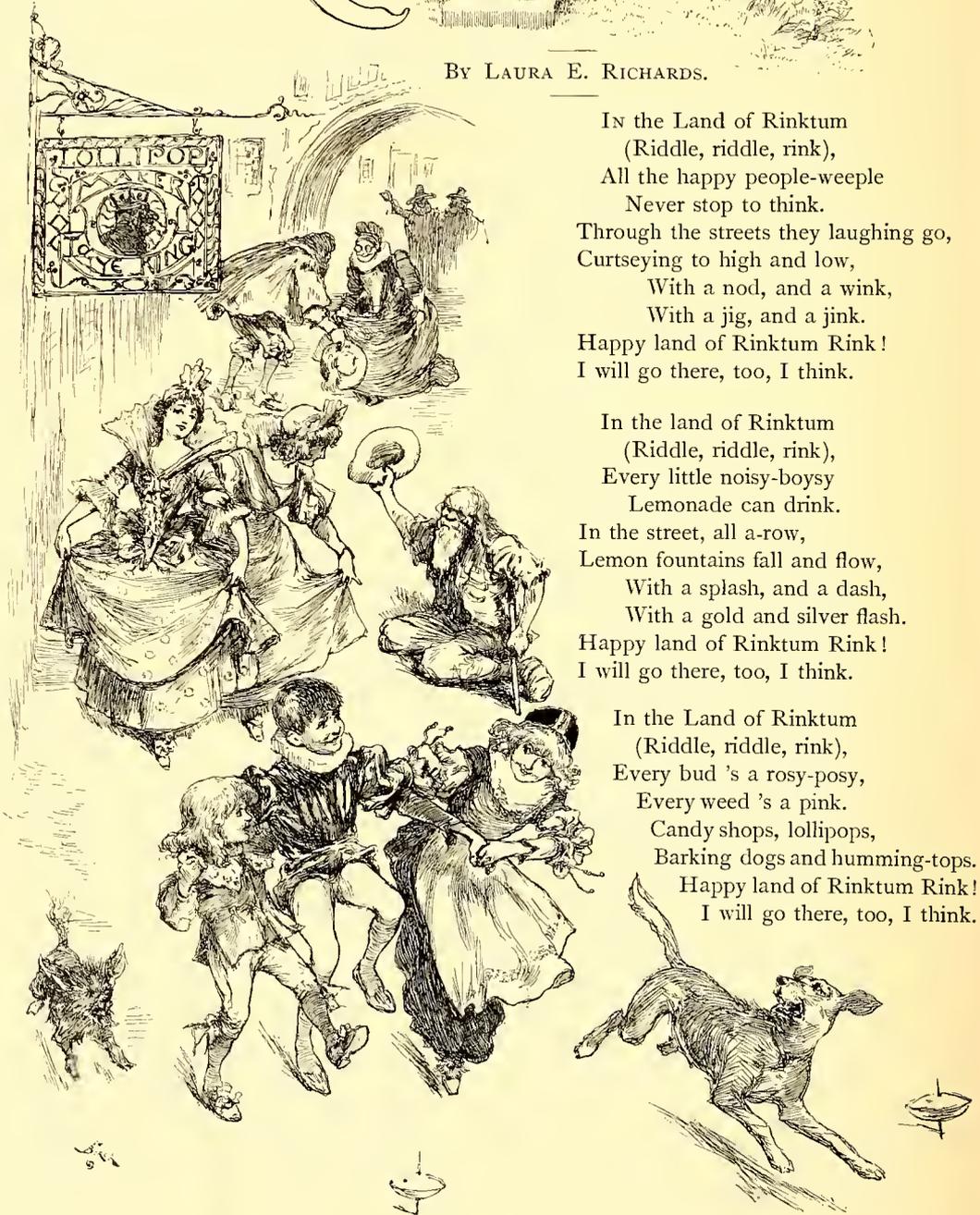
# RINKTUM

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

IN the Land of Rinktum  
(Riddle, riddle, rink),  
All the happy people-weeple  
Never stop to think.  
Through the streets they laughing go,  
Curtseying to high and low,  
With a nod, and a wink,  
With a jig, and a jink.  
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!  
I will go there, too, I think.

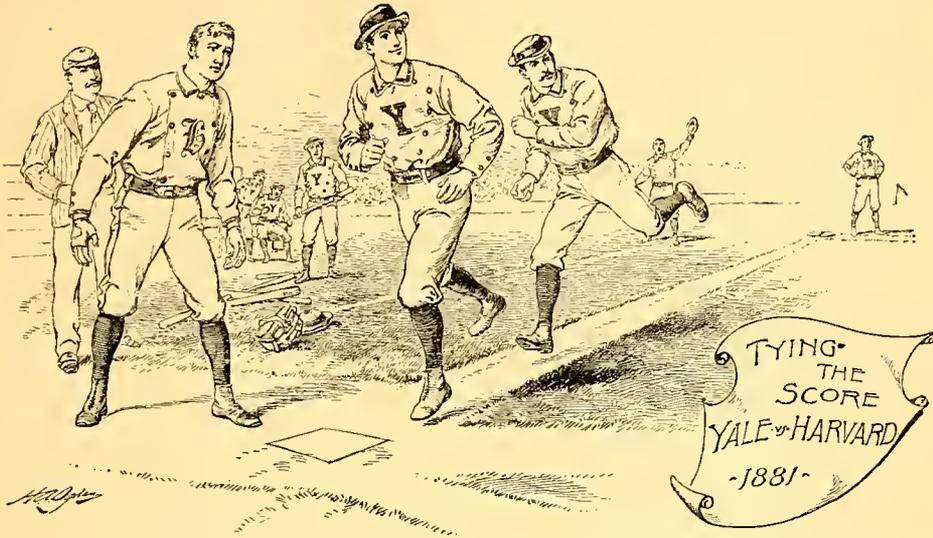
In the land of Rinktum  
(Riddle, riddle, rink),  
Every little noisy-boysy  
Lemonade can drink.  
In the street, all a-row,  
Lemon fountains fall and flow,  
With a splash, and a dash,  
With a gold and silver flash.  
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!  
I will go there, too, I think.

In the Land of Rinktum  
(Riddle, riddle, rink),  
Every bud 's a rosy-posy,  
Every weed 's a pink.  
Candy shops, lollipops,  
Barking dogs and humming-tops.  
Happy land of Rinktum Rink!  
I will go there, too, I think.



# BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.



"WE CROSSED THE HOME PLATE WITHIN THREE FEET OF EACH OTHER." (SEE PAGE 1018.)

SIXTH PAPER:

REMINISCENCES.

WHEN old college ball-players get together they are always glad to recall the exciting game or games of their college course, and I have noticed that as a rule the players of the present day are by no means disinclined to listen to the tales. Sometimes, I confess, the younger players seem rather sceptical of certain incidents narrated by the veterans, and I must admit that the magnifying mist of a few years' distance may perhaps lead the older players into exaggeration. However, I shall conclude this series with a few of these stories. I wish to play over again, "for fun," a few incidents from games upon which once seemed to hang my stake of happiness for the time. If I exaggerate, I hope the boys will forgive me and remember that they, too, may some time need a little leeway in telling how they won or lost.

Of all games in which I have played, the most remarkable for a sudden revulsion of feeling

was one between Harvard and Yale played upon Jarvis Field, in June of 1882. It was in the days of the Intercollegiate Association, and Yale had already lost a game to Brown and one to Harvard, so that it was the general impression that Yale would lose this game and be practically out of the race for the championship. About seven thousand people were gathered about the field and they seemed an unbroken mass of crimson. Just a few stray bits of blue showed where an occasional Yale sympathizer sat. Yale went first to the bat but failed to score. Harvard followed suit. In the second inning, a muff by the Harvard first-base man followed by the Yale catcher's making a "two-bagger" hit gave Yale a run. Our happiness was short-lived, however, for in the third inning Harvard made two runs, followed by another in the fifth. Yale scored one in the seventh, but Harvard matched it with one in the eighth, so that we began the ninth with Harvard four to Yale's two. I think we had not the least hope of winning.

I remember feeling, as we came in for the

ninth inning, that this defeat would settle our chances of the championship, and thinking how the crowd of boys who, as I knew, were sitting on the Yale fence awaiting the news, would hear it and dwindle away in silence to their rooms. Our first man at the bat in the ninth inning went out quickly; and our catcher followed, with the same result. Wilcox, the last man on our batting list, came to the bat. Two men out, two runs to reach even a tie, and three to win! I noticed that the crowd was leaving the field, and that the young rascal who had charge of our bats was putting them into the bag.

"Here, you! stop that!" cried I, for we all were superstitious about packing up the bats before the last man was out. Besides, I was the next batter, if Wilcox should by any chance reach his base, and I wanted my bat. "Two strikes," I heard the umpire call and then at the next ball, to my great joy, "Take your base," and Wilcox trotted away to first. I remember thinking how much I would give for a home-run, and then there came a good ball just off my shoulder and I hit it with all my power. It went between third and short-stop on a swift drive, but bounded high, as I afterward learned, for I was meanwhile running at my best speed toward first. When I was fifteen feet from that base, I saw the baseman give a tremendous jump up into the air and I knew somebody had made an overthrow. How I ran then!—for every base I passed I knew was one nearer to tying the score. As I came dashing past third-base, I saw Wilcox just ahead of me, and we crossed the home-plate within three feet of each other. Our next batter took his base on poor pitching and stole second; the next followed with a base-hit past second which brought the first runner home with the winning run. We then went into the field, put three Harvard men out and won the game—when probably half the seven thousand spectators were already on their way home with a victory for Harvard in their minds.

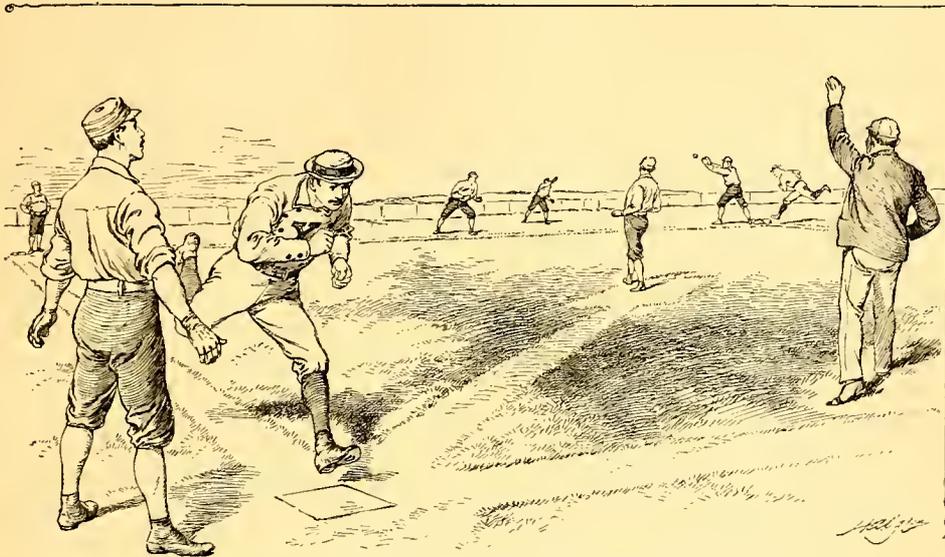
I remember a singular case of an undecided match which was played at New Haven in 1881, between the New Yorks and the Yale nine. Brouthers, who has since become so remarkable a batsman, was on the New Yorks at that time. The case in dispute occurred in

the sixth inning, but owing to the indecision of the umpire no settlement was reached, although the nine innings were played, leaving the score a tie, according to Yale's claim, or a victory by one run for the professionals, if their claim was allowed. Yale was at the bat with two men out, and Gardner—a Yale man—was running to second when the ball was pitched. Walden, our striker, sent a base-hit, upon which he tried to take second. The fielder, instead of throwing home as he had at first intended, seeing Gardner well along between third and home, fielded the ball to second. The umpire, as soon as he saw the fielder change the direction of his throw, forgetting the necessity of noting the time when Gardner crossed the plate, ran down into the diamond to obtain a nearer view of the play at second. Walden was put out, but so far as human eye could judge exactly at the moment when Gardner crossed the plate. The umpire did not see Gardner at all, and was therefore wholly unable to say whether the run counted or not. At the end of the ninth inning the New Yorks refused to play further, claiming the game. It was some slight satisfaction to the college nine that just a week later they met the New Yorks again and defeated them by a score of ten to four.

One of the most exciting contests in which I ever took part was a game with the Providence League nine, in 1881. Yale had had a remarkably strong nine the previous year, and many of the players had remained in college, so that our nine was really a veteran organization. We, as well as the college in general, had been looking forward to this game with more than usual interest as the Providence nine had some old scores to settle with us. Yale lost the toss and we went to the bat. The first two men were put out easily, but Walden came to the rescue with a three-base hit. Allen, our next batsman, drove a swift ball to short-stop, which gave him a base-hit, and Walden scored. Allen started for second on the first ball pitched, which the batsman hit safely, and Allen scored. Our next man went out at first, leaving Gardner on second but Yale with two runs for a beginning. We took the field and easily retired the first two men on the Providence list. Then Farrell came to the bat and knocked a two-base

hit. Ward stepped up to the plate and broke our hearts by sending the ball out into the track for a clean home-run, Farrell of course scoring. The next man went out to first and we came in to the bat with the score tied. Our first batter sent a high fly into the field, but luckily it was

and Yale came to the bat in the first half of the ninth, with the score five to three in her favor. Two runs seemed like a safe lead, but we were anxious to increase it. One man out—two men out, and Badger came to the plate. Two balls were pitched, and then he hit



"THE UMPIRE DID NOT SEE GARDNER AT ALL, AND WAS THEREFORE WHOLLY UNABLE TO SAY WHETHER THE RUN COUNTED OR NOT."

not caught. The batter then attempted to steal second, but was put out. The next striker reached first-base safely but was forced out at second by his successor's ground hit. With a man on first and two out, we had little hope of scoring, but Hutchison, our batsman, made a safe hit upon which the runner managed to take third. Hutchison went to second on the first ball pitched, and Lamb brought them both home by a double. The third man went out on a fly, but Yale was jubilant with the score four to two.

Providence failed to score in her half. The third inning went by without a run; but in the fourth, each side scored one, thus keeping Yale still in the lead, five to three. In the fifth inning neither side crossed the plate, although Providence had two men on the bases who were retired by a double play. The sixth inning went by, the excitement growing more and more intense, and both sides playing a perfect game. In the seventh, Providence again had men on bases, but another double play swept them off. The eighth inning was another blank,

a beauty into left center for a home-run! How the crowd cheered! The next man went out easily, but six to three was surely safe.

Providence came in, and I well remember that Joe Start and Johnny Ward looked anything but pleased at the prospect. After one man went out they seemed to find the ball, and Gross, Matthews, and Denny each made a hit which, with clever base-running, brought in two runs. Denny stole third by a desperate slide, having gone to second on a throw home which failed to catch Matthews. One man out, a man on third, one run to tie the score!—the Yale audience hardly dared breathe as McClellan came to the bat. He hit a sharp grounder to Hopkins, who was playing first-base for Yale, and Denny came down the line for home as if his life depended upon that run. Hopkins took the ball cleanly and drove it in to the plate just as Denny, in a cloud of dust, threw himself across it! "Safe!" said the umpire, and the score was tied. McClellan had gone straight on to second, and as old Joe Start took his place at

the plate, I know more than one of us felt that the victory we had counted on was gone. McClellan took all the lead he dared, on every ball, for he meant to come home on a hit. The third ball pitched suited Start, and he hit it squarely along the ground, but straight at Hutchison who was our short-stop. McClellan was within three feet of third when Hutchison got the ball and sent it over to Hopkins, putting out Start. Meanwhile McClellan was taking his run home just as fast as he knew how. But Hopkins was too swift for McClellan, the catcher put him out, and six to six was the score!

I don't know how it was with the spectators, but I know that the nine Yale men in uniform were glad the inning was over.

The tenth inning had no long-drawn-out suspense about it. Lamb, who was first at the bat for Yale, made a single. Walden, the next batsman, immediately followed with a three-base hit; Gardner took first on wild pitching, and the writer had the pleasure of sending them both home by batting a single; being, later, the third man out on a double play. Then the Providence players went out one, two, three, and we rode home with our heads in the air.

Perhaps you think that all the games I remember are those in which Yale won. Naturally those are the ones I like best to recall, but in the same year that we had rejoiced over such a game won from Providence, we visited Princeton and learned that some other boys could play ball too. The game was not of particular interest until the fourth inning, when Yale by a home-run of Hutchison's had just left the score six to one in her favor. Princeton came in to the bat and set about overcoming this long lead. Their first man took first-base on balls, stole second on a passed ball, third on a fielder's error and came home as Schenck, a Princeton batsman, drove the ball past short-stop. Then Harlan, their next batsman, went out, short to first, and his successor, Winton, struck out. Archer, who came next, brought Schenck home with a hit, but the following batter ended the inning by a fly. Score, six to three in Yale's favor. There was no scoring in the fifth and sixth innings, although Yale succeeded each time in getting men on bases. In the seventh, Yale again began with a single but failed to do anything more and

Princeton came to the bat. Winton struck three times, but the Yale catcher dropped the third ball and then threw wild to first. Archer struck out. Winton then came home on a wild pitch and a passed ball, the Yale battery evidently going to pieces. The next Princeton batter went to first on balls. Then another was put out, and a Princeton player named Wadleigh, came to the bat. He was quite equal to the occasion, and sent a fine three-base hit into left field, bringing a run home. But the succeeding batsman went out, and the eighth inning opened with the score six to five in Yale's favor. The game was becoming decidedly interesting. One, two, three, Princeton put us out as we came to the plate. We returned the compliment when they came to the bat, so far as two men were concerned, but under these circumstances Princeton proceeded to brace again. Harlan hit for three bases, Winton followed with a single on which Harlan came in and tied the score. Archer followed with another single, on which Winton took third and scored what proved to be the winning run, while the next batter was striking out. We came to the bat for the ninth, and after two men were out, Platt made a two-base hit for Yale and I succeeded him, with a chance to tie the score by batting him in. I hit the ball hard, driving it, as we all thought, over the head of a Princeton fielder named Loney, but by a magnificent jump he reached and held it, and the game was over. Then a sad and quiet little band of men stole away to the train and left New Jersey.

When asked what play I recall as most singular in my remembrance of college games, I tell the tale of a game Yale once played with Brown University at Providence. The field there was backed by a stone church behind center, and an occasional very long hit would strike it. In an open field such a hit would have resulted in a home run. Yale had, I believe, made some objection to the ground on that account; but on this particular occasion, as it proved, the church assisted Yale very materially. The game was a commonplace one up to the ninth inning, Yale having scored six runs and Brown none. When Brown came in to complete the game, in the ninth, the crowd had already become considerably diminished, and

the few remaining were standing about the edge of the field making ready to go home. The first man at the bat made a hit, the second followed with another. The third man went out on a fly to the Yale pitcher. The next batsman made a base-hit, which was so slowly handled in the field that the first two men scored, the batter going on to second on the throw home. The next man at the plate hit a grounder to second, who attempted to throw the runner out at third, but threw wild and both men scored, thus making the score, Yale, six; Brown, four. The next batter took first-base on balls. The Yale pitcher struck out the following batter. The runner who had taken his base had meantime stolen second. A home run now would tie the score, and the Brown man at the bat evidently realized this, for he made a long drive into center field. The Brown crowd yelled madly with delight; but the ball struck the church and bounded back to the fielder, who turned instantly and fielded it home, putting out the man who was running in from second by the veriest scratch I ever saw on the ball-field.

I don't know that any man on the Yale nine ever earned the heartfelt gratitude of its every

member to such an extent as did George Clark, our right-fielder in a game at Cambridge in 1880. The game was one of those intensely exciting contests which sometimes occur between closely-matched nines. We had scored two runs in the first inning, and Harvard had scored one. From the end of that first inning, both sides had been struggling desperately to score, but without success. Repeatedly, men had been on the bases, and some one or two had been thrown out at the home-plate. Harvard came to the bat for the ninth inning and their first batter went out by a throw from short-stop to first-base; a second batsman followed with a base-hit; a third went to first-base on an error which gave the runner second. The next man batted to third, thus forcing out the runner at that base. The next batsman, whose name was Fessenden, came to the bat and hit what certainly appeared to all of us, and to the spectators, to be a home-run over the low rail fence on the right-field side. Clark had started on the instant the ball was batted, and coming to the rail just as the ball was passing over, he reached far out, and to our supreme delight, caught and held it, leaving us winners.

---

## BUTTERFLY HONEY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

---

### I.

HEY, my gay rover!  
 Skimming the crest of the clover,  
 Happy-go-lucky, ne'er-do-weel fellow,  
 Idlest of creatures alive!—  
 Why not provide you a hive,  
 And store it with good things dulcet and mellow?  
 I'll come, by and by, to see how you thrive.

### II.

For butterfly honey  
 Is rarer than Oberon's money:  
 I've heard of a few that found the bright penny,  
 But if ever you left one sip  
 Of sweet on a petal's tip,  
 At least, 't was never my luck to find any,  
 Though searching the blossom from heart to lip.

### III.

'T will be my good pleasure  
 To come and partake of your treasure;  
 Wine o' the lilac and daffydowndilly,  
 And all the dainties you found,  
 Making your May-morning round,  
 And midsummer thefts from the rose and the lily:  
 With goldenrod cordial the feast shall be crowned.

### IV.

(*The Butterfly Replies.*)

Ha, ha! but I'm wiser  
 Than you, my thoughtful adviser,—  
 My eloquent friend,— my silver-tongued suitor!  
 I am no slaving bee,  
 To pay you your lordly fee!  
 Ha, ha! — a hive for a gallant free-booter!  
 No honey of mine you ever shall see!

## THROUGH A DETECTIVE CAMERA.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

YES, this is to be a "detective" story.

And to properly begin this story I must tell you that there once lived a man who had a camera. At the time of which I speak every second person was not an amateur photographer, as we find the case nowadays. There were then only a few cameras in the world, and these were so clumsy and queer that no self-respecting modern camera would think of finding in them the slightest trace of family resemblance.

Now, this man, who lived in France, and whose name was Daguerre, had made some wonderful discoveries in his littered Parisian workshop, and the news had gone out over the world that the reflection of a landscape or of a person's features on the face of a piece of metal could be permanently fastened on the glossy surface. Everybody agreed that this was a surprising thing; and Daguerre was soon bothered by a multitude of people from many countries who wanted to know how it was done.

Of course these first sun-pictures were very different from those we now call photographs. There was certainly one very important fact about the whole series of experiments. There was not a child-portrait among them.

But one day,—and this really brings me to what I started out to tell,—Daguerre led into his new photographic studio a little child. The inventor had been fussing over his chemicals and wished to try a new and daring experiment in picture-making. At this time, the poor sitters had to keep still for a very long while—so long a while that the matter of "looking pleasant" had never even been thought of. And to help the sun and the camera along, it was found advisable to whiten the subject's face with powder. Daguerre induced this child to let him powder her face, and his notion was that with great care he might then accomplish the first child-portrait with the camera. But when she had been lifted into a very high seat, with a clamp at the back

to hold the head still, and an awful glare of light falling in upon it all, the little sitter's courage began to escape. Daguerre tried his best to get her interested, and to secure a promise that she would look steadily at a certain point until he should have finished the picture. The sitter made promises, but it was all too terrible. And when, by mere accident, she saw a reflection of her own whitened and frightened face in a little mirror on the wall of the studio, her lip quivered, two tears ran down over the white powder, and a startled sound told the anxious photographer that he must make his first child-portrait some other day. It was months later when Daguerre made his first portrait of a child.

For a great many years it continued to be a very difficult thing to make pictures of the baby. Of course there are babies who sometimes keep very quiet, even while they are awake. At least I have read about them, and probably nobody would go to the trouble of writing such things if they were not true. Babies of that kind never gave much trouble. When the photographer danced about the camera, flinging himself like a Harlequin, making surprising faces, and pinching a rubber tube to bring a chirping noise from the "little bird" with blue feathers, these babies always gazed with an interested smile in precisely the right direction, and kept on gazing for the right number of seconds.

But unfortunately the average baby has always been of a very different kind. If the faces and the tin bird frightened him, he began to cry. If they amused him, he began to giggle and clatter his heels. He never felt altogether like keeping absolutely still. So the inventors who were thinking out new kinds of lenses and plates were compelled to give up a good part of their time in devising "baby charmers," like the tin bird. These struggles in the gallery had, too, the result of giving the baby a bad reputation; that is, a bad reputation among

the photographers, who counted the adventures with the children as among the necessary evils of the business. The people at home naturally regarded the baby's conduct in a much less serious light; yet even they seemed to feel that somehow the baby was responsible for the failures. Nobody seemed to think very much about the baby's rights in the matter.

They all were trying to make the baby slower when the thing to do was to make the camera quicker.

Happily, photography did by degrees become steadily more rapid. Not only were more beautiful lenses made to carry the image through into the dark interior of the camera where the silvered plate stood ready to receive its impression, but the plates were made increasingly sensitive to light, until only a fraction of a second was required to do what once had occupied several minutes. To the baby this change was immensely important. No more iron clamps on the back of the head, much less dancing by the photographer, and almost no shouting at all. As for the tin bird, his poor throat became dry and rusty from disuse.

The photographer now began to have very different feelings toward the baby. The patter of little feet on the gallery stairs no longer filled him with uneasy emotions. Indeed, the hardened professional photographer has actually welcomed the baby, has actually received him with a smile—a real smile, and not merely a pleasantry to gratify mamma. Baby has been publicly invited (in a sign by the door) to come up and be photographed instantaneously. After being abused and distorted (by the lens) for so many years he was even made the medium of "artistic effects." This was a great triumph for photography; but it was a greater triumph for the baby.

The triumph, however, was not complete. The little people could at last be photographed very quickly, and even when they did not suspect what the lens was doing. But all this had to be done in a gallery, where the children find themselves so strangely surrounded that it is difficult to feel sufficiently at home to look natural. The great bare reflecting screens, the rustic rails, the artificial grass, and the glare of the skylight very often produce an effect on the

young sitter that does not please the critics at home. Baby, even if allowed a little liberty of movement in front of the gallery camera, must be kept nearly in the same spot. It became clear after a time that if this difficulty was to be overcome, the baby must not be taken to the camera, but the camera must be taken to the baby.

So long as the camera remained upon its awkward tripod it could make no such journey, and Mahomet had to keep on coming to the mountain. But by and by, after much puzzling by the inventors, the problem was solved, and the mountain went to Mahomet. The hand camera put away the tripod altogether, and the camera began to do its best traveling with no legs at all.

It may seem that I have spoken of these advances in photography as if they were designed and carried out solely with a view to the successful photographing of the baby. You will say, perhaps, that I have been speaking fancifully; but would not that success be worth all the efforts of the inventors? And it is a curious fact, which I should wish you to notice in this development, that William Schmid, who first perfected and patented a "detective" camera, had no sooner finished his work than he began photographing the children: children at the school-house gate, in the Bowery, and Central Park; children in the dockyards and in Madison Square. It seemed as if the inventor instinctively turned to those child figures whose traits had theretofore been so difficult to represent either with brush or camera.

Before the "detective" appeared there had been no means of catching those quickly vanishing phases of character and action which we now so delight to study; and the discovery that the portable picture-box could be carried and operated without exciting suspicion, among the children (or among their elders either, for that matter), was a promising discovery. It was like striking a new vein of precious metal in an abandoned mine. It opened up opportunities for picturing much that was curious, much that was beautiful, and, above all, much that was *true*. When people get old and vain (as sometimes happens), they do not wish cameras to tell the exact truth, but to flatter them a little,

or perhaps considerably, as the old portrait painters did before the days of the camera; and a special artist known as the "retoucher" takes the negative and softens all the wrinkles and blemishes. In fact, it is customary to make eyes larger or noses smaller "to order." But children who have no wrinkles, and are not old enough to wish this way or that about the length of their noses, are generally best pictured when the camera tells the truth about them.

Now, the hand camera that started on this career has made its appearance in a great number of shapes and sizes; or rather, it has tried *not* to make its appearance, traveling about in disguises like the detectives of romance. It has tried to look like an artist's color-box, like a doctor's satchel, or like a commercial traveler's sample-case. It has wrapped itself in leather, and it has hidden under brown paper with an innocent looking string. It has been made small enough to stow in a pocket, to shoot through a button-hole.

And it has traveled the world over; which, considering its youth, is quite an accomplishment. The watchful glass eye of its "finder" has glistened in the tropics and among the ice-floes of Baffin's Bay. As like as not it is at this moment blinking in Tokio, on Pike's Peak, and on Boston Common—or might be, if the sun made it possible. If, as I have said, the camera never traveled so well as it has since losing its legs, it never proves so valuable as under those circumstances when any other kind of picture-making is out of the question. Like Mark Tapley the detective "comes out strong" under difficulties.

On the ocean steamer, for instance, it is (unless its owner is sea-sick) completely at home. To young people the deck of a modern ocean steamer is only a big play-house; not quite big enough, to be sure, for all of the corners not forbidden (and some that are) will be searched out in time; but containing a very fair quantity of romping room. Under the brilliant ocean sunlight the figures of the children form tempting subjects for the camera. Changes of weather, with occasional banishment to the cabin in stormy hours, keep deck games from becoming tiresome. Ring-toss never goes out of fashion. The hoops of spliced rope always seem so delightfully nautical. When the game

reaches a crisis, and all the rivalry of the opposing sides centers its intensity on one ring that spins through the air in the direction of the stake, the photographer presses the trigger of his camera.

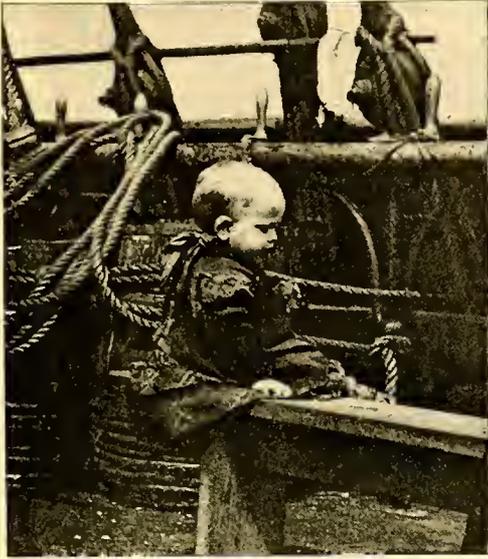
"Why did n't you wait a moment?" exclaims the ring-tosser, "—so the picture would show that my ring won the game!"

In the dingy steerage of the vessel the children have less room to play, but they have gay times nevertheless. They are nearer the pilot's bridge and the wheel-house, and nearer where the seamen gather. They watch curiously the movements of anybody with a uniform. They scamper over the hatches, tumble occasionally down the steep stairways, squeeze into coils of rope and go to sleep, or dance in delight when the steward appears with the dinner bell. Here and there, a sick baby with a very white face is being sung to sleep without cradle or rocker. No white-aproned nurses are busy in this part of the ship. The children seem to be taking care of themselves. Even very little people will be found sitting quite alone—like Mr. Mills's "Steerage Baby."

It so happens that the hand camera, which is a kind of quick sketch-book, has subjects both sad and gay; and the camera, like the artist's pencil, is very likely to follow the barefooted youngsters with tattered clothes, not only because these little figures are picturesque in themselves, but because their life, spent so largely out-of-doors, is full of variety and interest. Their games are carried on with very few of what the artist and the stage manager call "accessories." In the villages of Europe it is sometimes astonishing to watch a group of boys engaged in the liveliest sport over some trifling toy, or with no implement whatever. Probably games become livelier as the "accessories" disappear.

The traveler finds among the children a very truthful reflection of the life about him. When the world has trouble, the children show it very quickly. Their poverty and sickness seem more terrible than the distress of those who are older. And when they seem unconscious of trouble, and are still merry in the midst of all kinds of misfortune, their condition appears only the more pitiful. The cheerfulness of poor children is a very good lesson for the world.

In a city like New York, one sees, of course, children of every race and every degree. In the tenement districts, particularly in what are com-



A STEERAGE BABY.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. B. MILLS.)

monly called the "quarters," there are children everywhere—the landscape is full of children; in the windows and doorways; in the gutters; indeed, a camera aimed in almost any direction would find examples of child character. The hand carts backed against the curb, the grocers' wagons, the coal bins and shutter boxes swarm with little people, whose laughter and chatter send up a din such as we have all heard in the monkey department of a menagerie. That a very small person can make a very large noise was discovered long ago. When there is a whole regiment, a whole army of boys and girls, all at the age when the voice is loudest in proportion to the owner's smallness, the effect is remarkable.

In the Italian or the Hebrew quarters, for instance, it is surprising to find that the children seem never to grow above a certain size. They are always little; that is, in broad day when the camera is abroad. The truth is, that when they have grown to any considerable size (whether it is a matter of size or age I have never discovered) they are sent off to work. It is a matter of getting them out of the way. In the evening they are all back again, big and little, in a great screaming and romping mass, with an occasional

discordant note from some little one who is hurt and is crying as loudly as possible. But this is after photographic hours, unless the detective be aided by the "flash light," which, by making the brightness of day for a second or so, gives the camera an opportunity to catch a doorstep group, or a night camp in a grocer's wagon.

Upon expeditions into these regions the operator of the camera is perhaps astonished to find that the thoughtless, harum-scarum children, apparently so absorbed in their play, are the first to identify the camera and the first to comment upon it. Mr. Schmid tells me that when he first went to Europe with his detective, children in the German villages, where a hand camera had never before been seen by old or young, said "Picture box!" at once. This was the more surprising and perplexing to the operator, since older eyes seldom noticed what he was about, or suspected that the black box contained a lens.

Nowadays it is not so remarkable that the camera, even when adroitly disguised, should be often detected, for its fame has extended. The trouble is not that the young observers object to the photographer's attentions, but that they should be aware of his intentions at all. They



LOOKING AT PICTURES.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. N. GRAY BARTLETT.)



AN ITALIAN BABY.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY  
SYDNEY B. GRIFFIN.)

are entirely willing to be photographed. They are sometimes too willing. They gather about the camera in droves and demand to be "taken."

And since the next best thing to a picture in which the camera has worked unnoticed is one in which it has had a great deal of attention, the operator yields to circumstances and seeks the best method of securing a platoon of portraits at once. The result is

often something of a "rogues' gallery."

Perhaps the best plan will be found to be an offer of a money prize to the boy or girl in the group who will laugh the best. This will test the good humor of the little spectators, and the picture, taken when the grins are broadest, will

illustrate in a very amusing way the differing dispositions of the children.

It is an easy thing to laugh when there is something to laugh at. But when nothing funny has happened, laughing to order is a very different matter. The other day a certain German gentleman urged an amateur to photograph his two children when they were laughing. On a certain afternoon the amateur came with his camera, but on hunting up the children it was discovered that while the little girl was quite willing to smile, the boy was in a very bad humor. In fact the boy had just been punished by his father, and when he was asked to laugh never felt less humorous in his life. But the camera was there and the father was set upon having the performance proceed. He repeatedly urged the boy, whose mouth did not get beyond a slight twitching at the corners. Then, becoming exasperated, the father shook his finger and exclaimed, "You laugh now, or I vip you again!" And it was under this awful persuasion that the boy made the heroic effort whose result is shown in Mr. Simpson's picture.



IN THE "ITALIAN QUARTERS." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE MCCUNE.)



LAUGHING FOR A PRIZE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

Victor Hugo, who told his grandchildren some wonderful tales, had more than one story whose hero was a Paris *gamin*. Victor Hugo always thought the Paris *gamin* quite the most extraordinary kind of being in the world. Everything changes very rapidly in Paris, and perhaps the street boys of that big city are not such as they were when Victor Hugo found them so surprising; but it seems to me very doubtful whether *gamins* anywhere are more remarkable than the *gamins* of New York.

In New York there is surely every possible kind of boy. Some of these kinds are of a very sad description. The emigrant children of whom we caught a glimpse in the steerage find playmates no better off than themselves. And they are all in the way. A few are crowded into

the schools. Whole armies of them swarm in the street. The rest are blacking boots or selling newspapers.

When a newspaper delivery wagon stops in one of the downtown streets, and there is a rush of boys toward the heap of damp evening papers, the spectator is able to discover in the quickly gathered group the curiously varied nationality of these lusty little venders. He is able to discover also that the strongest get to the front.

It is all quick as a flash, for the delivery wagon only halts a moment, then starts forward with a string of boys, like a kite-tail, straggling behind. It is easier with the camera to catch a galloping horse than to photograph "on the



TWO KINDS OF LAUGHTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

wing" one of these incredibly quick and daring boys, who seem underfoot everywhere, dashing in and out of street-cars, and mixing up with the very legs of the horses.

In the warm weather the lemonade man and the "hokey-pokey ice-cream" man receive the most marked attentions from the bootblacks and newsboys. The ice-cream is sometimes sold in a small cup without a spoon, and sometimes it is sold on a piece of grocer's brown paper. It is considered a dainty either way. For the same money—one cent—the lemon-

adomers, and hints for a free taste, disperses the company in great wrath. But of course the boys are soon back again. On the outskirts of the crowd is to be noticed now and then a demure youngster who is either hopelessly without the money to buy—who has never been a customer and scarcely hopes to be; or who is wavering under a terrible temptation to spend some of the money he should take home.

When the camera follows the children it is pretty certain to come upon picturesqueness and entertainment. Street children have what

newspaper people call a "nose for news." They instinctively follow the right clues in getting at the liveliest things that are happening, or that are at all likely to happen. If there is a fire anywhere, or the police have made an arrest, or there has been a runaway and a smash-up, they always know it. They know the precise hour at which the circus procession will come by, and when Barnum's



NEWSBOYS AT THE DISTRIBUTING WAGON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

ade man parts with a glass of his "ice-cold" drink.

About these stands there seem to be three classes of boys (with an occasional girl): boys who are taking their cream or lemonade, boys who have previously taken their cream or lemonade, and boys who wish they could take either cream or lemonade. Those who have once been patrons do not let the stand-keeper forget the fact. They like to loiter about, to criticize the stock and help manage the business. Occasionally the stand-keeper, tormented by the increasing crowd, the inconvenience to cus-

caravan does actually heave in sight there is more boy than procession. Many yards ahead and many yards behind, trots and shouts and tumbles the crowd of children; while upon each side of the way, piled upon doorsteps and rolling along upon the sidewalks, are thousands of little people of every age that can walk at all. This sidewalk army is densest opposite that section of the caravan in which is found the platoon of elephants. Of course the elephants are the biggest things in the procession. This is probably an unanswerable explanation of the fact that this element of



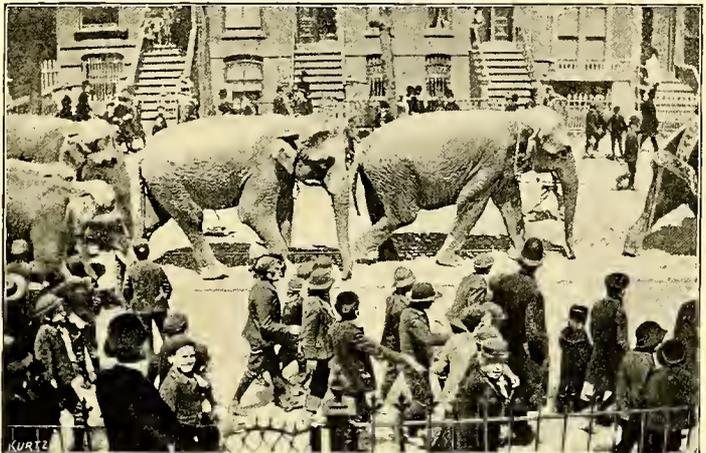
THE LEMONADE MAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.)

the parade is always the most popular. At any rate, the elephants always receive the largest measure of admiration and peanuts. Even the lions, leering with ill-tempered majesty from their jolting cage, have not half the followers. And whatever the further explanation may be, it is true that the elephants are always the most photographed of all the parade attractions.

In the tenement districts of the big cities, in halls and alleys, on shop steps and even on curbstones, are scattered what artists and writers like to call "types"; little child figures that seem to have been always just where they are, to belong to the doorways and alleys and sidewalks. Scientific men tell us that tree and plant insects gradually grow to have the colors of the trees and plants they live upon. It sometimes seems as if tenement children acquire just the gray-brown colors of the dingy regions in which they have to live.

Naturally, some of the most amusing and delightful things in street life among the children are those which the camera operator sees when he "has n't his gun." And these little glimpses pass never to be seen again. The kaleidoscope turns and the whole scene tumbles into another shape. But this dreadful accident—the accident of not having the camera at hand when the fortunate combination occurs—makes us more appreciative of those occasions when everything is favorable.

I remember one very sultry afternoon, when even children moved slowly in the streets, coming upon one of those outdoor soda-water fountains that spring up in the hot season. At the rough table built beside the pompous freezer sat a very little girl who was trying faithfully not to sleep at her post; but it was difficult on that particular day for anybody to keep awake, and this vigilant guardian of a not very flourishing



THE CIRCUS PROCESSION. WATCHING THE ELEPHANTS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

soda-water business had slowly passed out of the dull hum of that stupid street into the sweet quiet of the land of dreams. Her chair was tilted forward until her chin rested on the oilcloth of the counter and a plump arm mechanically held her head in position. I was very thankful to have left in the camera one plate upon which to get an impression of this queer and lonesome little figure.

Just after I had touched the trigger, a customer appeared, a man with a satchel, who leaned over and imitated the "E—ow!" of the morning milkman very close to the child's face.

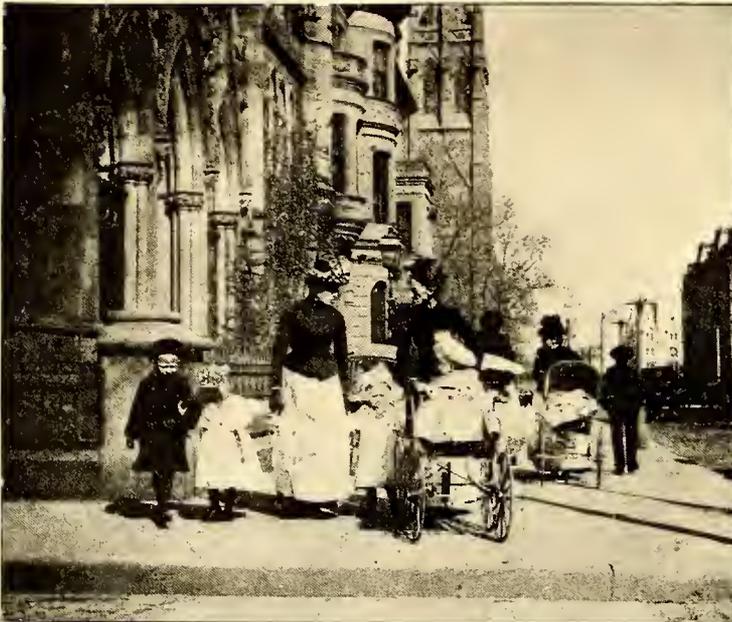


"THE RIVALS."

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. A. HETHERINGTON.)

Brought back so suddenly from dreamland the girl started up, stared at the customer, and by an unfortunate turn fell under the table. Had another plate remained in the camera I should have liked to photograph the child as she came forth again. A person who has spent his last cent cannot feel poorer than an amateur photographer who has exposed his last plate and finds occasion to use more.

If we leave the poor quarters of the city and make our way among the parks and smarter avenues, we shall find that after all children are pretty much the same sort of creatures even when their clothes are very different. They love noise, even if they do not make so much of it. Mr. Muybridge



"UP-TOWN" BABIES.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)



WAITING FOR HIS SHIP TO COME IN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. N. GRAY BARTLETT.)

photographed a great many four-footed animals, and found that every one of them moved one foot after the other in precisely the same order, with a single exception. I have forgotten which animal it is that breaks the rule. I have photographed a great many different kinds of children when they did n't know I was about it, and I have seen thousands of photographs taken by a great many other people who have the same weakness for making pictures of little folks, and I have been surprised to find how many things all boys and girls do in very much the same manner. The habit of children is a kind of universal language. Pictures of their unconscious actions express more than the poetry of motion; they often express the poetry of conduct.

This strong family resemblance in the habit of children often makes us forget how very different is child-life in one quarter from child-life in another. For one thing, Baby's life is entirely different. On Cherry Hill, minding

the baby is one matter; on Madison Avenue it is quite another. The minding, on Cherry Hill, is in the hands of a child scarcely bigger



AFTER THE BATH.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

than the baby, who is trying to amuse herself and the baby at the same time. This is difficult in more ways than one, as everybody has found who has ever tried. Strangely, those who are minding the baby in the region of the white-aproned nurses are trying to accomplish a feat of the same kind. It is one of the ways of people, large or small, who are set to mind the baby.

Mr. Simpson's picture of the "up-town" babies is



AN EXCURSION PARTY.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES SIMPSON.)

a reminder of how sociable nurses always are with one another. The sunny side of a street is often lined by little companies of nurses and children, the nurses generally in pairs. In many of the squares, the nurses are seen gathered into conversational groups, from which radiating lines of "perambulators" keep up a constant oscillation. The scene is repeated wherever the up-town baby travels. The beach and the hotel veranda tell stories that are much the same.

To follow the children on their summer travels might be excuse enough for the restless journeys of the "detective." Think of a beach without a fringe of children!



TAKEN ON THE FLY.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. LEVISON.)

What a crusade among the old barns of the countryside! What riots in the orchard! What hay rides and picnics!

The city streets are dim and uncertain of light. Summer light at the sea or in the country has no such uncertainty. The generous blaze of the sun warms the amateur's heart, and he is ready to paraphrase the words of Emerson and exclaim: "Give me sunlight and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."



LEAP-FROG.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE G. BLACKFORD.)

Outdoors, of course, the camera has plenty of light, and so, with the aid of extremely sensitive plates, it can work very quickly, and the liveliest sport of the children is pictured without difficulty. A thousand and one incidents, trifling enough in themselves, offer a temptation to the maker of pictures. When the maker of pictures can exercise the artistic sense, can choose the right subject and seize it at the right moment, trifles are full of sentiment.

Mrs. Bartlett's picture, where the young hopeful at the lakeside is "waiting for his ship to come in," is a pleasant suggestion of summer enterprise and adventure on a quiet scale. Whether the ship would come in of its own accord, and without special inducement, was certainly a matter of doubt at the moment when the camera shutter winked. But the captain, who in this case finds it convenient to stay on shore, is evidently not yet at that point of anxiety which prompts rash measures. Surely no spectator will hesitate to hope that the wind may continue fair.

Under the brilliant light of the beach it is not surprising that photographic plates are squandered by the thousand every summer. The frolic of the waves is "catching," and it is no wonder perhaps that the camera is challenged by mischievous groups; that the picture-box is actually carried into the surf to dance for its life and catch "game" at close quarters. The amateur's surf pictures, generally of fun-loving friends who both tempt and banter the camera, are probably the jolliest he has. A good beach is one of the best of playgrounds. Shells answer for quoits. The sand makes a good drawing surface for caricature, as well as a bakery for sand-pies. Foot-races and somersaults, in the scanty but athletic costumes of the surf, are discussed again at the winter lamp over a heap of prints from the amateur's trophies of the summer.

The amateur photographer is the historian of the summer boarding-house. Sometimes he has a hard time of it, if he chooses to turn his play into work. He is in demand as a means of handing down to Farmer Jackson's descendants a representation of Farmer Jackson's new barn as it appeared at the moment when it was first painted. But if he were left alone he would

rather photograph Farmer Jackson's two children in their everyday clothes, driving home the cows.

An excursion party that goes clambering over the rocks, or goes nutting or fishing, is incomplete without a hand camera, which has become, somehow, one of the necessary features of the baggage. Not that it always goes without protest. Some one may raise the point that it is a tell-tale, that it pokes fun, that it is in the way. But the suggestion is naturally voted down. The young people, at least, have too good a recollection of the pleasure caused by the last group of pictures when they were shown with the stereopticon, on a screen in the parlor, to refuse a welcome to this silent but observant companion. At any rate, the camera goes, and usually supplies much of the entertainment, if not on the occasion of its appearance, at least later when its fruits are made apparent.

In country and in city the children's sports will always be delightful material for the amateur photographer. Whether it be leap-frog, or skip-rope, or marbles, or "circus," or foot-ball, or tennis, if there is action, if there is the animation and the open merriment of youth, there is all that the artist of the camera can reasonably wish for. And here the amateur photographer has a tremendous advantage over the draughtsman with the pencil. When the painter asks the children to keep still — terrible words those two, "Keep still!" — the photographer with portable camera asks them *not* to keep still. No trouble about models under such circumstances.

Thus there is one branch of scientific research to which even the young people are not only able but willing to contribute — the study of muscular action. Mr. Levison, for instance, has induced children to leap and run for him for the purpose of determining certain things about human methods of moving about. In the case of children the motions are often extremely beautiful of themselves, as well as curious in their exhibition of action. The picture on the park terrace, in which the little girl is seen flying through the air with arms extended, was taken from a point so near the level of the footway upon which the child will alight, that the figure is thrown into relief against the sky. At the first glance we might fancy that this figure in

worldly clothes was dropping out of the very clouds. But the child has simply jumped from the stone rail of the terrace with only a little over three feet to fall.

I was reading the other day of a European painter who, finding difficulty in getting, for his Cupid pictures, baby-models who would be quiet long enough to give an opportunity either to pencil or brush, had hit upon the plan of using a hand camera with which he followed the babies about, "snapping" them in their best positions. Then a baby (dressed as Cupid) was tossed in the air and caught again by the mother in order that he might photograph the astonished little fellow in his flights, and thus get suggestions for paintings. Whether the artist had any real success I do not know. He must have had some very amusing photographs at least. As for the babies, even under these trying conditions they prob-

ably had a better time than those poor babies of the past who were clamped under a skylight, and had to listen to the tin bird.

In every enthusiastic photographer's collection there are certain pictures which to their owner outlive in interest all the others. This or that negative may be a triumph of technique, a successful burlesque, or a marvel of composition. But this certain group of pictures, however defective in execution, or wanting in art to the critical eye, possesses an interest that never grows old. I am speaking of the pictures taken around and about the home, the home children, the glimpses of home life, stolen in the outdoor light of a doorway, on the steps of the porch, in the paths of the garden. These pictures wax in interest as the years roll. They are precious fragments of real history to which time adds a gentle charm.

---

## THE BROWNIES ON THE CANAL.

BY PALMER COX.

---



ONE night the Brownies stood  
beside  
A long canal, whose silent tide  
Connected seaboard cities  
great

With inland sections of the state.  
The laden boats, so large and strong,  
Were tied to trees by hawsers  
long ;  
No boatmen stood by helm or  
oar,  
No mules were tugging on the  
shore ;  
All work on land and water too  
Had been abandoned by the  
crew.  
Said one : " We see, without a  
doubt,  
What some dispute has brought about.  
Perhaps a strike for greater pay,

For even rates, or shorter day,  
Has caused the boats to loiter here  
With cargoes costing some folk dear."  
Another said : " We lack the might  
To set the wrongs of labor right,  
But by the power within us placed  
We 'll see that nothing goes to waste.  
So every hand must be applied



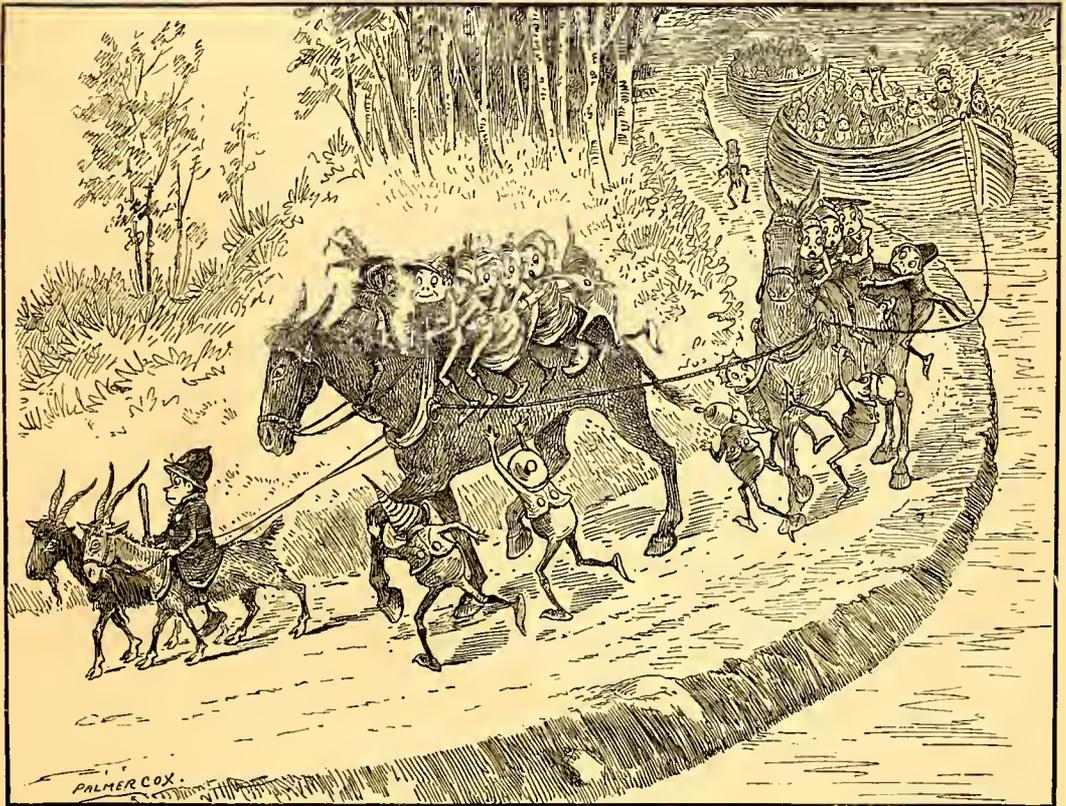
That boats upon their way may glide."  
Then some ran here and there with speed



To find a team to suit their need,  
 A pair of mules, that grazed about  
 The grassy banks, were fitted out  
 With straps and ropes without delay  
 To start the boats upon their way ;  
 And next some straying goats were found,  
 Where in a yard they nibbled round.  
 Soon, taken from their rich repast,  
 They found themselves in harness fast ;  
 Then into active service pressed  
 They trod the tow-path with the rest.

On deck some Brownies took their stand  
 To man the helm, or give command,  
 And oversee the work ; while more  
 Stayed with the teams upon the shore.  
 At times the rope would drag along  
 And catch on snags or branches long,  
 And cause delays they ill could bear,  
 For little time they had to spare.

With accidents they often met,  
 And some were bruised and more were wet ;



Some tumbled headlong down the hold ;  
And some from heaping cargoes rolled.

If half the band were drenched, no doubt  
The work would still be carried out,

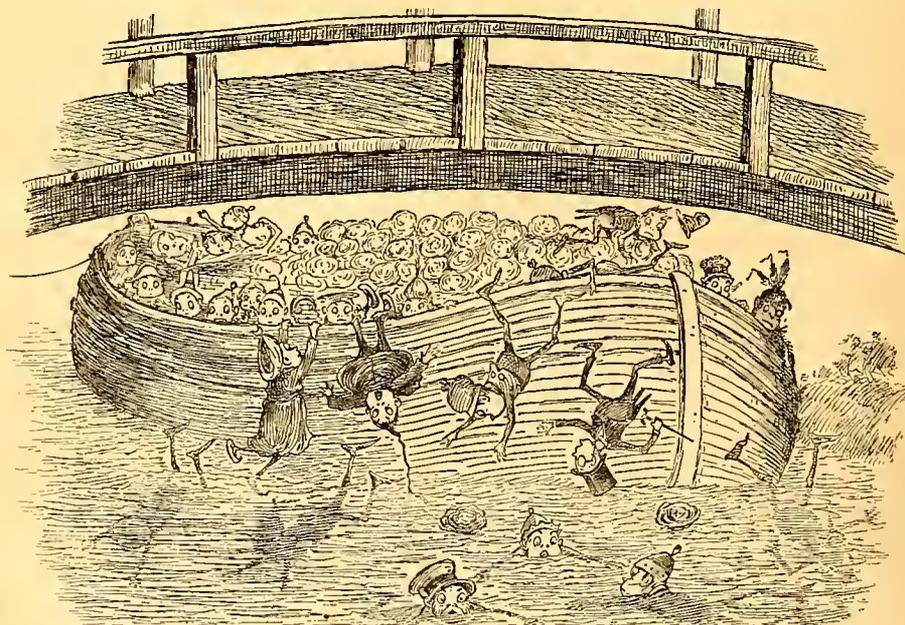


For extra strength would then be found  
In those who still were safe and sound.

And once, when "low bridge!" was the shout  
They stood and stared or ran about  
Till in the water, heels o'er head,  
Some members of the band were spread.

A few could swim, and held their own ;  
But more went downward like a stone  
Until, without the plummet's aid,

It looked as if their end was near.  
The order now to stop the team  
Would pass along with sign and scream,  
And those on land would know by this  
That something startling was amiss ;  
And those on board could plainly see  
Unless assistance there should be,  
In shape of ropes and fingers strong,  
There 'd be some vacancies, ere long !  
By chance a net was to be had,  
That boatmen used for catching shad —  
A gill net of the strongest kind,  
For heavy catches well designed.  
This bulky thing the active crew  
Far overboard with promptness threw.  
A hold at once some Brownies found,  
While others in its folds were bound,  
Until like fish in great dismay  
Inside the net they struggling lay.  
But willing hands were overhead,  
And quickly from the muddy bed  
Where shedder crabs and turtles crawled  
The dripping net was upward hauled,  
With all the Brownies clinging fast,

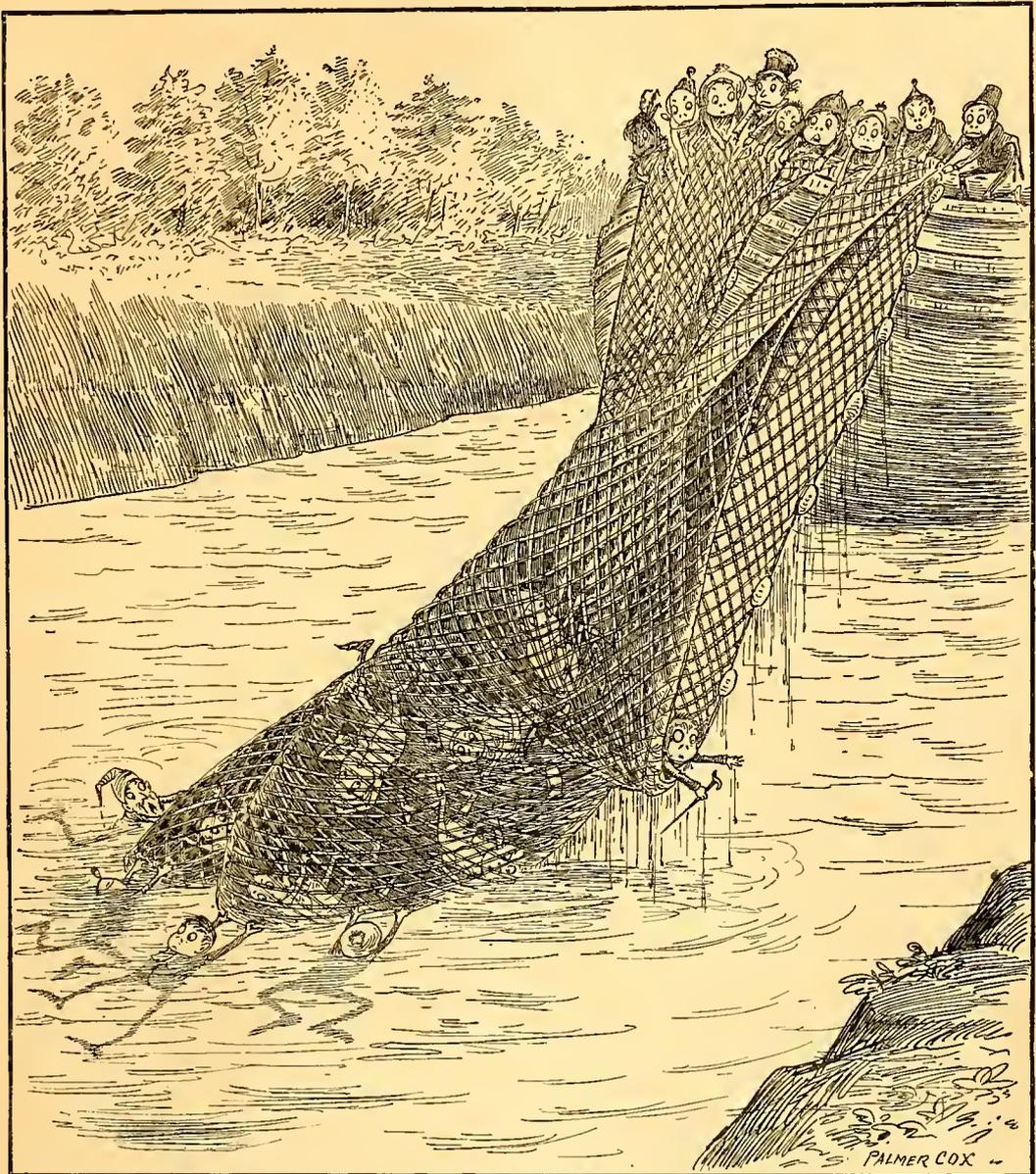


They learned how deep canals are made.  
In spite of all the kicks and flings  
That fright at such a moment brings,  
Through lack of art, or weight of fear,

Till safe on deck they stood at last.  
Sometimes a mule fell off the road  
And in the stream with all its load.  
Then precious time would be consumed

Before the trip could be resumed.  
But what care Brownies for a bruise,  
Or garments wet from hat to shoes,

Until the city came in sight.  
Said one: "The sun 's about to show  
His colors to the world below.



When enterprises bold and new  
Must ere the dawn be carried through?

Thus on they went from mile to mile,  
With many strange mishaps the while,  
But working bravely through the night

Our time is up; we 've done our best;  
The ebbing tide must do the rest;  
Now drifting downward to their pier  
Let barges unassisted steer,  
While we make haste, with nimble feet,  
To find in woods a safe retreat."

# LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

IT was nearly dark, and the day had been very long to Pepsie, sitting alone at her window, for Madelon must remain all day and until late at night on the Rue Bourbon. A holiday, and especially Mardi-gras, was a day of harvest for her, and she never neglected an opportunity to reap nickels and dimes. Pepsie began to look anxiously for the return of the merry party in the milk-cart. She knew they were not to remain to see the night procession; at least, that had not been the intention of Tante Modeste when they left, and she could not imagine what had detained them. And Tite Souris—ungrateful creature!—had been told to return, as soon as the procession was over, in order to cook Pepsie's dinner. Owing to the excitement of the morning Pepsie had eaten nothing, and now she was very hungry as well as lonely; and even Tony, tired of waiting, was hopping about restlessly, straining at his cord and viciously pecking the floor.

Madame Jozain had returned some time before, and was even then eating her dinner comfortably. Pepsie had called across to know whether she had seen anything of the Paichoux and Lady Jane; but Madame had answered stiffly that she had been in a friend's gallery all the time, which was an intimation that she had been in no position to notice a milk-cart or its occupants. Then she observed indifferently that Madame Paichoux had probably decided to remain on Canal Street in order to secure good places to view the night procession.

Pepsie comforted herself somewhat with this view of the case, but soon began to worry about the child's fast. She was sure Tante Modeste had nothing in the cart for the children to eat, and on Mardi-gras there was such a rush that

one could hardly get into a restaurant, and she doubted whether Tante Modeste would try, with such a crowd of young ones to feed. At length, when she had thought of every possible reason for their remaining so late, and every possible plan by which they could be fed, she began to remember her own hunger, and Tite Souris's neglect. She had worked herself up to a very unenviable state of mind, when she saw her ungrateful handmaid plunging across the street, looking like a scarecrow, the remnants of her tatters flying in the wind, while her comical black face wore an expression impossible to describe.

"Oh, Miss Peps!" she gasped, bursting into Pepsie's presence like a whirlwind, "Ma'm Paichoux done sont me on ahead ter tell yer how Miss Lady's done got lost!"

"*Lost! lost?*" cried Pepsie, clasping her hands wildly and bursting into tears. "How, where?"

"Up yon'er, on Cunnel Street. We's can't find 'er nowhar."

"Then you must have let go of her," cried Pepsie, while her eyes flashed fire. "I told you not to let go of her!"

"Oh, laws, Miss Peps, we's could n't holp it in dat dar scrimmage; peoples done bus' us right apart, an' Miss Lady's so littl', her han' jes' slip out'n mine. I's tried ter hol' on, but it ain't no use."

"And where was Tiburce? Did he let go of her too?"

"He war dar, but laws! he couldn't holp it, Mars Tiburce could n't, no more 'n me."

"You 've broken my heart, Tite, and if you don't go and find her, I 'll hate you always! Mind what I say, I 'll hate you *forever!*" and Pepsie thrust out her long head and set her teeth in a cruel way.

"Oh, laws, honey! Oh, laws, Miss Peps, dey 's all a-lookin', dey 's gwine bring 'er back soon; doan't git scart, dat chile 's all right."

"Go and look for her; go and find her!"

Mind what I tell you, bring her back safe, or —." Here Pepsie threw herself back in her chair and fairly writhed. "Oh! oh! and I must stay here and not do anything, and that darling is lost, *lost!* — out in the streets alone, and 't is nearly dark. Go; go and look for her! Don't stand there glaring at me; *gø*, I say!" and Pepsie raised her nutcracker threateningly.

"Yes, Miss Peps; yes, I'll bring 'er back, shore," cried Tite, dodging an imaginary blow, as she darted out, her rags and tatters flying after her.

When she had gone, Pepsie could do nothing but strain her eyes in the gathering darkness, and wring her hands, and weep. She saw the light and the fire in Madame Jozain's room, but the door was closed because the evening was chilly, and the street seemed deserted. There was no one to speak to; she was alone in the dark little room except for Tony, who rustled his feathers in a ghostly sort of way, and *toned* dismally.

Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and peering out saw Tante Modeste's milk-cart. Her heart gave a great bound. How foolish she was to "take on" in such a wild way; — they had found her, she was there in the cart safe and sound! But instead of Lady Jane's blithe little voice she heard the deep tones of her Uncle Paichoux, and the next moment Tante Modeste entered with a very anxious face.

"She has n't come home, has she?" were Tante Modeste's first words.

"Oh, oh!" sobbed Pepsie; "then you have n't brought her?"

"Don't cry, child, don't cry; we'll find her now. When I saw I could n't do anything, I took the young ones home and got your uncle. I said, 'If I have Paichoux, I'll be able to find her.' We're going right to the police. I dare say they've found her by this time or know where she is."

"You know I told you —" moaned Pepsie; "you know I was afraid she'd get lost."

"Yes, yes; but I thought I could trust Tiburce. The boy will never get over it; he told me the truth, thank Heaven! — he said he just let go her hand for one moment, and there was such a crowd. If that flyaway of a Tite had kept on the other side, it would n't have happened,

but she ran away as soon as they got on the street."

"I thought so. I'll pay her off!" said Pepsie, vindictively.

"Come, come, Modeste," called Paichoux from the door, "let 's be starting."

"Oh, Uncle," cried Pepsie, imploringly, "do find my Lady Jane!"

"Certainly, child; certainly, I'll find her. I'll have her here in an hour or so. Don't cry. It's nothing for a young child to get lost on Mardi-gras. I dare say there are a dozen at the police stations now, waiting for their people to come and get them."

Just at that moment there was a sound of voices without, and Pepsie exclaimed: "That's Lady Jane. I heard her speak!" Sure enough, the sweet, high-pitched little voice chattering merrily could be distinctly heard; and at the same instant Tite Souris burst into the room, exclaiming:

"Her's here, Miss Peps, *bress der Lor!* I's done found her"; and following close was Lady Jane, still holding fast to little Gex.

"Oh, Pepsie! Oh, I was lost!" she cried, springing into her friend's arms. "I was lost, and Mr. Gex found me. A boy tore off my mask and domino, and I struck him in the face, and I did n't know what to do next, when Mr. Gex came and kicked him into the gutter. Did n't you, Mr. Gex?"

"Just to think of it!" cried Tante Modeste, embracing her, and almost crying over her, while Paichoux was listening to the modest account of the rescue from the ancient dancing-master.

"And I had dinner with Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane, joyously; "such a lovely dinner — ice-cream, and grapes,—and cake."

"And one leetle bird, with a vairy fine salad, my leetle lady,— vas n't it? one vairy nice leetle bird," interrupted Gex, who was unwilling to have his fine dinner slighted.

"Oh, yes, a bird, and fish, and soup," enumerated Lady Jane; "and peas, Pepsie, little peas."

"Oh, *non, non*; oh, leetle lady!" cried Gex, holding up his hands in horror, "you have it *vairy* wrong. It vas soup, and fish, and bird. Monsieur Paichoux, you see the leetle lady does

not vell remember; and you must not think I can't order one vary fine dinner."

"I understand," said Paichoux, laughing, "I 've no doubt, Gex, but that you could order a dinner fit for an alderman."

"Thank you, thank you, vary much," returned Gex, as he bowed himself out and went home to dream of his triumph.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PAICHOUX MAKES A PURCHASE.

"JUST to think," said Pepsie to her mother the next morning, "Madame Jozain was n't the least anxious last night about Lady. I don't believe she cares for the child, or she 'd never be willing to let Lady stay away from her the most of the time, as she does. She 's always fussing about her great overgrown son if *he* 's out of her sight."

"And no wonder," returned Madelon. "Poor woman! she has trouble enough with him. She keeps it to herself and pretends to be proud of him; but, my dear, he 's a living disgrace to her. I often hear him spoken of on the Rue Bourbon; he dresses well, and never works. Where does he get his money, *ma petite*? If people are poor and don't work, they must steal. They may call it by some other name, but I call it stealing. Madame Jozain can't make money enough in that little shop to support herself and keep that boy in idleness. We must n't be too hard on her. She has trouble enough, I can see it in her face; she looks worn out with worry. And we 'll do all we can for that little darling. It 's a pleasure, she 's so sweet and grateful. I only wish I could do more. I 'd work my fingers to the bone for you two, my darling."

"*Bonne Maman*," said Pepsie, clinging to her mother's neck, and kissing her fondly, "have you thought of what I asked you? — have you, dear Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I have; I 've thought of it a great deal, but I don't see my way clear quite yet."

"Why, you 've got the money in the bank, Mamma."

"I can't touch that money, my dear; it 's for

you. If anything should happen to me, and you were left alone—."

"Hush, hush, Mamma; I should n't need any money then, for I should die too."

"No, my dear, not if it was the good God's will that you should live. I don't want to spend that; I want to feel that you 've something. A piano costs a great deal of money; besides, what would your uncle and aunt think if I should do such a thing?"

"They 'd think you did it because *I* wanted you to," returned Pepsie, slyly.

"That would be a reason certainly," said Madelon, laughing, "and I 'll try to do it after a while. Have a little patience, dear, and I think I can manage it without touching the money in the bank."

"Oh, I hope you can, Mamma; because Mam'selle Diane says Lady learns very fast, and that she ought to practice. I hate to have her kept back by the want of a piano—and Madame Jozain will never get one for her. You know you could sell it afterward, Mamma —" and Pepsie went on to show, with much excellent reasoning, that Lady Jane could never make a great *prima donna* unless she had advantages. "It 's now, while her fingers are supple, that they must be trained; she ought to practice two hours a day. Oh, I 'd rather go without the money than to have Lady kept back. Try, *bonne Maman*, try to get a piano very soon, won't you?"

And Madelon promised to try, for she was devoted to the child; but Pepsie had begun to think that Lady Jane was her own — her very own, and, in her generous affection, was willing to sacrifice everything for the good of her charge.

And Madelon and Pepsie were not the only ones who planned and hoped for the little one with almost motherly love and interest. From the first day that Lady Jane smiled up into the sad, worn face of Diane d'Hautreuve, a new life had opened to that lonely woman, a new hope, a new happiness brightened her dreary days, for the child's presence seemed to bring sunshine and youth to her. Had it not been for her mother, she would have kept the gentle little creature with her constantly, as the sweetest hours she knew, or had known for many a weary year, were those she devoted to

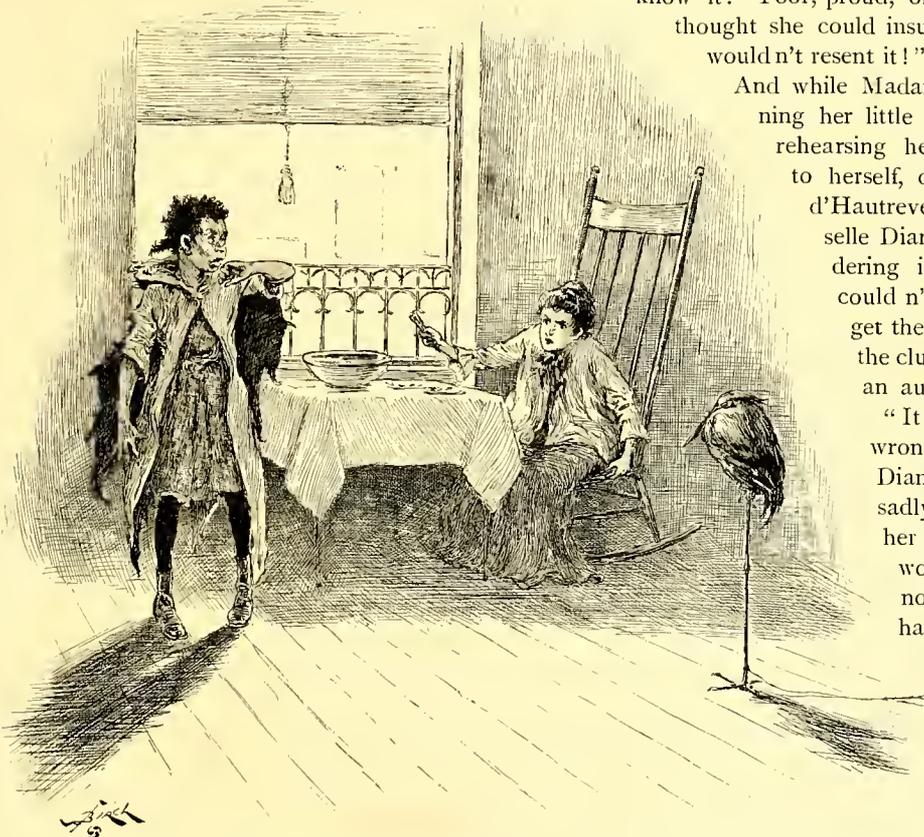
her lovely little pupil. It was a dream of delight, to sit at the tinkling piano with Lady Jane nestled close at her side, the sweet childish notes mingling with hers, as they sang an old-fashioned ballad, or a tender lullaby. And the child never disappointed her; she was always docile and thoughtful; and so quiet and polite, that even Diane's mother, captious and querulous though she was, found no cause for complaint, while the toleration with which she had at first received

and it had taken several polite, but unmistakable rebuffs to teach her that they were d'Hautreves, and that the child would be received gladly where the aunt must not expect to enter.

Madame swallowed her mortification and said nothing, but she bided her time to take her revenge. "I'll show them, before long, that I know how poor they are; and that funny little story I got out of Tite Souris, about Mam'selle Diane cleaning her banquette with a veil over her face — every one in the neighborhood shall know it! Poor, proud, old thing, she thought she could insult me and I would n't resent it!"

And while Madame was planning her little revenge, and rehearsing her grievances to herself, old Madame d'Hautreves and Mam'selle Diane were wondering if something could n't be done to get the child out of the clutches of such an aunt.

"It seems really wrong," Mam'selle Diane would say sadly, "to leave her with that woman. I can not think she has any right to her; there is a mystery about it, and it ought to be investigated. Oh, Mamma, dear, if we



"GO AND LOOK FOR HER! DON'T STAND THERE GLARING AT ME; GO, I SAY!" AND PEPSIE RAISED HER NUTCRACKER THREATENINGLY. (SEE PAGE 1039.)

Lady Jane was fast changing into affection. The more they became interested in her, the more they wondered how she could be kin to such a woman as Madame Jozain; for Mam'selle Diane had been obliged to show how exclusive she could be, in order to keep Madame where she belonged.

At first Madame Jozain had annoyed them greatly by trying to intrude upon their seclusion;

had some money I'd hire a lawyer to find out! If she really is the child's next of kin, I suppose she has a legal right to her, and that no one could oblige her to relinquish that right; but one might buy the little girl. I think Madame Jozain is just the woman to be moved by money. Oh, Mamma, if our claim had only gone through! If we'd only got what we ought to have had, I would try to buy the child."

"Dear, dear! How absurd! What would you do with her?" said Madame d'Hautreuve.

"Why, you could adopt her, Mamma; and I could have the care of her," replied Diane.

"But, my child, that is all romancing. We have no money and we never shall have any. It is useless to think of that claim; it will never be considered; and even if we had money, it would be a great risk to take a child of whom we know nothing. I think, with you, that there 's a mystery, and I should like to have it cleared. Yet we must not worry about it. We have troubles enough of our own."

"Oh, Mamma, we need not be selfish because we are poor," said Diane, gently.

"We can't help it, child. Selfishness is one of the results of poverty — it is self, self, constantly; but *you* are an exception, Diane. I will give you the credit of thinking more of others' interest, than of your own. You show it in everything. Now about that bird. Madame Jourdain should have paid you for it and not thrown it back on your hands."

"Oh, Mamma, she could n't sell it," said Mam'selle Diane, dejectedly. "It would n't be right to expect her to lose the price of it. It did n't 'take' as well as the ducks."

"Well, she might have thrown in the wool for your time," Madame insisted querulously.

"But she did n't ask me to experiment with a new model, Mamma, dear. It was n't her fault if I did n't succeed."

"You *did* succeed, Diane. It was perfect, it was most life-like; but people have n't the taste to recognize your talent."

"Madame Jourdain said her customers did n't like the bird's bill, and thought the neck too long," returned Mam'selle Diane, humbly.

"There! that only shows how little the best educated people know of ornithology. It is a species of crane; the neck is not too long."

"They thought so, Mamma, and one can't contend with people's tastes and opinions. I shall not try anything new again; I shall stick to my ducks and canaries."

"You know, I advised you to do so in the first place. You were too ambitious, Diane."

"Yes, you are right, Mamma. I was too ambitious!" sighed Mam'selle Diane.

One morning in August, about a year from the time that Madame Jozain moved into Good Children Street, Tante Modeste was in her dairy, deep in the mysteries of cream-cheese and butter, when Paichoux entered, and laying a small parcel twisted up in a piece of newspaper before her, waited for her to open it.

"In a moment," she said, smiling brightly. "Let me fill these molds first, then I 'll wash my hands and I 'm done for to-day."

Paichoux made no reply, but walked about the dairy, peering into the pans of rich milk, and whistling softly. Suddenly, Tante Modeste uttered an exclamation of surprise. Paichoux had opened the paper and was holding up a beautiful watch by its exquisitely wrought chain.

"Why, Papa, where in the world did you get that?" she asked, as she turned it over and over, and examined first one side then the other. "Blue enamel, a band of diamonds on the rim, a leaf in diamonds on one side, a monogram on the other. What are the letters? — J, yes, it 's a J; and a C. Why, those are the very initials on that child's clothes! Paichoux, where did you get this watch, and whose is it?"

"Why, it is mine," replied Paichoux, with exasperating coolness. He was standing before Tante Modeste, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, whistling in his easy way while she talked. "It 's mine, and I bought it."

"Bought it! Where did you buy a watch like this,—and wrapped up in newspaper, too! Do tell me where you got it, Paichoux," cried Tante Modeste, very much puzzled.

"I bought it in the Recorder's court."

"In the Recorder's court!" echoed Tante Modeste, more and more puzzled. "From whom did you buy it?"

"From Raste Jozain."

Tante Modeste looked at her husband with wide eyes and parted lips for several seconds; then she exclaimed, "I told you so!"

"Told me what?" asked Paichoux, with a provoking smile.

"Why, why,—that all those things marked J. C. were stolen from that child's mother,—and this watch is a part of the same property,—and she never was a Jozain."

"Not so fast, Modeste; not so fast."

"Then, why was Raste Jozain in court?"

"He was arrested on suspicion, but they could n't prove anything."

"For this?" asked Tante Modeste, looking at the watch.

"No; it was another charge; but his having such a valuable watch went against him. It seems like a providence, my getting it. I just happened to be passing the Recorder's court, and glancing in, I saw that precious rascal in the dock. I knew him, but he does n't know me. So I stepped in to see what the scrape was. It seems that he was arrested on the suspicion of being one of a gang who have robbed a number of jewelry stores. They could n't prove anything against him on that charge; but the watch and chain puzzled the Recorder. He asked Raste where he got it; but the scamp was ready with his answer: 'It belonged to my cousin who died some time ago; she left it to my mother, and my mother gave it to me.'

"What was her name?" asked the Recorder.

"Claire Jozain," Raste answered, promptly.

"But this is J. C.," said the Recorder, examining the letters closely. 'I should certainly say that the J. came first. What do you think, gentlemen?' and he handed the watch to his clerk and some others; and they all thought from the arrangement of the letters that it was J. C. And while this discussion was going on, the fellow stood there smiling, as impudent and cool as if he was the first gentleman in the city. He's handsome and well dressed, and the image of his father. Any one who ever saw André Jozain would know Raste was his son."

"And they could n't find out where he got the watch?" interrupted Tante Modeste.

"No; they could n't prove that it was stolen. However, the Recorder gave him thirty days in the parish prison, as a suspicious character."

"They ought not to have let him off so easily," said Tante Modeste, decidedly.

"But you know they could n't prove anything," continued Paichoux; "and the fellow looked blue at the prospect of his thirty days. However, he does n't lack assurance, and he began to talk and laugh with some flashy looking fellows who gathered around him. They saw that there was an opportunity for a bargain, and one man offered fifty dollars for it. 'Do you think I'm from the West?' he asked, with a

grin, and shoved it back into his pocket. 'I'm pretty hard up; I need the cash badly; but I can't *give* you this ticker, much as I love you!' Then another man bid sixty, and he refused. 'No, no, that's nowhere near the figure.'

"Let me look at the watch," I said, sauntering up; 'if it's a good watch, I'll make you an offer.' I spoke as indifferently as possible, because I did n't wish him to think I was eager, and I was n't quite sure whether he knew me or not. As he handed me the watch, he eyed me impudently, but I saw that he was nervous and shaky. 'It's a good watch,' I said, after I examined it closely; 'a very good watch, and I'll give you seventy-five.' 'No you don't, old hayseed; hand it here,' said he.

"I was so taken aback at his calling me hayseed—you see, Modeste, I had on my blouse," and Paichoux looked a little guilty while referring to his costume.

"Well, Papa, have n't I told you not to go up town in your blouse?" said Tante Modeste. "I wish, for Marie's sake, that you would wear a coat. The Guiots all wear coats."

"Oh, never mind that. I don't. I'm an honest man, and I can afford to wear a blouse anywhere. I did n't take any notice of his impudence, but I offered him ninety. You see, I happened to have the money with me. I was on my way to pay Lenotre for that last Jersey I bought from him; so I took out my wallet and began counting the bills. That brought him. The fellow needed the money, and he was glad to get rid of the watch. If I had n't thought that there was something crooked about it, my conscience would n't have let me take such a valuable thing for so low a price; but I considered the child. I thought it might be all the proof that we should have if anything ever came up; and in any case it's money well invested for her."

"You did right to buy it, Paichoux. It's a large sum of money for a watch, especially just now, when we have to have so much for Marie; but if we can do anything for that darling by having it, I don't mind," and Tante Modeste sat for some time looking intently at the beautiful, sparkling object as it lay on her white apron.

"I wish it could speak," she said at length.

"I mean to make it, by and by," returned Paichoux, decidedly.

"But now, at this moment," she answered eagerly. "What a story it could tell, if it had a voice! Well, I'm glad we've rescued it from that scamp's clutches."

"So am I," returned Paichoux, opening the

on, but I don't think it's any use. I wish we could employ a good detective."

"Yes, yes, but that would cost a good deal, Modeste; let's wait awhile, something's going to turn up to put us on the right track."



"WHY, PAPA, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET THAT?" SAID MODESTE. (SEE PAGE 1042.)

case as he spoke, and showing Tante Modeste something on the inside of it. "I can get a trace through this, or I'm mistaken; but put it away now in my safe, and say nothing about it,—I don't wish even Madelon to know that we've got it. And, Modeste, whenever you see that woman, watch for something to give us a clue."

"Oh, Paichoux, you don't know her. She's as close as the grave, and too cunning to betray herself. I'm watching her, and I mean to keep

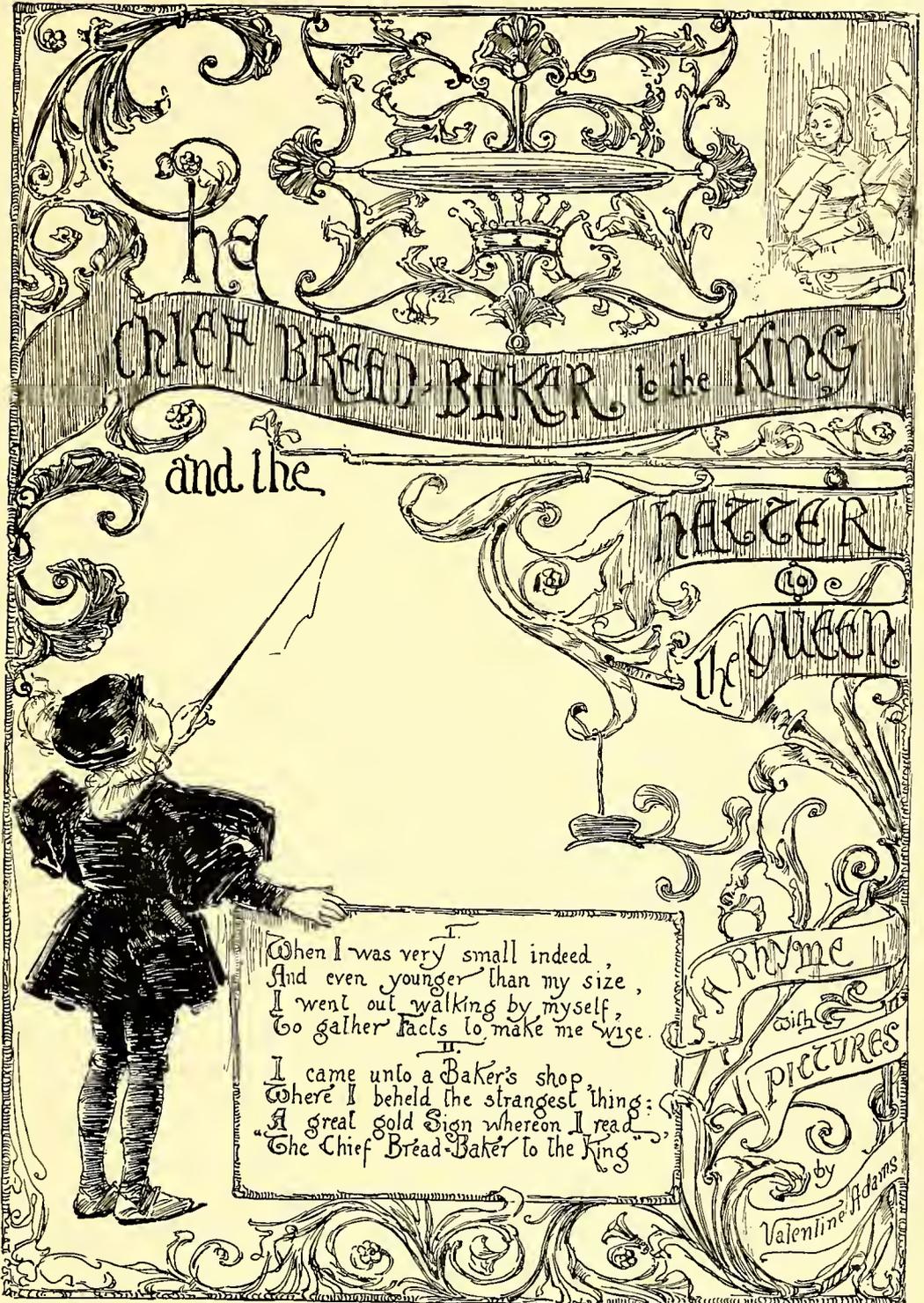
"And in the mean while the poor little darling is in the power of that woman. The child never complains, but my heart aches for her. She has changed, this summer. She looks thin and weak, and that woman takes no more care of her than she would of a dog. If it was n't for Madelon and Pepsie, and Mam'selle d'Hautreuve, the little creature would suffer; and our good milk that I send to Madelon has helped her through the hot weather. Pepsie herself goes without to give it to the child. If the sweet little thing had n't made friends she would have perished."

"Let her come down here and play with our young ones," said Paichoux; "she's no more trouble than a bird hopping about."

"I wanted to have her, but Madame won't let her come; she's taken it in her head to keep the child shut up most of the time. Pepsie and Mam'selle Diane complain that they don't have her as often as they'd like to. I think she's afraid that the child may talk. You see she's getting older, and she may remember more than Madame chooses to have known."

"Well," said Paichoux, deliberately, "I've made a plan. Just keep quiet and wait until I'm ready to put my plan in operation."

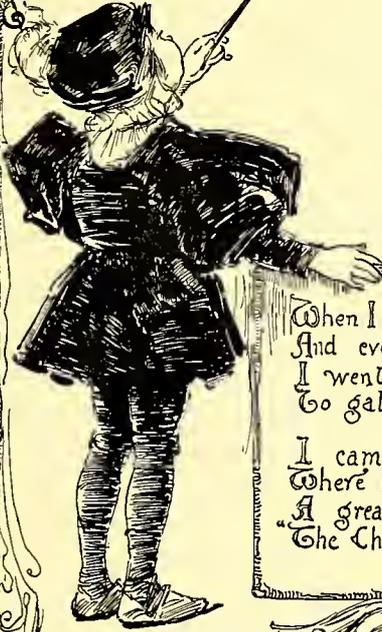
And Tante Modeste promised to wait.



The  
Chief Bread-Baker to the King

and the

Hatter  
to  
the Queen

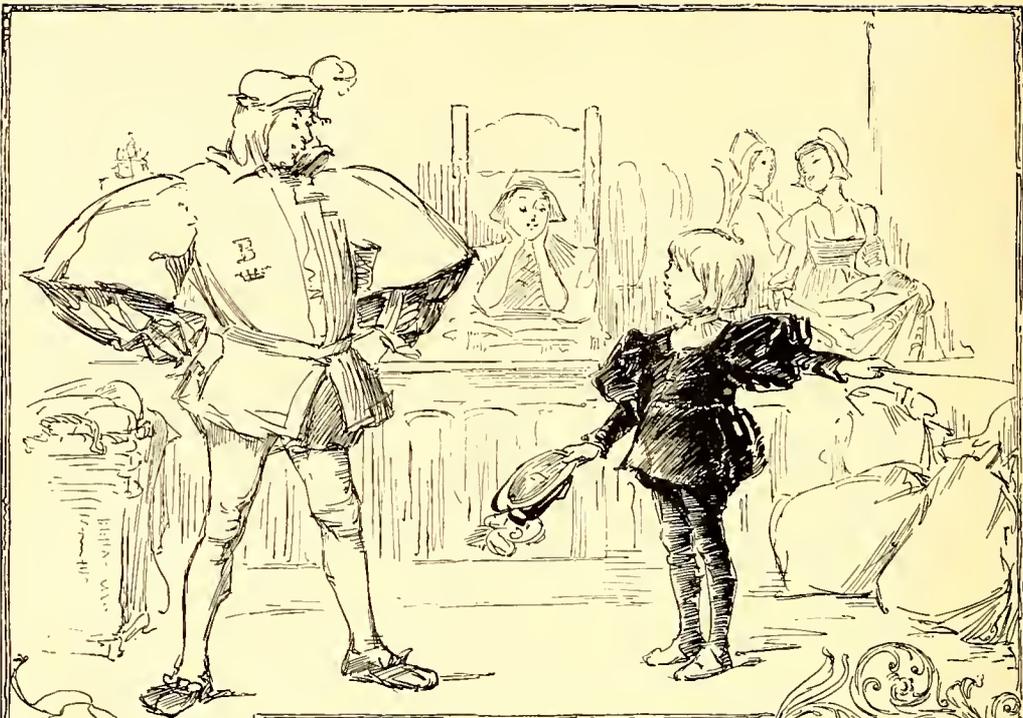


When I was very small indeed,  
And even younger than my size,  
I went out walking by myself,  
To gather facts to make me wise.

I came unto a Baker's shop  
Where I beheld the strangest thing:  
A great gold Sign whereon I read  
"The Chief Bread-Baker to the King"

A RHYME  
with  
PICTURES

by  
Valentine Adams



III

I went within and asked the Man,  
 In all respect, "Can this be true?  
 Does ever any King eat Bread,  
 The same as all the poor folk do?"

IV

The Baker was a flowery man,  
 As most men are who talk and bake,  
 And said, "It is a Fallacy  
 To judge that Kings consume but Cake."

"Not only does the King eat Bread  
 But History states, and does not cheat,  
 There have existed certain Kings  
 Full glad to have some Bread to eat!"

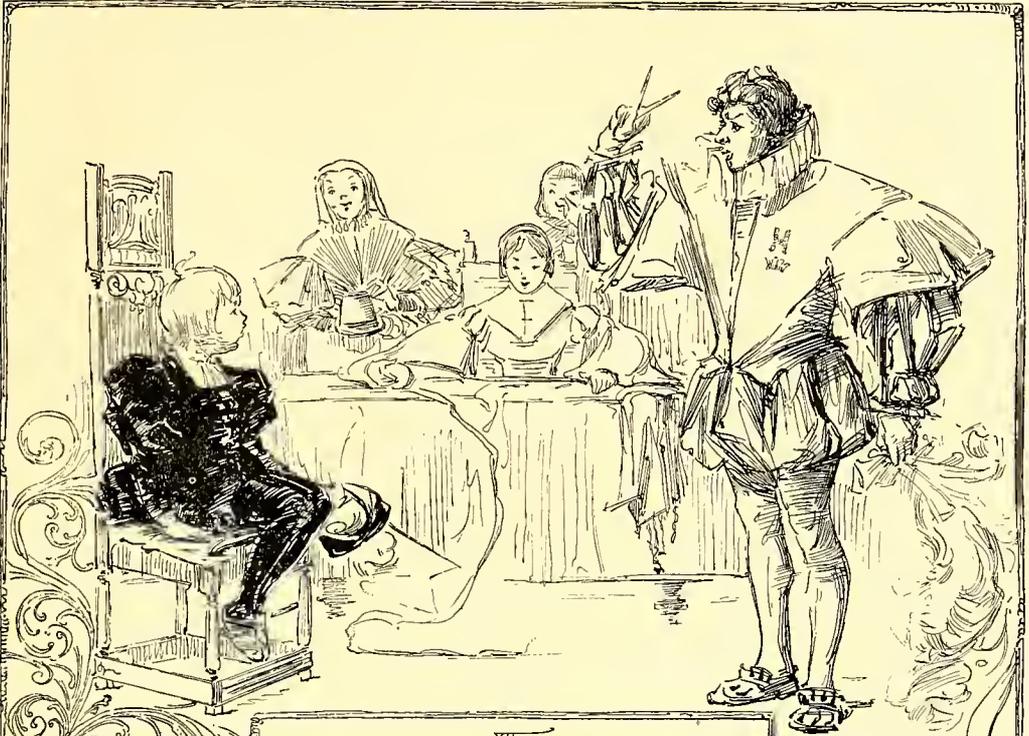
And while I stood a-wondering  
 Whatever Fallacy might mean,  
 Behold I saw another Sign,  
 Whereon was, "Haller to the Queen."

Full glad to have



Some bread to eat





<sup>VII</sup>  
 I sought the Hatter 'mid his plumes,  
 Not knowing he was mad thereat!  
 And asked, "Can it be really true  
 That any Queen puts on a Hat?"

<sup>VIII</sup>  
 The Hatter said indignantly,  
 "It is an Error fit for Clowns,  
 To think that Queens array their heads  
 Exclusively in Golden Crowns."

<sup>IX</sup>  
 "Indeed there have existed Queens,  
 As in the Chronicles 'tis said,  
 Not only glad to have a hat,  
 But still more glad to have a head!"

<sup>X</sup>  
 A sadder and a wiser Child  
 I hied me home to think of things:  
 It seems so strange that Queens wear hats,  
 And Bread is good enough for Kings!

Still more glad



to have a head



## CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Ogden family had said very little, outside of their own house, about the news of Mary's success in Mertonville, but on that Monday morning Miss Glidden received no less than four letters, and each of them congratulated her over the election of her dear young friend, and commented on how glad she must be. "Well," she said to herself, "of course I'm glad. And I did all I could for her. She owes it all to me. I'll go and see her."

Mary Ogden had so much talking to do and so many questions to answer, at the breakfast table, that her cup of coffee was cold before she could drink it, and then she and her mother and her aunt went into the parlor to continue their talk.

John Ogden himself waited there a long time before going over to the shop. His helper had the forge ready, and the tall blacksmith at once put a rod of iron into the fire and began to blow the bellows. The rod was at white heat and was out on the anvil in no time, and the hammer began to ring upon it to flatten it out when John heard somebody speak to him:

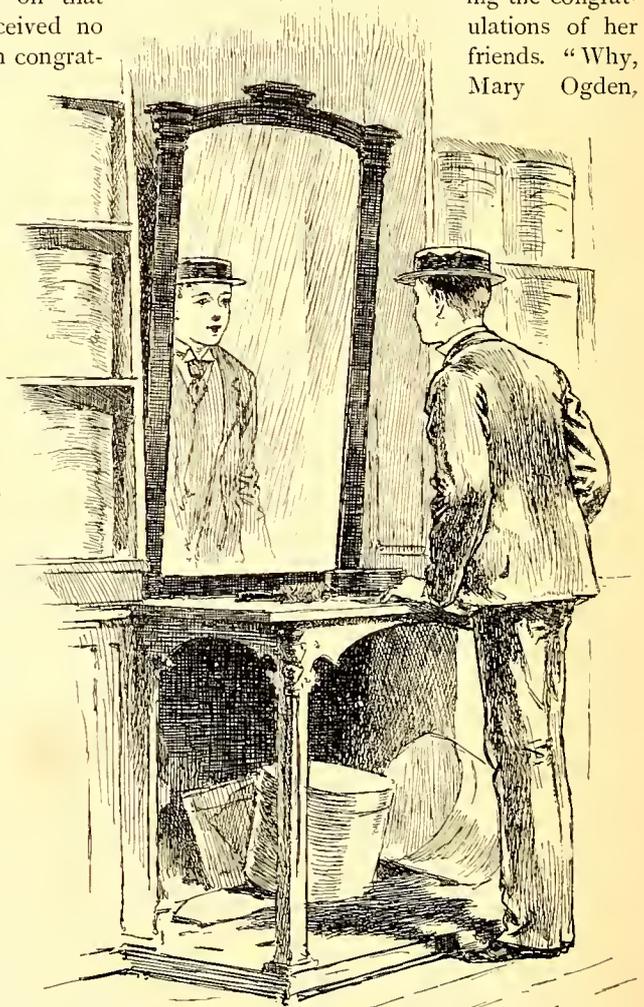
"Mr. Ogden, what are you making? I've been watching you—and I can't imagine!"

"Well, Deacon Hawkins," said the blacksmith, "you'll have to tell. The fact is I was thinking—well—my daughter has just come home."

"I'm glad to hear it and to hear of her success," answered the Deacon. "Miss Glidden told us.

If you're not busy, I wish you'd put a shoe on my mare's off hind foot."

The blacksmith then went to work in earnest; and meanwhile Mary, at the house, was receiving the congratulations of her friends. "Why, Mary Ogden,



JACK BUYS A NEW HAT. (SEE PAGE 1050.)

my dear! Are you here?" exclaimed Miss Glidden. "I'm so glad! I'm sure I did all I could for you." "My dear Mary!" exclaimed another. And Mary shook hands heartily with both her callers, and expressed her gratitude to Miss Glidden.

It was a day of triumph for Mary, and it must have been for Miss Glidden, for she seemed to be continually persuading herself that much of the credit of Mary's advancement was hers. The neighbors came and went, and more than one of Mary's old school-fellows said to her: "I'm glad you are so fortunate. I wish I could find something to do." When the visitors were gone and Mary tried to help with the housework, her mother said positively, "Now, Molly, don't touch a thing; you go upstairs to your books, and don't think of anything else; I'm afraid you won't have half time enough, even then."

Her aunt gave the same advice, and Mary was grateful, being unusually eager to begin her studies; and even little Sally was compelled to keep out of Mary's room.

During the latter part of that Monday afternoon John Ogden had an important conference with Mr. Magruder, the railway director; and the blacksmith came home, at night, in a thoughtful state of mind.

His son Jack, at about the same time sat in his room, at the Hotel Dantzic, in the far-away city he had struggled so hard to reach; and he, too, was in a thoughtful mood.

"I'll write and tell the family at home, and Mary," he said after a while. "I wonder whether every fellow who makes a start in New York has to almost starve at the beginning!"

He was tired enough to sleep well when bedtime came; but, nevertheless, he was downstairs Tuesday morning long before Mr. Keifelheimer's hour for appearing. Hotel-men who have to sit up late often rise late also.

"For this once," said Jack, "I'll have a prime Dantzic Hotel breakfast. After this week, my room won't cost me anything, and I can begin to lay up money. I won't ride down town, though; except in the very worst kind of winter weather."

It delighted him to walk down that morning, and to know just where he was going and what work he had before him.

"I'm sure," he thought, "that I know every building, big and little, all the way along. I've been ordered out of most of these stores. But I've found the place that I was looking for, at last."

The porters of Gifford & Company had the store open when Jack got there, and Mr. Gifford was just coming in.

"Ogden," he said, in his usual peremptory way, "put that press-work on the paper-bags right through, to-day."

"One moment, please, Mr. Gifford," said Jack.

"I've hardly a moment to spare," answered Mr. Gifford. "What is it?"

"A customer," said Jack; "the Hotel Dantzic. I can find more of the same kind, perhaps."

"Tell me," was the answer, with a look of greater interest, but also a look of incredulity.

Jack told him, shortly, the substance of his talk with Mr. Keifelheimer, and Mr. Gifford listened attentively.

"His steward and buyers have been robbing him, have they?" he remarked. "Well, he's right about it. No doubt we can save him from ten to twenty per cent. It's a good idea. I'll go up and see him, by and by. Now hurry with your printing!"

Jack turned to the waiting "Alligator," and Mr. Gifford went on to his desk.

"Jones," he said, to his head clerk, "Ogden has drummed up a good hotel customer," and then he told Mr. Jones about it.

"Mr. Gifford," said Mr. Jones, shrewdly, "can we afford to keep a sharp salesman and drummer behind that little printing-press?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Gifford. "Not after a week or so. But we must wait and see how he wears. He's very young, and a stranger."

"Young fellows soon grow," said Mr. Jones. "He'll grow. He'll pick up everything that comes along. I believe you'll find him a valuable salesman."

"Very likely," said Mr. Gifford, "but I sha'n't tell him so. He has plenty of confidence as it is."

"It's not impudence," said Mr. Jones. "If he had n't been pushing—well, he would n't have found this place with us. It's energy."

"Yes," said Mr. Gifford; "if it was impudence we should waste no time with him. If there 's anything I despise out and out, it 's what is often called 'cheek.'"

Next, he hated laziness, or anything resembling it, and Jack sat behind the Alligator that day, working hard himself and taking note of how Mr. Gifford kept his employees busy.

"No wonder he did n't need another boy," he thought. "He gets all the work possible out of every one he employs. That 's why he 's so successful."

It was a long, dull, hot day. The luncheon came at noon; and the customers came all the time, but Jack was forbidden to meddle with them until his printing was done.

"Mr. Gifford's eyes are everywhere," said he, "but I hope he has n't seen anything out of the way in me. There are bags enough to last a month—yes, two months. I 'll begin on the circulars and cards to-morrow. I 'm glad it 's six o'clock."

Mr. Gifford was standing near the door, giving orders to the porters, and as the Alligator stopped, Jack said to him:

"I think I 'll go visiting among the other hotels, this evening."

"Very well," said Mr. Gifford, quietly. "I saw Mr. Kiefelheimer to-day, and made arrangements with him. If you 're going out to the hotels, in our interest, buy another hat, put on a stand-up collar with a new necktie; the rest of your clothing is well enough. Don't try to look dandyish, though."

"Of course not," said Jack, smiling; "but I was thinking about making some improvements in my suit."

He made several purchases on his way up town, and put each article on as he bought it. The last "improvement" was a neat straw hat, from a lot that were selling cheaply, and he looked into a long looking-glass to see what the effect was.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There 's very little of the 'green' left. It 's not altogether the hat and the collar, either. Nor the necktie. Maybe some of it was starved out!"

He was a different-looking boy, at all events, and the cashier at the desk of the Hotel Dant-

zic looked twice at him when he came in, and Mr. Keifelheimer remarked:

"Dot vas a smart boy! His boss vas here, und I haf safe money. Mr. Guilderaufenberg vas right about dot boy."

Jack was eager to begin his "drumming," but he ate a hearty supper before he went out.

"I must learn something about hotels," he remarked, thoughtfully. "I 'll take a look at some of them."

The Hotel Dantzic was not small, but it was small compared to some of the larger hotels that Jack was now to investigate. He walked into the first one he found, and he looked about it, and then he walked out, and went into another and looked that over, and then he thought he would try another. He strolled around through the halls, and offices, and reading-rooms, and all the public places; but the more he saw, the more he wondered what good it would do him to study them.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he stood in front of the office of the great Equatorial Hotel, feeling very keenly that he was still only a country boy, with very little knowledge of the men and things he saw around him.

A broad, heavy hand came down upon his shoulder, and a voice he had heard before asked, heartily:

"John Ogden? You here? Did n't I tell you not to stay too long in the city?"

"Yes, you did, Governor," said Jack, turning quickly. "But I had to stay here. I 've gone into the wholesale and retail grocery business."

Jack already knew that the Governor could laugh merrily, and that any other men who might happen to be standing by were more than likely to join with him in his mirth, but the color came at once to his cheeks when the Governor began to smile.

"In the grocery business?" laughed the Governor. "Do you supply the Equatorial?"

"No, not yet; but I 'd like to," said Jack. "I think our house could give them what they need."

"Let me have your card, then," said one of the gentlemen who had joined in the Governor's merriment; "for the Governor has no time to spare—"

Jack handed him the card of Gifford & Company.

"Take it, Boulder, take it," said the Governor. "Mr. Ogden and I are old acquaintances."

"He's a protégé of yours, eh?" said Boulder. "Well, I mean business. Write your own name there, Mr. Ogden. I'll send our buyer down there, to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done. Shall we go in, Governor?"

Jack understood, at once, that Mr. Boulder was one of the proprietors of the Equatorial Hotel.

"I'm called for, Jack," said the Governor. "You will be in the city awhile, will you not? Well, don't stay here too long. I came here once, when I was about your age. I staid a year, and then I went away. A year in the city will be of great benefit to you, I hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Governor," said Jack, seriously. "We'll do the right thing by Mr. Boulder"; and there was another laugh as Jack shook hands with the Governor, and then with the very dignified manager of the Equatorial Hotel.

"That will do, for one evening," thought Jack, as the distinguished party of gentlemen walked away. "I'd better go right home and go to bed. The Governor's a brick, anyhow!"

Back he went to the Hotel Dantzic, and he was soon asleep.

The Alligator press in Gifford & Company's was opening and shutting its black jaws regularly over the sheets of paper it was turning into circulars, about the middle of Wednesday forenoon, when a dapper gentleman with a rather prominent scarf-pin walked briskly into the store and up to the desk.

"Mr. Gifford?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Mr. Barnes," said the dapper man. "General buyer for the Equatorial Hotel. Your Mr. Ogden was up with us, last night, to see some of his friends, and I've come down to look at your price-list, and so forth."

"Oh!" quietly remarked Mr. Gifford, "our Mr. Ogden. Oh, quite right! I think we can satisfy you. We'll do our best, certainly. Mr. Jones, please confer with Mr. Barnes—I'll be back in a minute."

Up toward the door walked Mr. Gifford, but

not too fast. He stood still when he arrived at the Alligator press.

"Ogden," he said, "you can leave that work. I've another printing hand coming."

Jack's heart beat quickly, for a moment. What,—could he be discharged so suddenly? He was dismayed. But Mr. Gifford went on:

"Wash your hands, Ogden, and stand behind the counter there. I'll see you again, by and by. The buyer is here from the Equatorial."

"I promised them you'd give them all they wanted, and as good prices as could be had anywhere," said Jack, with a great sense of relief, and recovering his courage.

"We will," said Mr. Gifford, as he turned away, and he did not think he must explain to Jack that it would not do for Mr. Barnes to find Gifford & Company's salesman, "Mr. Ogden," running an Alligator press.

Mr. Barnes was in the store for some time, but Jack was not called up to talk with him. Mr. Gifford was the right man for that part of the affair, and in the course of his conversation with Mr. Barnes he learned further particulars concerning the intimacy between "your Mr. Ogden" and the Governor, with the addition that "Mr. Boulder thinks well of Mr. Ogden, too."

Jack waited upon customers as they came, and he did well, for "a new hand." But he felt very ignorant of both articles and prices, and the first thing he said, when Mr. Gifford again came near him, was:

"Mr. Gifford, I ought to know more than I do about the stock and prices."

"Of course you ought," said Mr. Gifford. "I don't care to have you try any more 'drumming' till you do. You must stay a few months behind the counter and learn all you can. You must dress neatly, too. I wonder you've looked as well as you have. We'll make your salary fifteen dollars a week. You'll need more money as a salesman."

Jack flushed with pleasure, but a customer was at hand, and the interruption prevented him from making an answer.

"Jones," remarked Mr. Gifford to his head clerk, "Ogden is going to become a fine salesman!"

"I thought so," said Jones.

They both were confirmed in this opinion, about three weeks later. Jack was two hours behind time, one morning; but when he did come, he brought with him Mr. Guilderaufenberg of Washington, with reference to a whole winter's supplies for a "peeg poarding-house," and two United States Army contractors. Jack had convinced these gentlemen that they were paying too much for several articles that could be found on the list of Gifford & Company in better quality and at cheaper rates.

"Meester Giffort," said the German gentleman, "I haf drafel de vorlt over, und I haf nefer met a better boy dan dot Jack Ogden. He knows not mooch yet, alretty, but den he ees a very goot boy."

"We like him," said Mr. Gifford, smiling.

"So do I, und so does Mrs. Guilderaufenberg, und Miss Hildebrand, und Miss Podgr-m-schski," said the German. "Some day you lets him visit us in Vashington? So?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I will," said Mr. Gifford; but he afterwards remarked grimly to Mr. Jones: "If I should, and he should meet the President, Ogden would never let him go until he bought some of our tea and coffee!"

That day was a notable one in both Crofield and Mertonville. Jack's first long letter, telling that he was in the grocery business, had been almost a damper to the Ogden family. They had kept alive a small hope that he would come back soon, until Aunt Melinda opened an envelope that morning and held up samples of paper bags, cards, and circulars of Gifford & Company, while Mrs. Ogden read the letter that came with them. Bob and Jim claimed the bags next, while Susie and Bessie read the circulars, and the tall blacksmith himself straightened up as if he had suddenly grown prouder.

"Mary!" he exclaimed. "Jack always said he'd get to the city. And he's there—and earning his living!"

"Yes, but—Father," she said, with a small shake in her voice, "I—wish he was back again. There'd be almost room for him to work in Crofield, now."

"Maybe so, maybe so," he replied. "There'll be crowds of people coming in when they begin work on the new railway and the bridge. I signed the deeds yesterday for all the land

they're buying of Jack and me. I won't tell him about it quite yet, though. I don't wish to unsettle his mind. Let him stay where he is."

"This will be a trying day for Mary," said Aunt Melinda, thoughtfully. "The Academy will open at nine o'clock. Just think of what that child has to go through! There'll be a crowd there, too,—oh, dear me!"

Mary Ogden sat upon the stage, by previous orders from the Academy principals, awaiting the opening exercises; but the principals themselves had not yet arrived. She looked rather pale, and she was intently watching the nickel-plated gong on the table and the hands of the clock which hung upon the opposite wall.

"Perhaps the principals are here," Mary thought, as the clock hands crept along. "But they said to strike the bell at nine, precisely, and if they're not here I must do it!"

At the second of time, up stood Mary and the gong sounded sharply.

That was for "Silence!" and it was very silent, all over the hall, and all the scholars looked at Mary and waited.

"Clang" went the gong again, and every boy and girl arose, as if they had been trained to it.

Poor Mary was thinking, "I hope nobody sees how scared I am!" but the Academy term was well opened, and Dr. Dillingham was speaking, when the Reverend Lysander Pettigrew and Mrs. Henderson, the tardy principals, came hurrying in to explain that an accident had delayed them.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**T**WO years passed. There was a great change in the outward aspect of Crofield. The new bridge over the Cocahutchie was of iron, resting on stone piers, and the village street crossed it. The railroad bridge was just below, but was covered in with a shed, so that the trains might not frighten horses. The mill was still in its place, but the dam was two feet higher and the pond was

wider. Between the mill and the bridge was a large building of brick and stone that looked like a factory. Between the street and the railway, the space was filled by the station-house and freight depot, which extended to Main Street; and there were more railway buildings on the other side of the Cocahutchie. Just below the railroad and along the bank of the creek, the ground was covered by wooden buildings, and there was a strong smell of leather and tanbark. Of course, the old Washington Hotel was gone; but across the street, on the corner to the left, there was a great brick building, four stories high, with "Washington Hotel" painted across the front of it. The stores in that building were just finished. Look-

much room in it, for even the old buildings with which Jack had been familiar.

Jack Ogden had not been in Crofield while all this work was going on. His first week with Gifford & Company seemed the most exciting week that he had ever known, and the second was no less busy and interesting. He did not go to the German church the second Sunday, but later he did somehow drift into another place of worship where the sermon was preached in Welsh.

"Well!" said Jack when he came out, at the close of the service, "I think I'll go back to the church I went to first. I don't look so green now as I did then, but I'm sure the General will remember me."

He carried out this determination the next Sunday. The sexton gave him a seat, and he took it, remarking to himself:

"A fellow feels more at home in a place where he's been before. There's the General! I wish I was in his pew. I'll speak to him when he comes out."

The great man appeared, in due season, and as he passed down the aisle he came to a boy who was just leaving a pew. With a smile on his face, the boy held out his hand and bowed.

"Good-morning," said the General, shaking hands promptly and bowing graciously in return. Then he added, "I hope you'll come here every Sunday."

That was all, but Jack received at least a bow, every Sunday, for four weeks. On the Monday after the fourth Sunday, the door of Gifford & Company's store was shadowed by the entrance of a very proud-looking man who stalked straight on to the desk, where he was greeted cordially by Mr. Gifford, for he seemed to be an old friend.

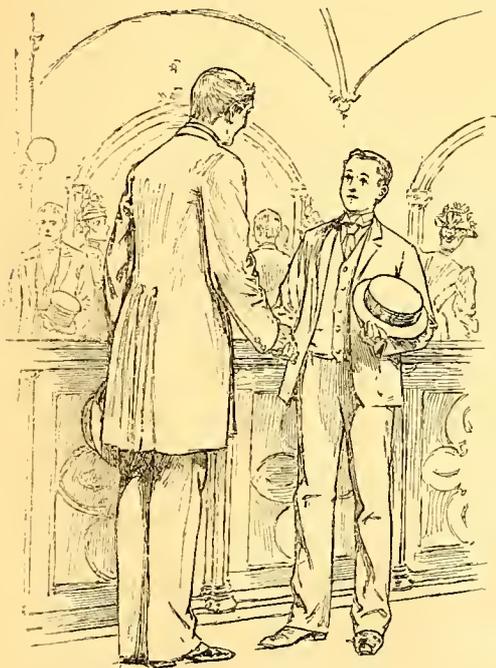
"You have a boy here named John Ogden?" asked the General.

"Yes, General," said Mr. Gifford. "A fine young fellow."

"Is he doing well?" asked the General.

"We've no fault to find with him," was the answer. "Do you care to see him? He's out on business, just now."

"No, I don't care to see him," said the General. "Tell him, please, that I called. I feel



JACK SPEAKS TO THE GENERAL.

ing up Main Street, or looking down, it did not seem the same village. The new church in the middle of the green was built of stone; and both of the other churches were rapidly being demolished, as if new ones also were to take their places.

It was plain, at a glance, that if this improvement were general, the village must be extending its bounds rapidly, for there never had been too

interested in his progress, that 's all. Good-morning, Mr. Gifford."

The head of the firm bowed the general out, and came back to say to Mr. Jones: "That youngster beats me! He can pick up a millionaire, or a governor, as easily as he can measure a pound of coffee."

"Some might think him rather bold," said Jones, "but I don't. He is absorbed in his work, and he puts it through. He 's the kind of boy we want, no doubt of that."

"See what he 's up to, this morning!" said Mr. Gifford. "It 's all right. He asked leave, and I told him he might go."

Jack had missed seeing the General because he did not know enough of the grocery business. He had said to Mr. Gifford:

"I think, Mr. Gifford, I ought to know more about this business, from its very beginnings. If you 'll let me, I 'd like to see where we get supplies."

That meant a toilsome round among the great sugar refineries, on the Long Island side of the East River; and then another among the tea and coffee merchants and brokers, away down town, looking at samples of all sorts and finding out how cargoes were unloaded from ships and were bought and sold among the dealers. He brought to the store, that afternoon, before six o'clock, about forty samples of all kinds of grocery goods, all labeled with prices and places, and he was going on to talk about them when Mr. Gifford stopped him.

"There, Ogden," he said. "I know all about these myself,—but where did you find that coffee? I want some. And this tea?—It is two cents lower than I'm paying. Jones, he's found just the tea you and I were talking of—" and so he went on carefully examining the other samples, and out of them all there were seven different articles that Gifford & Company bought largely of, next day.

"Jones," said Mr. Gifford, when he came back from buying them, "they had our card in each place, and told me, 'Your Mr. Ogden was in here yesterday. We took him for a boy at first.'—I'm beginning to think there are some things that only that kind of boy can do. I'll just let him go ahead in his own way."

Mary had told Jack all about her daily expe-

riences in her letters to him, and he said to himself more than once:

"Dudley Edwards must be a tip-top fellow. It 's good of him to drive Mary over to Crofield and back every Saturday. And they have had such good sleighing all winter. I wish I could try some of it."

There was no going to Crofield for him. When Thanksgiving Day came, he could not afford it, and before the Christmas holidays Mr. Gifford told him:

"We can't spare you at Christmas, Ogden. It 's the busiest time for us in the whole year."

Mr. Gifford was an exacting master, and he kept Jack at it all through the following spring and summer. Mary had a good rest during the hot weather, but Jack did not. One thing that seemed strange to her was that so many of the Crofield ladies called to see her, and that Miss Glidden was more and more inclined to suggest that Mary's election had been mainly due to her own influence in Mertonville.

On the other hand, it seemed to Jack that summer, as if everybody he knew was out of the city. Business kept pressing him harder and harder, and all the plans he made to get a leave of absence for that second year's Thanksgiving Day failed to work successfully.

The Christmas holidays came again, but throughout the week, Gifford & Company's store kept open until eight o'clock, every evening, with Jack Ogden behind the counter. He got so tired that he hardly cared about it when they raised his salary to twenty-five dollars a week, just after Mr. Gifford saw him come down town with another coffee and tea dealer, whose store was in the same street.

"We must n't let him leave us, Jones," Mr. Gifford had said to his head clerk. "I am going to send him to Washington next week."

Not many days later, Mrs. Guilderaufenberg in her home at Washington was told by her maid-servant that, "There 's a strange b'y below, ma'am, who sez he 's a-wantin' to spake wid yez."

Down went the landlady into the parlor, and then up went her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Jack Ogden! How glad I am to see you! You haf come! I gif you the best stateroom in my house."

"I believe I 'm here," said Jack, shaking hands heartily. "How is Mr. Guilderaufenberg and how is Miss—"

"Oh, Miss Hildebrand," she said, "she will be so glad, and so will Mrs. Smith. She away with her husband. He is a Congressman from far vest. You will call to see her."

"Mrs. Smith?" exclaimed Jack, but in another second he understood it, and asked after his old friend with the unpronounceable name as well as after Miss Hildebrand.

"She has a name, now, that I can speak! I 'm glad Smith is n't a Polish name," he said to himself.

"Oh, Mr. Jackogden!" exclaimed Mrs. Guilderaufenberg, a moment later. "How haf you learned to speak German? She will be so astonish!"

That was one use he had made of his evenings, and he had improved by speaking to all the Germans he had met down town; and his German was a great delight to Mr. Guilderaufenberg, and to Miss Hildebrand, and to Mrs. Smith (formerly Miss Pod—ski) when he called to see them.

"So!" said Mr. Guilderaufenberg, "you takes my advice and you comes. Dis ees de ceety! Ve shows you eet all ofer. All de beeg buildings and all de beeg men. You shtay mit Mrs. Guilderaufenberg and me till you sees all Washington."

Jack did so, but he had business errands also, and he somehow managed to accomplish his commissions so that Mr. Gifford was quite satisfied when he returned to New York.

"I have n't sold so many goods," said Jack, "but then I 've seen the city of Washington, and I 've shaken hands with the President and with Senators and Congressmen. Mr. Gifford, how soon can I make a visit to Crofield?"

"We 'll arrange that as soon as warm weather comes," said his employer. "Make it your summer vacation."

Jack had to be satisfied. He knew that more was going on in the old village than had been told him in any of his letters from home. His father was a man who dreaded to write letters, and Mary and the rest of them were either too busy, or else did not know just what news would be most interesting to Jack.

"I 'm going to see Crofield!" said he, a hundred times, after the days began to grow longer. "I want to see the trees and the grass, and I want to see corn growing and wheat harvesting. I 'd even like to be stung by a bumble-bee!"

He became so eager about it, at last, that he went home by rail all the way, in a night train, and he arrived at Crofield, over the new railroad, just as the sun was rising, one bright June morning.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, as he walked out of the station. "It 's not the same village! I won't go over to the house and wake the family until I 've looked around."

From where he stood, he gazed at the new hotel, and took a long look up and down Main Street. Then he walked eagerly down toward the bridge.

"Hullo!" he said in amazement. "Our house is n't there! Why, what is the meaning of this? I knew that the shop had been moved up to the back lot. They 're building houses along the road across the Cocahutchie! Why have n't they written and told me of all this?"

He saw the bridge, the factory, the tannery, and many other buildings, but he did not see the familiar old blacksmith shop on the back lot.

"I don't know where we live nor where to find my home!" he said, almost dejectedly. "They know I 'm coming, though, and they must have meant to surprise me. Mary 's at home, too, for her vacation."

He walked up Main Street, leaving his baggage at the station. New—new—new,—all the buildings for several blocks, and then he came to houses that were just as they used to be. One pretty white house stood back among some trees, on a corner, and, as Jack walked nearer, a tall man in the door of it stepped quickly out to the gate. He seemed to be trying to say something, but all he did, for a moment, was to beckon with his hand.

"Father!" shouted Jack, as he sprang forward.

"Jack, my son, how are you?"

"Is this our house?" asked Jack.

"Yes, this is our house. They 're all getting up early, too, because you 're coming. There are some things I want to talk about, though,

before they know you 're actually here. Walk along with me a little way."

On, back, down Main Street, walked Jack with his father, until they came to what was now labeled Bridge Street. When Jack lived in Crofield the road had no name.

"See that store on the corner?" asked Mr. Ogden. "It 's a fine-looking store, is n't it?"

"Very," said Jack.

"Well, now," said his father, "I 'm going to run that store, and I do wish you were to be in it with me."

"There will be none too much room in it for Bob and Jim," said Jack. "They 're growing up, you know!"

"You listen to me," continued the tall blacksmith, trying to keep calm. "The railway company paid me quite a snug sum of money for what they needed of your land and mine. Mr. Magruder did it for you. I bought with the money thirty acres of land, just across the Cocahutchie, to the left of the bridge. Half of it was yours to begin with, and now I 've traded you the other half. Don't speak. Listen to me. Most of it was rocky, but the railway company opened a quarry on it, getting out their stone, and it 's paying handsomely. Livermore has built that hotel block. I put in the stone and our old house lot, and I own the corner store, except that Livermore can use the upper stories for his hotel. The factory company traded me ten shares of their stock for part of your land on which they built. I traded that stock for ten acres of rocky land along the road, across the Cocahutchie, up by the mill. That makes forty acres there."

"Father!" exclaimed Jack. "All it cost me was catching a runaway team, and your bill against the miller! Crofield is better than the grocery business in New York!"

"Listen!" said his father, smiling. "The tannery company traded me a lot of their stock for the rest of my back lot and for the rest of your gravel, and they tore down the blacksmith shop, and I traded their stock and some other things for the house where we live. I made your part good to you, with the land across the creek, and that 's where the new village of Crofield is to be.

"I did n't see a cent of money in any of those

trades, but I 've a thousand dollars laid up, and I 'm only working in the railroad shop now, but I 'm going into the hardware business. I wish you 'd come back and come in with me. There 's the store,—rent free. We can sell plenty of tools, now that Crofield is booming!"

"I 've saved up seven hundred and fifty dollars," said Jack, "from my salary and commissions. I 'll put that in. Gifford & Company 'll send you things cheap. But, Father,—I belong in the city. I 've seen hundreds of boys there who did n't belong there, but I do. Let 's go back to the house. Bob and Jim—"

"Well, maybe you 're right," said his father, slowly. "Come, let us go home. Your mother has hardly been able to wait to see you."

When they came in sight of the house, the stoop and the front gate were thronged with home-folk, but Jack could not see clearly for a moment. The sunshine, or something else, got into his eyes. Then there were pairs of arms, large and small, embracing him, and,—well, it was a happy time, and Mary was there and his mother, and the family were all together once more.

"How you have grown!" said his aunt, "*How* you have grown!"

"I do wish you 'd come home to stay!" exclaimed his mother.

"Perhaps he will," said his father, and Mary had hardly said a word till then, but now it seemed to burst out in spite of her.

"Oh, Jack!" she said. "If I could go back with you, when you go! I could live with a sister of Mrs. Edwards. She 's invited me to live with her for a whole year. And I could finish my education, and be really fit to teach. I 've saved some money."

"Mary!" answered Jack, "I can pay all the other expenses. Do come!"

"Yes, you 'd better go, Jack," said his father, thoughtfully. "I am sure that you are a city boy."

That was a great vacation, but no trout were now to be caught in the Cocahutchie. The new store on the corner was to be opened in the autumn, and Jack insisted upon having it painted a bright red about the windows. There were visits to Mertonville, and there were endless talks about what Jack's land was going to be worth,

some day. But the days flew by, and soon his time was up and the hour arrived when he had

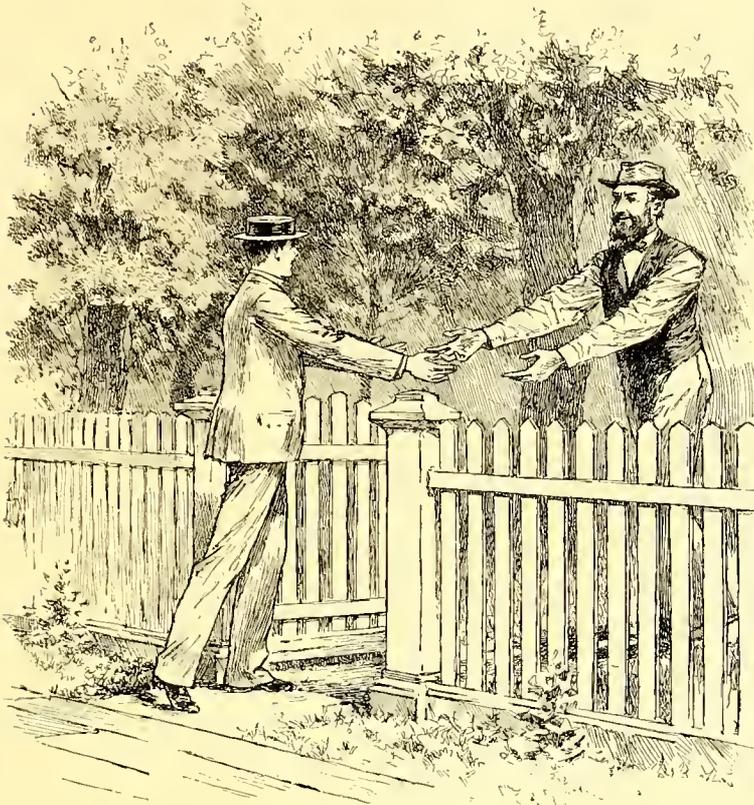
steamer "Columbia." Jack thought over all the circumstances attending his first trip on the steamer, and told Mary of his meeting with Mr. Guilderaufenberg and his wife and friends and of their kindness to him in New York.

Mr. Dudley Edwards, of Mertonville, went at the same time to attend to some law business, which, he said, required his presence in New York.

Jack told Mr. Gifford all about the Crofield town-lots, and his employer answered:

"That's just the thing for you, Ogden; you'll have some capital, when you come of age, and then we can take you in as a junior partner. You belong in the city. It's the place for you. I could n't take you in any sooner, you know. We don't want a boy."

"That's just what you told me," said Jack, humorously, "the first time I came into this store; but you took me then. Well, I shall always do my best."



JACK RETURNS HOME.

to bid farewell to Crofield and go back to the city. He and Mary went together, and they were carried down the Hudson River in the

then. Well, I shall always do my best."

THE END.

## THE GWYNNES' LITTLE DONKEY.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

THE five little Gwynnes were very happy children. It would have been strange enough if they had not been, for if ever little boys and girls were put into the world to be good and happy, they were.

They were English children, and their father was a man of whom they would be very proud

when they were old enough to see him as other people did, not alone as their kindest friend and merriest playmate, stern and stately as he looked, but as a distinguished man of letters, and the friend of all oppressed or unhappy people not only in his own land but in all others.

Mr. Gwynne's beautiful place was in a lovely part of England, not far from a great manufacturing city, and was a charming spot to visit, with its green-turfed lawns, far-reaching elms, broad walks and fine driveways, and a special little paddock for Jack,—the little Gwynnes' beloved donkey,—not far from their Aunt Catherine's pretty cottage.

The five little Gwynnes were all charming, healthy children, full of fun and frolic, adoring their handsome father, and their sweet, lovely young mother, docile to their governess, respectful to Aunt Catherine, and wrapped up, heart and soul, in dear little fat Jack, their own donkey. Perhaps, if they had a trial, it was their Aunt Catherine, and that was chiefly because they did n't understand her quite as well as older people did. She was their father's aunt, and ever since any of them could remember she had lived in her cottage, knitting stockings and saying very severe words, in a very severe voice, about all cruel and unkind actions, and people, too. The great trouble was, that she had been born with the same love of justice that had made her nephew the friend of the helpless, but he had mixed with the world and learned to temper and moderate his zeal, so that while keeping all his enthusiasm for high and noble things, he had learned patience and wisdom; and she, sitting at home and knitting, had become narrower and more intolerant, till she was almost a fanatic on all subjects of reform.

There was n't the least doubt that the little Gwynnes knew very well that they were happy and lucky boys and girls—from baby, in her carriage, up to the tallest of all; but no one likes to be told constantly, with a knitting-needle pointed at one, how grateful one ought to be for being one's self, and how many wretched and miserable children there are in this world. Still, they tried to be as pleasant and nice to Aunt Catherine as their papa and mamma were, and to feel a little bit sorry to leave her when they went off to the continent for long, lovely trips every summer.

It was n't necessary to try, though, in order to be sorry to leave Jack, that dear donkey, for though there may, of course, be some other nice donkeys in the world, such a nice one as Jack never before had existed, never would again.

He was so sleek, so fat, so jolly and good-humored, he did kick up his beautiful little heels so charmingly when any of the children came round, he played such lovely tricks with them, he hunted for sugar in such a knowing way through the hedges,—in short, he did everything but talk; and, of course, he was the very hardest thing of all to say good-bye to, when they all started for Switzerland one particular summer—even Papa looking a little sad when he went out to give the darling donkey his parting morsel of cake.

Jack felt the parting, too, most deeply; one of the children was sure she saw tears in his eyes as she turned to wave farewell.

Aunt Catherine stayed at home as usual, and knitted the stockings; but she looked very often out of the window at the lawn where the little Gwynnes used to play, and it may be that she missed them more than they missed her.

One day she happened to look out the other way, on the pretty country road; and there was a tinker with his load of tins in a cart drawn by a donkey.

Such a donkey! His bones stuck out and his stomach fell in, the hair had come off in spots, his head drooped mournfully; no one looking at him would have supposed for an instant that he was any—even the most distant—relation to Jack, the little Gwynnes' pet.

Aunt Catherine gazed at him for a moment, and then she rang the great house-bell. James appeared promptly and found Aunt Catherine standing by the window, with a very severe expression on her face.

"James," she said, pointing with her knitting-needle, "James, do you see that man?"

James said that he did.

"And that donkey, James?"

James faltered—Miss Catherine was very fierce sometimes, and he was afraid that this was one of the times—that he saw the donkey.

"Bring him here at once!"

"The donkey, ma'am?"

"The donkey!—no; the donkey's man."

James disappeared with great alacrity and returned with the tinker, a careworn, anxious-looking creature who, but for his loose blouse, would have seemed as used to scanty food and poor lodging as did the donkey.

"Is that your donkey?" Miss Catherine demanded.

The tinker admitted that it was.

"And your cart?"

The tinker acknowledged that, too.

"Why don't you feed your donkey?"

The tinker answered timidly and dejectedly, that they was seven (not donkeys) of 'm at home, not counting the babby, and his wife she was but poorly; and that as there was n't enough to go round and give them a fair share, why, the donkey he just had to—

"Humph!" interrupted Miss Catherine; "if you can 't feed the beast decently, what do you drive him for?"

The tinker attempted to explain that as it was a choice betwixt driving him or one of the children—

"Stop, man," said Miss Catherine, in the voice the little Gwynnes most disliked, "you talk too much. What I want to know is, does that donkey know there 's such a thing in this world as a good meal?"

The tinker said he was very sorry—the donkey was a good donkey, and as sweet-tempered a beast—

Miss Catherine waved her knitting-needle.

"James," she said, "over in the paddock yonder is a spoiled, pampered, indulged little animal

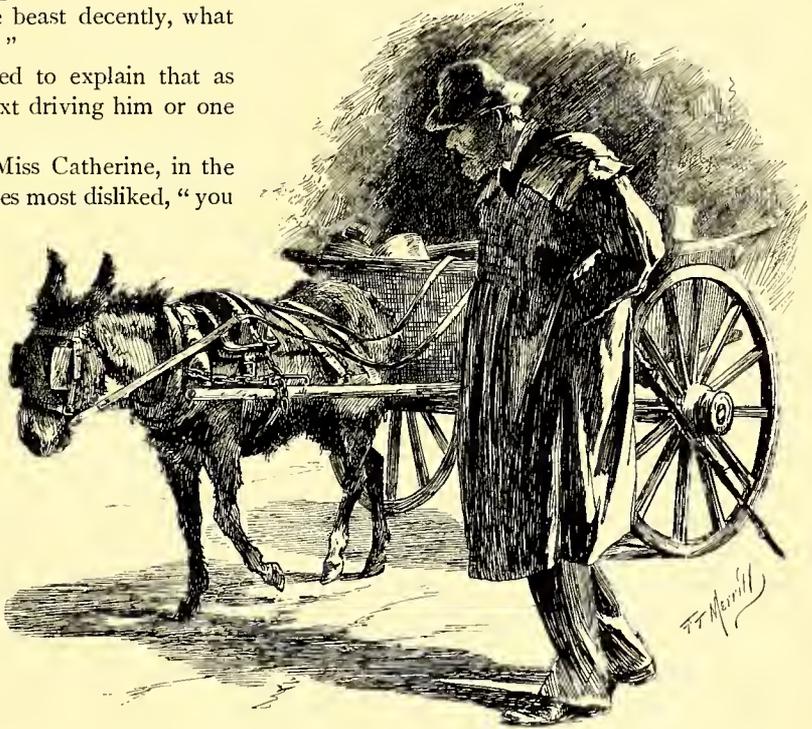
that was born in clover. He has never done one day's work in his life, and I have no doubt firmly believes that donkeys were put into the world to kick up their heels and be made much of. Now, that donkey is going to learn something;—he 's going to learn how other donkeys live, and then, maybe, he 'll appreciate his own advantages. Go and get Jack, harness him to this man's cart, put that little half-starved beast in the paddock and let him find out what is meant by a good solid meal."

Consternation overspread every feature of James's face.

"*Our* donkey, ma'am,—the young ladies' and gentlemen's donkey? Jack? Why, ma'am, if there was anything to go wrong with that there donkey, there is n't any one of us would ever dare to show his face again."

"Get the donkey belonging to my grand-nephews and nieces," said Miss Catherine, impressively; "take him out and put him in the cart. Perhaps I did not speak distinctly?"

Poor James shuddered between the horns



"A TINKER WITH HIS LOAD OF TINS IN A CART DRAWN BY A DONKEY."

of the dilemma. Mr. Gwynne had always exacted from servants, as from his children, the most perfect respect for his aunt and deference to her commands, so rarely given. But—the donkey! The family pet, the darling of the children—such an emergency had never arisen.

The tinker, too, was far from happy; every one, far and near, knew the Gwynnes' little donkey,—a little aristocrat of a donkey, who was more pampered than his master,—Where

would it eat and sleep? What, alas! would it eat? Suppose anything should happen to it? What cruel fate had directed his steps up that road this day!

"Man," Miss Catherine exclaimed, growing rigid, and pointing all her knitting-needles, and her work, too, at the trembling tinker, "oblige me by leaving at once. I think—mind, I say only that I think—by the time you reach the road, my nephew's coachman will have returned to his senses, and concluded to do as he has been told."

Alas for poor little Jack! A hurried consultation outside the door ended in the men's deciding that, as the time for Mr. Gwynne's return was rapidly drawing near, it would be wisest to obey the incensed Miss Catherine, and trust to luck for the future.

"I'll send you good feed for him every day, and for goodness' sake, be kind to him!" James entreated, and then the exchange was effected, Miss Catherine grimly superintending it from her window.

Days lengthened into weeks, and still poor little Jack might be seen, each day, toiling wearily along with his load of tins.

The pangs of hunger had not attacked him, his stomach did not sink in, there were no marks and welts on his smooth hide, but the degradation of his new life so preyed upon his spirits as to bring about a state of despair. This so changed him that James and the tinker, fast friends in their anxiety, longed day and night for what came at last—a telegram announcing the return of the family.

James went at once to Miss Catherine; but the failure of his mission was announced to the tinker, hovering anxiously about the precincts, by a gloomy shake of the head.

The whole household, Miss Catherine at its head, was assembled to welcome the wanderers, and there was such rejoicing and delight that, for a brief moment, James forgot his terror.

Five minutes had not passed, however, when there was a rush of the children to the paddock to see dear Jack. James listened with a white face.

Yes! he had expected it,—a loud cry of horror, many cries drawing nearer and yet more near, and then a burst of breathless, sobbing

children into the room which contained the elder members of the family.

"Papa! Papa!"

"Oh, Mamma—something—"

"Oh, Mamma—Mademoiselle—Papa—come quick!"

"Something dreadful, Mamma—something has happened—"

"Happened to Jack, Papa—"

"He's got to be another color—"

"He's all scarred up—"

"He's forgotten us all—even Baby!"

These appalling announcements made, the little ones were off again like the wind, followed by their father, mother, Aunt Catherine, and the governess, James, with ashen face, bringing up the rear.

Suddenly Mr. Gwynne stopped at the sight of a small and mild-mannered donkey who went on cropping grass, quite indifferent to visitors.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "this is n't Jack!"

Aunt Catherine stepped forward.

"No," she began with much dignity, "it is n't Jack—it's a poor little friendless donkey that never had enough to eat in his life until a month ago."

"But, Aunt Catherine," cried a chorus of little voices, "where is Jack?"

Aunt Catherine turned, she cleared her throat, she felt most strangely embarrassed; perhaps the fact that she had left her knitting on the hall table and found herself without her index needle put her at a disadvantage; perhaps the small crimson, anxious, upturned faces touched the heart that had been filled only with the woes of the downtrodden donkey.

"Jack," she said, "Jack—is n't here. Jack's—well, Jack's learning to be of use in the world—he's hauling a tinker's cart."

"Jack! our own dear little Jack!—"

"Our own Jack—our own donkey!"

"Oh, Aunt Catherine,"—this from the youngest and boldest boy,—"you're just as bad as you can be!"

"Hush, children," said Mr. Gwynne, an expression of displeasure that Miss Catherine had never seen before on his handsome face. "Your aunt must have some good reason—but really, Aunt Catherine, the children's property should not have been—"

"What!" exclaimed the old lady, "can it be you,—my own dear nephew, the champion of the weak and defenseless, who has always said so much about the righting of wrongs,—who refuse to this unhappy donkey the exercise of the privileges to which the fact of his existence entitles him? Will you now sully your lifelong record? Will you stand by and see one of your fellow-creatures pampered and indulged and another—"

the baby," never again knew what it was not to have enough to go round, and after their fair share there was plenty left for the donkey, too.

The tinker, no longer dejected and sad, held up his head like a man who has plenty of work to do and does it well; and he threw many a grateful glance at Miss Catherine's window as he went by with his well-fed little beast.

Of course, Jack had always been so nice that he could n't by any possibility be improved—



"SO JACK CAME BACK TO HIS PADDOCK."

Pretty little Mrs. Gwynne burst into a violent fit of coughing; and before Miss Catherine could resume her speech, thus interrupted, "a heehaw" from the other side of the hedge greeted the enraptured children, and, in another second, Jack and the little Gwynnes were one confused mass of legs and arms and kisses.

So Jack came back to his paddock, and his small, distant cousin took up the daily toil again; but his poor little stomach never again presented such a sight as on that day when its owner first found out that there was a world in which there was plenty to eat and nothing to do.

The "seven of 'em at home (not donkeys), and

still, how do we know? Perhaps Aunt Catherine was right—perhaps the grass was a little sweeter and more tender, now that he knew all grass was n't quite so good—possibly his play-days were all the jollier because he had learned that there was such a thing as work.

And as the years rolled on, the little Gwynnes, learning that there was more to Aunt Catherine than impressive voice and knitting-needle,—learning to appreciate the loving, tender heart hidden under all her oddity,—quite forgave her constant good advice, and even learned to think without resentment of the temporary banishment of Jack, their beloved little donkey.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open the exercises this time, dear friends, with a cheery nutting song, which has just been sent to ST. NICHOLAS by your friend and poet, Harriet Prescott Spofford. It seems to have been written in the woods, close by this very meadow, and I am almost sure hundreds of my boys and girls are busily occupied in the ways here described.

## IN THE NUTTING TIME.

Rollicking, frolicking,  
Up the hill,  
Chattering, clattering,  
Nobody still.  
Clipping and slipping,  
Fast and slow,  
Hustling and bustling  
To and fro,  
Into the nut-glades  
See them go!  
Battering, scattering  
Big bars down,  
Rambling, scrambling,  
Nuts are brown,  
Flurrying, worrying,  
Clouds are low,  
Curling and swirling,  
Wild winds blow,  
Out of the nut-glades,  
See them go!  
Whisking and frisking,  
Jacket and gown,  
Trippingly, skippingly,  
Never a frown,  
Hurrying, scurrying,  
Back to town!

## A DAINTY GUEST.

LUCY S., whose letter I showed you last month, is not the only ST. NICHOLAS reader who has seen a tame butterfly. "We have a butterfly," writes

a little Cincinnati girl, named Rosa E. Angel, "which we found a week ago; and to-day I put some sugar-water on my finger and it really and truly drank it all, and felt around for more. I put another drop on the tip of my finger and it sucked that up too; and it was as lively as could be after its dinner. The weather has been very cold and rainy ever since we found it, and so, as our guest, it is in a big, sunny window, and still alive, instead of having been drowned or chilled to death. It is brown and orange in color."

Here is an interesting letter about

## THE SEXTON BEETLE.

XENIA, Ohio.

DEAR JACK: In the July number of ST. NICHOLAS you showed us young folk a letter from Lottie E. W. about some beetles burying a snake. Lottie wanted to know if any person knew, and could tell her anything about them, so I thought I would reply.

These beetles are called Sexton or Burying beetles, from the habit they have of burying dead birds, snakes, and other dead animals of different kinds that come in their way. They deposit their eggs in the bodies, and when the larvæ are hatched they feed on the flesh until they are ready to enter the pupa state. One of the commonest of these beetles in North America is *Necrophorus grandis*. This insect is black, with a red mark on the middle of the thorax, and two orange patches on each of the elytra or wing sheaths.

H. E. ORR.

And here is another letter which I feel will interest you, not only on account of its subject, but because it is from a bright boy, now in the Male Orphan Asylum, of Richmond, Va.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read your suggestion, or the dear little schoolma'am's, about John James Audubon, the great naturalist, and I found the following in a book about great men:

John James Audubon, a distinguished American ornithologist, was born in Louisiana in May, 1780, where his parents, who were both French, had settled on a plantation. His father, who was himself an ardent lover of nature, early directed his son's attention to natural objects. The youth conceived a passion for the study of birds; and a book of ornithological specimens determined him to become a draughtsman. About the age of fourteen he went to Paris and studied for some time under the celebrated painter David. In 1798 he was settled on a farm in Pennsylvania by his father, but he did not distinguish himself as an agriculturist.

In 1810 he sailed down the Ohio with his wife and child on a bird-sketching expedition. The following year he visited Florida for a like purpose; and for many years after he continued his ornithological researches among the American

woods to the neglect of his regular business. The latter he finally abandoned, and in 1824 he went to Philadelphia, where he was introduced to Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who so warmly encouraged him in his plans that he determined on publication. After two years' further exploration of the forests of his native country he went to Europe, with the view to securing subscribers for his work on "The Birds of America." He met with a warm reception from such men as Herschel, Cuvier, Humboldt, Brewster, Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott. The issue of his work was commenced shortly after, each bird being delineated life-size; it was finished in 1839. While the work was in process of publication in England, Audubon revisited America three times, in order to make further researches. In 1831 he began the publication of his "American Ornithological Biography," which was also completed in 1839. Audubon finally returned to America, where, in 1844, he published a popular edition of his works. Assisted by Dr. Buchanan, he also published "The Quadrupeds of America," and a "Biography of American Quadrupeds." He died on January 27, 1851, in his 71st year.

Your constant reader,  
EMMETT E. ARCHER.

A TAME FROG.

GRANGE OVERBROOK, PA.

MY DEAR JACK: Last summer, when I was staying at West Chester, I went to see a lady who had a tame frog. This frog's name was Leander, and it lived in a lake near the house, and my friend, Mrs. J., would go out with a long stick, and call "Leander, dear Leander," and up would jump the frog on the stones; and it knew her, and seemed pleased to see her. This is true. I never knew frogs could be tamed. I like ST. NICHOLAS, and I remain,  
Your faithful reader,

ANNA W. ASHHURST.

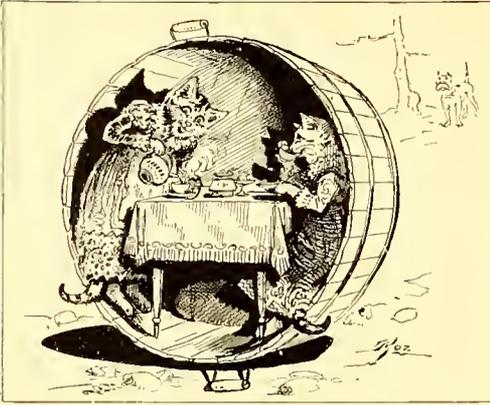
WHITE AND RED CLOVERS.

IT is rather too soon for me to expect answers to the question I asked last month in regard to red and white clovers, though I am sure many of you are searching for the plants in fields, lanes, parks, and all sorts of places, and making notes of the difference between them. It is a queer difference, and, so far as I know, very marked. Who'll write first?

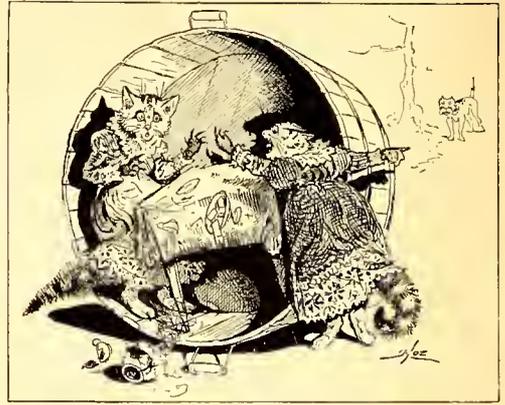
Talking of clovers, here is a picture-story made for you by Mr. Brenon, and a very pleasant story it is, too.



# THE TALE OF A TUB.



I.  
Two dear friends sat down to tea;  
And both were sleek and fair to see.



II.  
All went well until one spied  
Great danger near. "Oh, look!" she cried.



III.  
A furious, uninvited beast  
Was rushing madly to the feast.



IV.  
Quick as a flash they had him under,  
Ere he "Jack Robinson" could thunder.



V.  
Then safely from a tall careppa  
They saw their dwelling play Mazeppa.



VI.  
Departed foe! Delighted friends!  
And so this thrilling story ends.

# AN OLD ENGLISH FOLK-SONG.

ARRANGED FOR RECITATION WITH MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT.\*

BY EDGAR S. KELLEY.

TO HAZEL,  
SO LONG AS SHE IS A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

*Andante.*  
(♩. = 56.)

*mf*

*sf*



There was an old woman as I've heard tell, She

*pp*



went to the market her eggs for to sell; She went to the market all



\* The words of the text are to be recited throughout, except the line  
"Lawk 'a' mercy on me, this is none of I!" which may be sung *ad libitum*.

on a market day, And she fell asleep on the king's highway. *(The peddler approaches.)*

*poco rit.* *pp*

*poco a poco crescendo.*



There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,

*p* *mf*

He cut off her petticoats all round about; He cut off her petticoats up to the knees,

*pp*

*2 Ped.*

Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze. Now when the old woman did first awake,

*pp* *pp* *cres.*

*8va.*.....

She began to shiver and she began to shake; She began to wonder and

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the left hand and a vocal line in the right hand. The piano part consists of a series of chords, with dynamics *p*, *mf*, and *pp* indicated. The vocal line has a treble clef and contains the lyrics "She began to shiver and she began to shake; She began to wonder and".



she began to cry, "Lawk 'a' mer - cy on me, this is none of I!

The second system of music continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part has dynamics *mf* and *pp*. The vocal line has a treble clef and contains the lyrics "she began to cry, 'Lawk 'a' mer - cy on me, this is none of I!".

But if it be I, as I hope it be, I've a little dog at home

The third system of music shows the piano accompaniment for the lyrics "But if it be I, as I hope it be, I've a little dog at home". The piano part has a dynamic of *p*.



and he 'll know me : If it be I he 'll wag his little tail;

The fourth system of music shows the piano accompaniment for the lyrics "and he 'll know me : If it be I he 'll wag his little tail;". The piano part has dynamics *p* and *ppp*. The system ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

If it be *not* I he'll loudly bark  
[and wail.]

*poco.* *cres - - cen - - do.* *mf* *p*

*Faster.*

*Slow.* (The little old woman wends her way homeward.)

*ff* *ritard.* *p* *p Sva.....*

Home went the old woman all in the dark, Up got the little dog  
[and he began to bark.]

*Sva..... loco.*

*Faster.*

He began to bark, and

*ff*

she began to cry, "Lawk 'a' mer-cy on me, this is none of I!"

*Tempo I.*

*mf*



## THE LETTER-BOX.

KOBÉ, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your story about "Orie" in the June number is very pretty. It reminds me of a bird that we had when we were living in America. It was a pigeon. It flew into Papa's office in Front Street, New-York, one cold, wet day in the autumn, and he put it in his overcoat pocket and brought it home. We fed it and took care of it. In a few days it became so tame that it was allowed to fly about the house just as it pleased. "Birdie," as we called him, became very much attached to Mamma and would fly after her about the house, even up and down stairs. He loved to perch on her shoulder, and if she did not want him there, would sit on the back of the chair. One day Mamma was ill and not able to get up. Birdie missed her directly, and soon found his way to her bedroom, where he perched on her pillow, remaining there all day. His affection made him quite troublesome, sometimes when Mamma wanted to be busy, and then we were obliged to shut him up in a cage. His end was very sad: he flew out of the window one pouring wet day, and was frightened directly and tried to get back, but fluttered against the pane at the top and then flew on to a tree near-by.

We left the window open all day thinking of course he would come back, but he did not, and two days after we found him dead in the garden.

I remain, your friend and constant reader,  
FRANCES MAUD MCG—.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, only six years old—my name is Maude. I have two little sisters and one brother, their names are Hubard, Eloise, and Ethel. Hubard and I go to the kindergarten. We learn a great many things. We draw with colored pencils. We have paper lessons—make squares, lamplighters, and book-marks. We sing a geography song, about the continents, capes, isthmuses, peninsulas, rivers, and islands. Water and land are all over the earth. We learn to read and write and arithmetic. I am in long division. We had an entertainment last Thursday, and a very nice one. We have twelve scholars. I spoke a "Modeling Lesson" by myself. I spoke of sphere, spheroid, oval, ovoid, cylinder, and cone. I made grasses, grain, stems of the flowers, cherries, eggs, and pears, and all these I made of clay. Another girl said a piece about St. Peter and a woman baking cakes in the ashes on the hearth. We had calisthenics, with color bells and wands. My wand had blue ribbons on the ends and I had orange and blue paper on the color bells. We sang a song called "Little Waiters"; we had aprons, caps, cups, saucers, spoons, and tea-cloths. We had it at the Town Hall, and we had a good audience.

Your little friend,  
MAUDE R—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have so many letters from far-off, I think I will write one from Jack-in-the-Pulpit's home; although I have never seen him, I have read his sermons.

I go "Maying" every year because my birthday is on the fourteenth of May. I am eleven years old.

I have been over to Staten Island and to a place called

Quarantine, just this side of Fort Wadsworth, where there is a beautiful view up and down the bay, and you can see all the big ships come into port. Quarantine means forty days, because ships that had contagious diseases like yellow-fever or small-pox were kept away from the land forty days; but now it is different. When a ship comes into port it is sighted at Sandy Hook and telegraphed to the Quarantine station. When the ship is seen coming around the fort, a bell is rung for a health officer; he goes on board a steam tug or sometimes in a rowboat to the ship and all the emigrants pass before him, and if there is on board the ship any contagious disease to which the passengers have been exposed they are taken off and the ship is fumigated. If the emigrants have small-pox they are taken to Hoffman Island, and if they have yellow-fever they are taken to Swinburne Island. There are hospitals on these two islands and nurses to take care of the sick. There is a little animal, which I think is called a microbe, which makes people have yellow-fever and it sometimes gets into clothing, so all the clothing is put in an oven in a furnace where all these little animals are killed by heat or steam. I like you, ST. NICHOLAS, very much.  
O. T. H.

NYON, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I are Americans—our home is in St. Louis—but we are now in a French school; it is in an old castle on Lake Genève, and it was built by the King of Spain.

From the school-room windows we have a fine view of the lovely blue lake and of Mount Blanc with its white cap. It is always covered with snow, and when the sun shines on it it is very beautiful. Our uncle in St. Louis sends us ST. NICHOLAS as a Christmas present, but we can not read it on week days; we are allowed to read English only on Sunday. We don't like that very well, for we are fond of ST. NICHOLAS.

My brother is nine years old and I am eleven. We are the youngest boys in the school and the only Americans. All the other boys like our magazine, and when we get it they crowd around us to look at it.

We have seen London, the biggest city in the world, and expect to see Paris soon.

Now I think I have written enough and I shall say good-by, from your loving reader,

BRIAN G. MCG—.

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years, I have never written a letter. While in Mexico last winter, I thought of doing so, but we traveled so fast and there is so much to see I did not have the time.

I do not believe many of your readers realize that there is so strange a country so near our own. In Europe you can not find cities any queerer or people any stranger than these. They are so picturesque, the men with broad-brimmed "sombrosos" and many-colored "serapes," the women with their blue "rebozos" wound gracefully around their head and shoulders. Such quaint little towns, with the houses made of adobe brick, the streets and sidewalks so narrow, and most of them paved

with cobble-stones, which makes it very hard for the feet. The Mexicans wear sandals made of leather; we brought a pair home, but the odor from the leather is so disagreeable we keep them in the cellar. The cactus grows in Mexico in great quantities; one variety is used to take the place of a wall, it grows so very straight. The City of Mexico is of course different from the smaller towns, the streets are broader and there are some very good stores. The drug-stores are very good, even finer than ours, and they are numerous; the jewelry stores are very fine.

The Iturbide, which was once the palace of the Emperor of that name, but is now a hotel, is quite a contrast to the Fifth Avenue. It is large and bare, no cozy parlors, but one long narrow room with the chairs all in a line against the wall, and a large marble-topped table with the marble top in danger of sliding off. The room which we occupied was said to be part of one of the parlors, partitioned off. The beds are very hard, the pillows even harder—I thought my neck would be broken the first night.

The boy who answers your bell is a true native; in vain you use your phrase-book, which never has in it the word you need; in vain you make frantic gestures, and at last you give up in despair. After we had been there a while, he learned to understand a few words, and the next American must have had an easier time. From the roof of the hotel you can get a fine view of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, the snow-capped mountains of Mexico.

While at Guadalajara, I attended a bull-fight, Mexico's national sport. In the crowded amphitheater you get a good idea of the Mexican, who shouts "Bravo" and frantically waves his "sombbrero." The bull-fight is a cruel sport, and how women and even babies can sit and enjoy it is a mystery to me. To see the horses gored, the bull killed and dragged out, is an experience I never wish to repeat again, and I confess I never felt more like singing "America" than I did when we crossed the Rio Grande and were again on native soil.

AN ADMIRER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken your charming magazine for four years, and yet neither of us have ever written to you. I want to tell you about Idaho Springs, where we spent last summer. Idaho Springs is situated almost in the heart of the Rocky Mountains and is about twenty miles from Denver. There are a great many mineral springs there, usually iron or soda; and the inhabitants attribute the healing power of the waters to the fact that the Mormons blessed them and prophesied that a great city would one day be there. It is n't there yet; there are only one thousand people in the town.

One nice day we climbed Santa Fé Mountain. We walked through snow as we neared the top, and when we did get there at last a grand sight met our eyes. There was the Snowy Range away in the distance and to our left was the Chief, also covered with everlasting snow, and beside it were the Squaw and the Pappoose. We looked for a while, but as it was very windy and cold we soon went down again, getting some fine spruce-gum from the trees by the way. On another fine bright day we went up Mount Belvieu to see the Colorado mine that is on its top. We went into a building which on the outside looked like a barn, but it was filled with machinery. Presently, out of a shaft in the ground came an iron "ship," as the miners call the box which carries the gray stone to the surface. The stone seems worthless to the unpracticed eye, but in reality is very valuable. After a while, an empty

ship came up which was for visitors. Dressed in miner's clothes we got into that iron box one close after another. Then down, down, down we slid, until daylight faded from view; and by the light of the candles which each one held we saw only the roots of the trees, then only the logs that lined the side of the shaft, which were covered with wet, clammy funguses. When we were seven hundred feet down we stopped and climbed out and sat down to wait for the other party. While we were waiting, several blasts so disturbed the air that our candles were blown out over and over again. Then, as the others had arrived, we started through the tunnel. This was sometimes so low that we had to bow our heads, but in other places it was large enough for a ball-room, as the miners said. We collected many specimens and then we went home. I brought mine here, and I have started a cabinet with shells from Florida and stones from different places, some silk cocoons, and a rose made entirely of silk unspun and undyed. There is a mine in California of great depth and so hot that the miners wear very little and can work no longer than half an hour each day. Some people say that some day there will be an awful explosion there, and that it is unwise to work it any longer. I remain, your constant reader,

STEENIE E—.

URSULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM, ONT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen a letter in your box from a convent girl, and I am afraid that many of your little readers have very odd ideas of convents and convent life, thinking that all is dark and gloomy within the "cloister walls"; but I do assure you that you make quite a mistake. If you should ever take a peep into our playrooms you will find us to be as jolly a set of girls as any one could wish to see.

If it will not be a bore to you, I will tell you about the delightful grounds which belong to our school. In the front, a large round grass plot laid out in tasteful flower beds containing most beautiful plants, which in the summer resemble so many massive bouquets, is surrounded by a gravel walk leading up to the main entrance. There it branches off to the right in a wide drive between a hedge of lilacs on one side, and a row of veteran apple trees on the other. On the left of the convent grow the stately pines from which the school takes its name, "The Pines." At the rear end of the convent, two tennis-courts are laid out. There in fine weather we play tennis, base-ball, and croquet; back of this a field of eight acres terminates the northern end of the grounds, while an extensive orchard marks the boundary on the west.

This makes my fourth year here at school and I like it very much. There is a young lady here whose brothers have taken you ever since you first were published. I know also a little girl from New Haven whose school life is made brighter by your monthly appearance.

Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must say adieu, for I fear that I have already made my letter too long. Believe me, your most sincere friend and admirer,

MARION L—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Edith and Katie C., Edith A. P., Kittie J., Nonie S., Epsie D. B., Mary L., Helen P., Alice M. P., Ethel G., Mabel A., Alice C., Minerva C., L. D. S., Frank S., Marjorie B. A., Jessie C., Agnes J. H., Aimée E., Iris, Mac P., Theresa A., Max M. jr., Mary L. R., Alice K. H., Lulu B., Hazel P., Lillian L. B., John N. G. jr., "E.," Helen M.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN. 1. Phlox. 2. Butter and eggs. 3. Snapdragon. 4. Hollyhock. 5. Lavender. 6. Caraway. 7. Sweet William. 8. Mourning-bridle. 9. Matrimony. 10. China aster. 11. Lady-slipper. 12. Foxglove. 13. Snow-ball. 14. Marigold. 15. Hoarhound. 16. Larkspur. 17. Bachelor's-button. 18. Candytuft. 19. Althea. 20. Four o'clock. 21. Crab-apple. 22. Sunflower. 23. Bouncing Bet. 24. Sage. 25. Primrose. 26. Cowslips. 27. Oleander. 28. Box. 29. Prince's feather. 30. Cockscomb. 31. Forget-me-not. 32. Spearmint. 33. Star of Bethlehem. 34. Spiderwort. 35. Ribbon-grass. 36. Solomon's seal. 37. Ragged sailor. 38. Narcissus. 39. Carnation. 40. Thyme. 41. Tiger-lily. 42. Valerian. 43. Tulips. 44. Boneset. 45. Monks-head.

ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Brandywine; from 11 to 20, Stillwater. Cross-words: 1. Barriers. 2. Creosote. 3. Starling. 4. Painless. 5. Pedicles. 6. Eyebrows. 7. Waterpou. 8. Mitigate. 9. Manifest. 10. Numerate.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Bidd. Cross-words: 1. Bunyan. 2. Sidney. 3. Milton. 4. Dryden. 5. Ramsay. 6. Arnold.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Mamma and Jamie—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—E. M. G.—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—A Family Affair—Nellie and Reggie—"A. L. W. L."—"May and '79"—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—Gertrude Laverack—Lisa Delavan Bloodgood—"Rags and Tatters"—Ida C. Thalfon—Alex. Armstrong, Jr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Robt. A. Stewart, 1—M. E. Gordon, 1—Cecil and Elsie, 2—Katie, 1—"Rosebud and Heliotrope," 2—A. H. Nye, 1—A. C. Butler, 1—Louise Post, 4—F. Osborne, 1—Honora Swartz, 3—"Lady Jane," 1—E. G. Anderson, 1—Nancy, 3—Katie Van Zandt, 4—C. Alexander, 2—"M. O. S. Quito," 2—G. E. Ellis, 1—E. Y. Townsend, Jr., 3—Harry B. Davis, 2—Papa and Grace, 3—Alice K. H., 3—E. and M. Harris, 2—B. L. Adair, 3—H. M. C. and Co., 9—Effie K. Talboys, 6—No Name, Canada, 9—Bird and Moll, 9—"Squire," 8—"Infantry," 9—E. W. and L. A. Hawkins and F. Foxcroft, 4—"The Trio," 3—R. Anselm Jowitz, 1—C. Alexander S., 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—Walter R. Tourtelot, 2—Clara and Emma, 5—H. V. and M., 1—J. MacC., 9—Karl Otto, and Julius Sommer, 4—Benedict and Beatrice, 9—J. S. K. and K. D. K., 9—M. E. Ford, 1—Elsa Behr, 4—"H. P. H. S., 94," 6—Alexis J. Colman, 9—W. E. Eckert, 2—Sarah H. Scott, 7—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Brooksbys, 3—Lissie Hunter, 2—Tom and Jerry, 1—Janet H. Stewart, 3—M. I. C. E., 5—Grandma and Charlie, 1—Blanche and Fred, 9—Ida and Alice, 8—"The Lancer," 1—"Charles Beaufort," 7—Adele Walton, 8—Jo and I, 9—Rita Sharp, 4—F. L. Y., 2—Estelle Jons, 3—Marcia V., 1—Nick McNick, 8—M. T. O., 1—Epie, George, Nannie, and Lizzie, 5—E. Sophia Stockett, 8—J. M. Taylor, 1—M. Taylor, 7—James Stewart, 3.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Frances Maud McGlew, China, 1.

### HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. A battle fought on October 21, 1805. 2. Incomes. 3. Greediness after wealth. 4. An instrument of correction. 5. Imbecile. 6. A pike when full grown. 7. A word used by teamsters. 8. A Roman weight of twelve ounces. 9. In half-square.

II. 1. The maker of a famous dictionary who died on October 27, 1858. 2. To fill to excess. 3. In a royal manner. 4. Longed for. 5. A feminine name. 6. Vended. 7. A principal river of Scotland. 8. A masculine nickname. 9. In half-square. G. F.

### ANAGRAM.

Six letters in my name are found,  
And that denotes a silken sound;  
These six some other words will form—  
One, is a coat worn in a storm;  
And one is caused by shining color;  
"Enticest" will explain another;  
By one an army's catering's done;  
Those who make soft music, one;  
Now two more words are close at hand,—  
This, thou dost when in command,  
And that, is what all toils demand.

"ROCHESTER."

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-five letters, and am a quotation from Lord Lytton, appropriate for a guest-book.

My 84-49-54-64-27-3 is a name by which Lord Lytton is often called. My 2-50-72-55-36 is a body of water. My 33-65-12-44-90 is brilliant. My 73-34-87-5-69 is devout. My 56-11-29-86-24-95-13 is to transgress. My 48-75-93-37 is a germ. My 47-43-58-60-78-91 is a multitude. My 38-6-19-82-1 is powdered to-

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Avail. 2. Vesta. 3. Asses. 4. Items. 5. Lasso.—RIDDLE. A mirror.

DIAMONDS IN DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Tan. 3. Toncd. 4. Tangled. 5. Nelly. 6. Dey. 7. D. II. 1. P. 2. Mag. 3. Model.

4. Paddles. 5. Gelid. 6. Led. 7. S.

AN OCTAGON. 1. Mad. 2. Renew. 3. Medical. 4. Animate. 5. Decayed. 6. Water. 7. Led.

A RHOMBROID. Across: 1. Gamut. 2. Sates. 3. Tepor. 4. Silas.

7. Demon. Pi. September strews the woodland o'er  
With many a brilliant color;  
The world is brighter than before,  
Why should our hearts be duller?

THOMAS W. PARSONS.

AN AXIOM IN AXIOMS. If you eat goose on Michaelmas day, you will never want money all the year round.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Initials, Harvest. Cross-words: 1. Horse. 2. Apple. 3. Rocks. 4. Vases. 5. Easel. 6. Sabot. 7. Torch.

bacco. My 42-16-81-17-51 is a prong. My 4-83-45-88-63-18-70 is to gather in. My 53-77-35-14-59 is a banquet. My 10-68-28-71-85-9-89-41 is one who gathers. My 31-22-76-61-80-66 is to hurry. My 25-8-52-46-57-39 is to flavor. My 79-74-32-94-20-67-15-26 is a figure seen on the Turkish flag. My 23-62-40-92-7-21-30 is something necessary to the making or the solving of a numerical enigma. "TOPSY AND EVA."

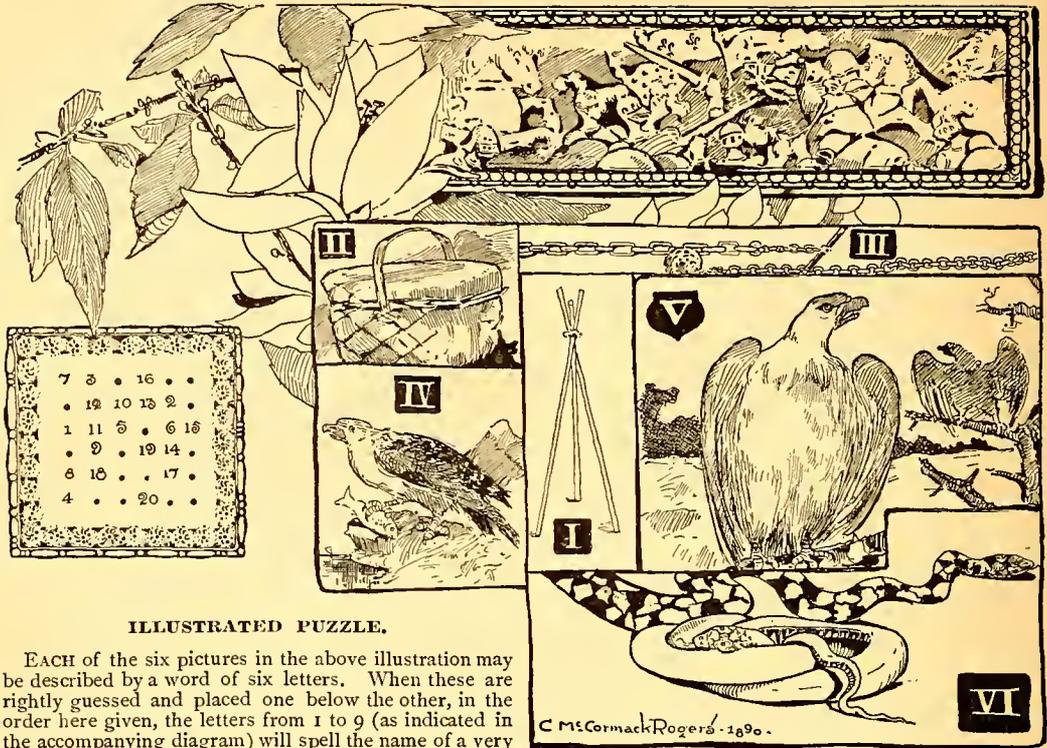
### DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Sweden. 2. An ecclesiastical garment. 3. A joint. 4. A quagmire covered with grass or other plants. 5. A letter from Sweden. VICTOR.

### GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

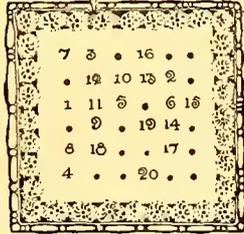
EACH of the following descriptions suggests the name of an old-fashioned flower. Example: An old cathedral town and the music often heard there. Answer, Canterbury bells.

1. A flower and a girl's name. 2. To deplore. 3. Peace of mind. 4. A youth beloved by Apollo. 5. Affection and epoch. 6. Sugary and a prickly plant. 7. An American author. 8. Pertaining to a dove. 9. A sacred city and a small fruit. 10. A falsehood and the main ingredient in sealing-wax. 11. An emblem of York or Lancaster. 12. Long may ours wave. 13. I sometimes come before my first ceases to do my second. 14. Fragrant letters. 15. A dignitary of the church. 16. A character in "Midsummer Night's Dream." 17. A coin and regal. 18. A bog and a feminine nickname. 19. More furious. 20. The rainbow. 21. One of the primary colors. 22. A pet, and what it might do if angered. 23. A gastropodous mollusk. W. S. R.



**ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.**

EACH of the six pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of six letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 9 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a very famous Spanish author; and the letters from 10 to 20 will spell the name of a very famous English author. Both died the same day. C. B.



**PL.**

Ho, sloyleo gwinnss eht priplung nive,  
 Het weylol splame melaf orbeef,  
 Eht gednol-wynta sha ester danst  
 Drah yb rou togacet rood;  
 Borotec gwlos no yeerv cheke,  
 Cerotob shensi ni revye yee,  
 Wheil pu het lhil, dan dwon eht lead,  
 Reh smornic bresnan lyf.

**DOUBLE DIAGONALS.**

EACH of the words described contains six letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, and from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner, will spell the Christian name and the surname of an inventor.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A number. 2. Fragments. 3. To pour oil upon. 4. Men who collect gas-bills. 5. Tenets. 6. Fictitious tales. A. AND E. HAAS.

**DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell a beautiful place where may be seen, in October, what is named by the second row of letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To hesitate. 2. An animal resembling the leopard, found in Persia. 3. An aquatic animal. 4. Deceives. 5. A small vessel, commonly rigged as a sloop. 6. A violent assault. 7. A very hard stone. 8. A reward of merit. 9. The first of the high priests

of the Israelites. 10. A hard white substance. 11. Unshaken courage. 12. A treatise. F. S. F.

**WORD-SQUARES.**

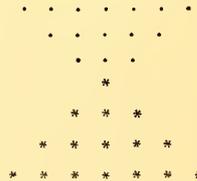
I. 1. The song-thrush. 2. One of certain fabulous birds which were said to have no feet. 3. A letter other than a consonant. 4. Something existing in the imagination. 5. Barbers.

II. 1. A nest. 2. Angry. 3. A famous Italian poet. 4. Complete. 5. Prophets.

III. 1. To explode. 2. To come together. 3. To mature. 4. A horse for state or war. 5. Cares for.

J. P. AND O. A. G.

**HOOR-GLASS.**



UPPER HALF. Across: 1. Disloyalty. 2. Senior. 3. A feminine name. 4. In string. Downward: 1. In string. 2. A note in music. 3. A masculine name. 4. A body of water (three letters). 5. A conjunction. 6. In string.

LOWER HALF. Across: 1. In string. 2. A serpent. 3. Certain plants found in warm countries. 4. A herald spoken of by Homer, having a very loud voice. Downward: 1. In string. 2. A preposition. 3. A beverage. 4. To fondle (three letters). 5. An adverb. 6. In string.

The central letters, reading downward, spell the author of the tragedy of *Cato*. N. T. M.











